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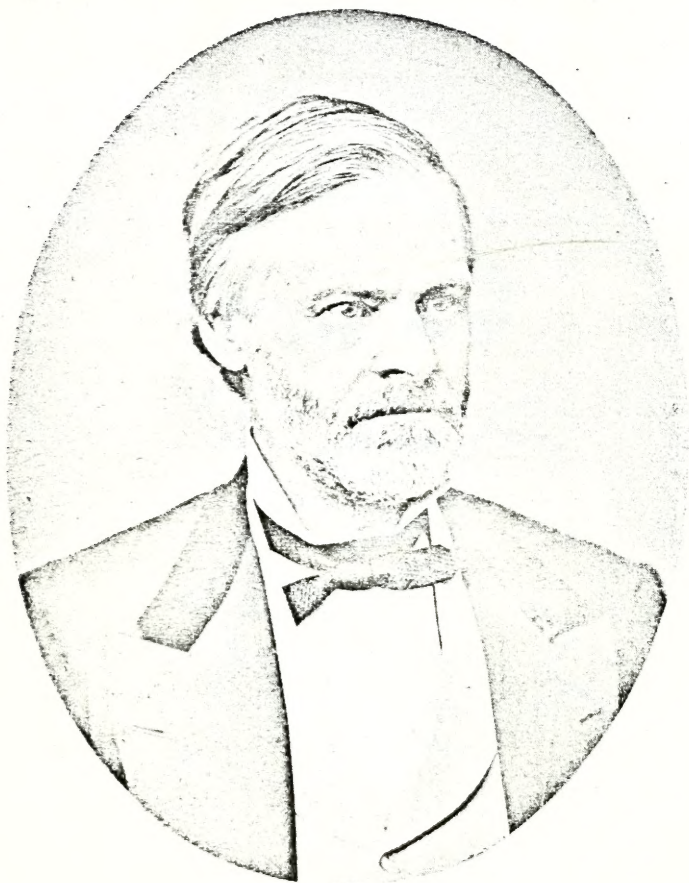
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**JOHN SHERMAN.**

COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO;

UNITED STATES SENATOR.

**Organized the Sherman Brigade at Camp Buckingham, Mansfield,  
Ohio, September to November, 1861.**







CHARLES GARRISON HARKER,  
BRIGADIER-GENERAL, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS;  
COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH OHIO;  
CAPTAIN, FIFTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.  
Killed in Battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, June 27th, 1864.





# THE STORY OF THE SHERMAN BRIGADE.

THE CAMP, THE MARCH, THE BIVOUAC, THE BATTLE;  
AND HOW "THE BOYS" LIVED AND DIED  
DURING FOUR YEARS OF ACTIVE  
FIELD SERVICE.

---

*Sixty-fourth Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry.*  
*Sixty-fifth Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry.*  
*Sixth Battery, Ohio Veteran Volunteer Artillery.*  
*McLaughlin's Squadron, Ohio Veteran Volunteer Cavalry.*

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WITH 368 ILLUSTRATIONS.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind.  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The soldier's dream alarms;  
No braying horn or screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

—Theodore O'Hara.

BY

WILBUR F. HINMAN,


Late Lieutenant-colonel, Sixty-fifth Ohio Regiment; Author of  
"Corporal Si Klegg and His Pard," etc.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1897.







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"BY WILBUR F. HINMAN.





TO  
JOHN SHERMAN,  
PATRIOT AND STATESMAN,  
TO WHOSE ABILITY, WISDOM, AND ELOQUENCE THE COUNTRY IS SO  
MUCH INDEBTED, AND TO WHOSE PATRIOTIC EFFORT  
THIS BRIGADE OWES ITS EXISTENCE;

AND TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
CHARLES GARRISON HARKER,  
THE KNIGHTLY SOLDIER,  
ENDEARED TO ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE SHERMAN BRIGADE FOR HIS  
GALLANT LEADERSHIP, UNDER WHICH, THROUGH FIRE AND  
BLOOD, THEY WON AN HONORABLE NAME AND FAME  
AND WHO, AT KENNESAW, SEALED WITH HIS  
LIFE, HIS DEVOTION TO DUTY  
AND PATRIOTISM,  
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



## A FEW REMARKS.

"After many days"—many years, in fact—I have redeemed the promise I made long ago to write the story which I now submit to the survivors and friends of the old Sherman Brigade. To collect the material and weave it into such a narrative as this was no small undertaking, amidst the engrossing cares and duties of a busy life.

For years I tried to write our "Story" at odd times, but my leisure hours were so few and my work as a "newspaper man" so engrossing that I found this impossible. I could only do it by laying aside everything else and devoting to it my entire time for several months. A good many of my excellent and esteemed comrades seemed to have the idea that all that was necessary in order to have a history written and published was to plant a few resolutions, water them with speeches, and the book would grow up of itself, like Jonah's gourd. They will pardon me for saying that they had not the smallest conception of the amount of labor involved in an effort to do the work thoroughly, nor did they realize the large expense involved in its publication. I knew something of all this, and I shrank from the undertaking. But year after year at our Brigade reunions, with unfailing regularity, the boys continued to fire volleys of resolutions and speeches at me, whom, for some reason, they had drafted to do the work, and at last I have done it. The body of the "Story" was written two years ago; the work incident to its publication has occupied all my time, aside from my newspaper duties, for the past six months.

This is not a history of the war, or of the army of the Cumberland, or of anything or anybody except the Sherman Brigade. Its purpose is to tell what *we* did and how we did it. In this volume we "blow our own horn," which is a thing sometimes meet and right to do, for the old proverb says that "whosoever bloweth not his own horn, his horn shall not be blown." That I have not been sparing of wind in blowing this blast, the size of the book will sufficiently indicate. But lest some chance reader outside of our "family" might imagine that I had blown the horn louder than the facts would justify, I have inserted here and there extracts from the official reports of those who wore stars on their shoulders, relative to the conspicuous services which make up the record of the Sherman Brigade during its four years in the field.

Every old soldier has a right to be proud of himself and of his company and his regiment; we are all proud of ours and are not too modest to say so. We *know* what we went through; what we tried to do and generally accomplished. Many other regiments and batteries did as well;





none, we think, did better. The Society of the Sherman Brigade is, as it ought to be, a "mutual admiration society," like all other organizations of veterans of the war. Naturally, this "Story" is on the same line. The Sherman Brigade did not do it all. I fear that notwithstanding the tempestuous zeal with which we marched out of Camp Buckingham and went to "the front," we would scarcely have succeeded in putting down the rebellion if we had not had much valuable assistance. We only assert that we did our share, and this claim we are prepared to defend against all comers.

It is proper to explain that the name "Sherman Brigade" is purely an Ohio designation. The brigade lost its identity as such when it took the field, and the name which is so endeared to us does not appear in the records of the war; so that a person who look vainly in war history for mention of its deeds of glory, might imagine that this "Story" is all wind and nothing else.

When the volunteer regiments entered the service, with full ranks, they were at once grouped into brigades, usually four in each. Later in the war, when the regiments became much reduced in strength, the number in a brigade was increased, by additional regiments or by consolidation of brigades. For nearly a year after the battle of Chickamauga, the brigade of which the "Sherman Brigade" was a part, consisted of nine regiments. Their aggregate strength was a thousand less than that of the four regiments which constituted the original Twentieth Brigade, to which we were at first assigned.

At different times we were brigaded with the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio; Third, Nineteenth and Twenty-eighth Kentucky; Fifty-first and Seventy-third Indiana; Thirteenth Michigan; Fifteenth Missouri; Twenty-second, Twenty-seventh, Forty-second, Fifty-first and Seventy-ninth Illinois. With the exception of a few months in 1862, when General James A. Garfield rode at its head, Colonel Charles G. Harker, of the Sixty-fifth Ohio, afterward a brigadier-general, commanded our brigade continuously from the beginning, through all its battles, until he fell at Kennesaw, June 27th, 1864. He was succeeded by Colonel Luther P. Bradley, of the Fifty-first Illinois. After the latter was wounded at Spring Hill, the brigade was commanded by Colonel Joseph Conrad of the Fifteenth Missouri. In these pages, whenever the name "Sherman Brigade" is used, it means only the old Camp Buckingham organization. "Harker's Brigade" or "Garfield's" or "Bradley's" or "Conrad's" always has a larger meaning; including the regiments of the Sherman Brigade, with others as well.

Until the year 1864 the Sixth Ohio battery was a part of our brigade and generally served directly with it. For the Atlanta campaign all the batteries of General Sherman's army were organized into an artillery corps, the former system of having one battery attached to each brigade being discontinued. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were then in the division of General John Newton, while the Sixth battery served with the division of General Thomas J. Wood.

The service of McLaughlin's Squadron of cavalry, continuing till the end of the war, was entirely distinct and separate from that of the rest of



the Sherman Brigade. It was divorced from us immediately upon leaving Ohio and was sent into Eastern Kentucky. It served there and in East Tennessee, through the Atlanta campaign, marched "to the sea" with Sherman and up through the Carolinas, and was at the "last ditch" in which "Joe" Johnston furlled his flags. We only saw the Squadron twice during the entire four years. Its service ended in North Carolina and ours in Texas, fifteen hundred miles distant. This explanation seemed necessary to prevent the confusion likely to arise in regard to the term "Sherman Brigade."

As I have said, this volume is *our* story. It took so much space to tell it that I deemed it wise not to incumber the narrative with details of the general movements and campaigns of the army to which we belonged. That history has been written in a multitude of books. In writing of our campaigns and battles I have said as little as possible of this nature—just enough to make clear our own operations and our relation to other brigades and divisions with which we were associated, and to the weighty events which transpired. Not more than a dozen pages, in all, are given to general history.

Some have entertained the idea that in this volume each of the organizations that composed the Sherman Brigade would have a separate history. Such a plan did not commend itself to me, for it seemed unwise to follow, each, successively, over the same route, upon the same marches and through the same battles, and the same experiences in all the phases of army life. This would have involved much repetition, and upon such a plan it would have been better to publish each in a separate volume. The wanderings of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were almost identical, not varying fifty miles in all. The route of the battery was not quite the same, the principal variations being its campaign on the Cumberland river, apart from us, during the early months of the year 1862, its stay at Chattanooga while the two regiments were engaged in the East Tennessee campaign after the battle of Missionary Ridge, and its muster-out at New Orleans some months before the discharge of the two regiments. So I have carried along together the regiments and the battery, endeavoring to weave the facts relative to each into a connected and contemporaneous narrative. The history of the Squadron is necessarily separate, for the reason heretofore mentioned.

I have told the story in a conversational "free-and-easy" way, as we would talk around a camp-fire, with no attempt at literary excellence. I have made frequent use of the word "we", which means all of us. An apology is here offered, should any deem it necessary, for the occasional appearance of the big "I". In such a story it seemed impossible to avoid it.

If this book were entirely free from errors it would be little short of a miracle. I trust that while reading it my comrades will bear in mind two things: first, that this history was written more than thirty years after the events therein recorded took place; second, that after the lapse of so long a period, it is scarcely possible to find two members even of the same com-





pany who agree in their recollection of facts and circumstances. The material which I have used was gleaned from a hundred different sources—diaries kept by myself and others, old war-time letters, documents of various kinds and verbal and written statements from scores of comrades—the latter often being conflicting and confusing. A very full diary of my own, covering three-quarters of our service, proved indispensable as the groundwork, and this has been largely supplemented by information from the other sources mentioned. Conscious of an honest, earnest effort to do the best I could in telling our story, I feel moved to say that any comrade is fairly estopped from “kicking” until *he* has undertaken the job and done it better. The writing and publication of this book, including the search for data, the collection and return of photographs, and other matters connected with the work, has involved the writing of more than two thousand letters. To go through the roster, name by name, and prepare the table on page 814, required thirty hours of close application. I only mention these things to give “the boys” an idea of the character of the work which they laid upon me, and which I have at least *tried* to do well.

In the matter of pictures this volume is unlike anything “that is in the heavens above, or that is the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth.” It was not intended at first to have the book illustrated, on account of the largely increased expense, with no expectation that the sale would exceed a few hundred copies. So urgent was the wish, however, that it was decided to put in about two hundred portraits. Before the end was reached the number of illustrations grew to nearly three hundred and seventy. I would have been glad to insert a thousand pictures, but this would have made it necessary to issue the work in two volumes and would have nearly doubled its cost. I apportioned an equal number to each company and used such as were sent me. Those whose pictures do not appear were just as good soldiers as those whose faces have been here reproduced. No rule was followed regarding their relative position in the book. They were purposely put in just as it happened, without regard to rank, after the manner of a crazy quilt. The freshet of pictures began to flow in when the book was about half printed, and this will explain why they are “bunched” in the latter part, to the extent, in a few cases, of two on a single page. For the pictorial peculiarities of the “Story” no apology will be made. The full-page pictures are limited to general officers and to officers who at different times commanded our regiments, battery and squadron.

It was desired to make the engravings from pictures of the comrades as they were in war time, and this has been done in all except a very few cases. Some twelve or fifteen are from recent photographs. These illustrate what the rude hand of Father Time is doing for us all. The originals from which the pictures were made were collected from twenty-nine different states. They consisted of photographs, ambrotypes and tintypes, representing a variety of postures, military and otherwise. Many of the originals were yellow, faded and sadly defaced, and considering this fact it is a wonder that the illustrations are so good. That a few are not as perfect as could be desired, is due solely to the fact above mentioned.



This book was not written to glorify any person or persons, or either of the four organizations of the brigade above the rest. It has been the purpose to be fair and impartial to all. A number of the comrades sent me personal sketches of themselves, and they may be disappointed not to see them published. Let them remember that to print such sketches of a few would be unfair to those not thus favored. One excellent soldier furnished a biography of himself, before, during and since the war, that would have filled two pages of the book. Had he written the "Story," he would have found it necessary to draw the line as I did. The Sherman Brigade was full of heroes. To tell what they personally did is impossible. Each may find the full measure of honor in the fact that he stood in the ranks of the brigade and helped to make its spotless record.

Many have rendered cheerful and invaluable assistance. It is but just to acknowledge, personally, my especial obligations to Colonel Robert C. Brown, Captain William H. Farber, Adjutant Chauncey Woodruff, Samuel T. Beerbower, and Robert C. McFarland of the Sixty-fourth; Captain Edwin E. Scranton, Captain Brewer Smith, Col. Alexander Cassil, and Albert C. Matthias of the Sixty-fifth; Captain Cullen Bradley, Captain Aaron P. Baldwin, Lieutenant George W. James, and John C. Weber of the battery; Albert A. Pomeroy, Thomas Everly, Barzillah F. Morris, and Peter M. Redding of the Squadron. All these promptly honored my frequent drafts upon them for information.

I shall be sorry indeed if any have raised their expectations to so high a pitch that this volume will prove to them a disappointment. I have examined more than seventy regimental and brigade histories, in the War Department library at Washington, and I may be pardoned for saying that among them all there is not one which so far as completeness and fullness of detail are concerned, is comparable to this. Of the character of the work, the verdict must be rendered by the jury of its readers. Indulging the hope that I have in some measure succeeded in meeting the wishes and expectations of my comrades, by presenting a narrative in the perusal of which they may find interest and pleasure, I give them, one and all, a cordial, fraternal greeting,

WILBUR F. HINMAN.

ALLIANCE, OHIO, December, 1897.



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# The Story of the Sherman Brigade.

## CHAPTER I.

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### BIRTH OF THE BRIGADE.

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"TO ARMS"—SENATOR SHERMAN'S BUGLE CALL—THE QUICK RESPONSE—RECRUITING OFFICERS HARVEST THE CROP—A CAMP SELECTED—THE FLEDGELINGS IN BLUE—HOW MOTHERS AND SISTERS LOADED THEM DOWN—THE DREADFUL BOWIE-KNIFE—"FIRST BLOOD" DRAWN FROM CAPTAIN FARRAR—OFF FOR CAMP.

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THE echo of the guns at Sumter, in April, 1861, was the mighty reveille that aroused the nation to arms. When President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months to put down the rebellion, there was an impetuous rush to enlist. Twice as many offered their services as could then be accepted. Many thousands of tumultuous young men, with a raging desire to "go to war," experienced the keenest disappointment when the quotas of the various states were declared full and the door was shut in their faces. They knew—or thought they did—that the war would be over before they would have a chance to

"wear a uniform,  
Hear drums and see a battle."

But before the trouble ended everyone who wanted to fight—not to mention a good many who did not—had abundant



opportunity to more than satisfy his longings. About twenty-five hundred ardent young Ohio patriots found what they were looking for in the ranks of the "Sherman Brigade"; and they performed their part faithfully and well. They were always at "the front." They never did any "feather-bed soldiering," at posts in the rear. There was never a stain upon the banners, scarred and rent in many a storm of battle, which they bore through nearly four years of conflict. The record of the Sherman Brigade may well be a source of satisfaction and pride to all its members. It brought no blush of humiliation or disappointment to the face of him whose honored name it bears.

By midsummer of 1861 the illusion of a "three-months war" had been fully dispelled. It was clear that both the north and the south would fight and that the struggle would be long and bloody. In the autumn of that year, after the president's call for five hundred thousand men, Hon. John Sherman, one of the United States senators from Ohio, obtained authority to raise two regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery and a squadron of cavalry. In Congress Mr. Sherman was among the foremost in urging a vigorous prosecution of the war and in giving the fullest support to the administration in its efforts to suppress the rebellion and maintain the integrity of the Union. After the adjournment of the extraordinary session, which began July 4th, Mr. Sherman's ardent and patriotic zeal found exercise in raising, equipping and sending to the field the brigade to which his name was given.

During the early days of Autumn the following appeared in many Ohio newspapers:

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF OHIO:

I am authorized by the Governor of Ohio to raise at once two regiments of infantry, one squadron of cavalry and one battery of artillery. I am also authorized to recommend one lieutenant for each company, who shall receive his commission and be furnished with proper facilities for enlisting. I am now ready to receive applications for such appointments, accompanied with evidences of good habits and character, the age of applicant and his fitness and ability to recruit a company. Major William McLaughlin will command the cavalry. The company officers will be designated by the soldiers of each company, subject to the approval of the governor. The field officers are not yet designated, but will be men of



experience and, if possible, of military education. The soldiers shall have, without diminution, all they are entitled to by law.

Danger is imminent! Promptness is indispensable! Let the people of Ohio now repay the debt which their fathers incurred to the gallant people of Kentucky for the defence of Ohio against the Indians and British. They now appeal to us for help against an invasion more unjustifiable and barbarous. Letters can be addressed to me marked "Free," at Mansfield, Ohio.

JOHN SHERMAN.

To the prospective infantry regiments were assigned the numerical designations Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth; to the battery, the Sixth; and to the cavalry, McLaughlin's Squadron. Mr. Sherman was commissioned colonel of the Sixty-fourth. A site for a camp of organization and instruction was selected just out-side, to the northward, of the town of Mansfield, Richland county, Mr. Sherman's home. It was christened "Camp Buckingham," in honor of C. P. Buckingham, then adjutant-general of Ohio. A commission as first lieutenant and quartermaster of the Sixty-fourth was issued to Roeffliff Brinkerhoff, of Mansfield, and to him was assigned the duty of preparing the camp for the reception of troops. William Blair Lord, of Washington, one of the official reporters of the House of Representatives, performed the duties of adjutant and took charge of the clerical work in connection with the camp.



THOMAS E. TILLOTSON,  
CAPTAIN AND BREVET MAJOR, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The seed scattered by Mr. Sherman's call to the young men of Ohio was like that in the parable which "fell into good ground and brought forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold." Applications for recruiting com-



missions poured in from all quarters. Selections were made, and impressive looking documents, bearing the signatures of high functionaries and the big seal of the state, were soon in the hands of half a hundred enthusiastic patriots who, in town, village and hamlet, flung to the breeze their recruiting flags and decorated trees, fences and walls with posters, setting forth in seductive phrase the superior advantages offered to those who would enlist in the ranks of the "crack" organizations soon to rendezvous at Mansfield. The response was ready and recruiting was brisk.

It was believed that the immediate distribution of uniforms would have a stimulating effect, and to this end each officer was furnished with a supply of blouses and trousers in which to array the embryonic soldiers as soon as they signed their names to the rolls. It mattered little whether the garments fitted the recruit. He was proud of his blue clothes, and as he strutted through the village streets, eliciting smiles from all the pretty lassies, he exerted a powerful influence in spreading the contagion among his boyhood friends. I speak advisedly, for no peacock ever thought as much of himself as I did when I first donned my uniform and put myself on "dress-parade."

And how our dear mothers, sisters and wives—though few of us had wives then—with amazing notions regarding the carrying capacity, or "tonnage," of a soldier, fitted us out with a wheelbarrow load apiece of quilts, clothing, books, albums and gimcracks of every conceivable kind, useful and ornamental, with the commendable purpose of making our life in the army a perennial picnic. Bless their hearts, they little thought—nor did we—when we left home, equipped like so many excursionists, that these mementos of their affection would be tossed into fence corners—to ease our aching shoulders and smarting feet—long before we had reached the end of our first day's march. But we will wait till we come to that.

We have not forgotten the curious notions regarding war that suggested to our good home-folk some of the things which they included in our "outfit." A single illustration will suffice. I was one of half a dozen members of Company E, of the Sixty-fifth, who were students attending an institution of learning at Berea. The people wanted to give us a good send-off, and having raised





a little fund, they sent a delegate to Cleveland to purchase sundry articles deemed conducive to our well-being. These were publicly presented to us, by the president of the college, at a meeting which crowded the village church. Among them, for each of us, was a villainous looking bowie-knife, with sheath and belt—the blade nearly a foot long. To emphasize his remarks the doctor of divinity drew one of those murderous weapons from its sheath and held it up before the tearful and shuddering audience, as he exhorted us to

“Strike! till the last armed foe expires!”

It is little wonder that the women wept at the touching scene, as they pictured to themselves those meek and innocent youths—whom they had known solving mathematical problems and conjugating Latin verbs—charging around in the south like a lot of bandits, plunging those horrible knives into people’s bowels and yelling, “Ha! tur-r-r-raitor, thou diest!” It seemed to be the prevailing impression in that audience that the rest of the army would have nothing to do but to follow us with picks and shovels and bury the dead, as we hewed and hacked our way through the Southern Confederacy. So little did anybody know then about war!

Those friends of ours meant well. They knew the south was full of men who carried bowie-knives, and they thought such weapons indispensable to us in defending “Old Glory.” We thought so, too, at the time, and one of our squad made a lurid speech in response, assuring the donors that those blades should never be dishonored. Now, it almost rends my heartstrings to say that we didn’t hurt anybody with those knives! We never used them except to saw slices of bacon, chop off chickens’ heads, or cut sticks to hold our coffee pots over the fire. The bowie-knife had to go, along with many other romantic fictions that we cherished early in the war. I ought to add, in justice to those kind friends, that they presented to each of us, at the same time, another article that was exceedingly useful and handy. It was that ingenious combination of knife, fork and spoon, which many soldiers had. I carried mine nearly three years and must have eaten barrels of bean-soup with that spoon.

Some of the recruiting officers found it “hard sledding” at



first. After they had succeeded in getting the boys once started, the infection spread rapidly. In every locality there were some who opposed the war and exerted their influence to discourage enlistments. Captain William M. Farrar, (now dead), of Company H, Sixty-fifth, furnished the following sketch of a spirited skirmish in which was drawn the first blood that was shed by any of the Sherman Brigade. Samuel C. Brown, of whom he speaks, was the first captain of Company H; was subsequently major of the regiment, and was mortally wounded at Chickamauga:

"Samuel C. Brown, the son of a farmer living near Londonderry, in Guernsey county, was then thirty years of age, unmarried, and ready to enter the service in behalf of his convictions of duty. In person he was tall and slender, of dark, swarthy complexion, with straight, black hair, brown eyes, and slightly aquiline nose. In disposition he was quiet and reticent, but firm. To Mr. Sherman's call he at once responded, visited Mansfield, secured an appointment as lieutenant and returned home to recruit a company. In accordance with a previous agreement made between us, I was to join him in the effort, and as soon as the October election was over we commenced recruiting.

"At first the work went along very slowly. We visited different localities, held meetings, made speeches, appealed to the patriotism of the people to "rally round the flag," and all that, but without effect. People listened attentively and seemed earnest, but nobody volunteered. At the end of the first week we had only enlisted four indifferent recruits, and Mr. Brown was in despair. As we returned home on Saturday evening from a large school-house meeting where we had confidently expected to obtain a number of recruits, but failed to get a single one, Mr. Brown thought there was no use in making further effort. He was not only disappointed, but mortified, and talked of returning his commission to Mr. Sherman, with notice of his failure to recruit a company.

"We had some appointments made for the following week, which we concluded to fill and I returned home, agreeing to meet Mr. Brown at Sewellsville, on the Belmont county line,



where we had an appointment for the next Monday evening. On my way I was to fill an appointment at Fairview, Monday afternoon. From the Fairview meeting we expected very little, but it proved to be the turning point in our canvass, as the sequel will show. When I drove up to the village hotel at noon, I found the usual group of loafers discussing the news, and among others an old Democratic local politician, who was very much opposed to what he called 'Abe Lincoln's Abolition War.' During our conversation we disputed as to some newspaper statement, and as he refused to take my word for it, I invited him to attend the meeting in the afternoon, when I would produce the proof for what I had asserted. Sure enough, he was on hand. The meeting was well attended and the hall crowded. I made the usual speech, after the meeting had been regularly organized by electing, as chairman, an old country justice of the peace, who presided with much dignity.

"At the close I turned to my old Democratic acquaintance and produced the proofs as I had promised, but he refused to be satisfied and was inclined to be ugly and abusive. Becoming somewhat annoyed at his interruptions, I at length turned upon him and said rather sharply that I wished him to distinctly understand that I would not be interrupted by him or any Copperhead like him. Very much to my surprise, he rushed at me with his uplifted cane, which I caught in one hand while I seized him by his long, white beard with the other, and pushed him back against the wall. Instantly there was a general commotion; everybody was on his feet and everything was in confusion. Half a dozen men seized the old gentleman, who was at least twenty-five years my senior, to put him out, and as many more seized me (who didn't need any holding), when a son of my adversary, a tall young man, rushed up as near as he could get to me and, striking with a cane over the heads of those who stood between us, hit me a severe blow on the top of the head, cutting a gash in the scalp from which the blood flowed freely. The disturbers being finally ejected from the room and order restored, it was found that the chairman had fled and could nowhere be found, whereupon the meeting considered itself adjourned, without any further effort at that time to secure volunteers. But the dis-



puted question of fact over which the loafers wrangled for the next fortnight was, how many blows I really struck the old man, and whether I didn't really try to kill him! The truth is that I neither struck him nor struck *at* him during the melee.

"After getting my scalp washed and my head dressed, I traveled on to my next appointment at Sewellsville, where my arrival caused quite a sensation. Mr. Brown was on hand. The news of the Fairview fight had spread like wildfire, and we had a rousing meeting. I appeared on the scene with my bloody headgear and made a stirring appeal, the effect of which was magical. Brown called for volunteers and they came with a rush that kept him busy until midnight. Next day we held a meeting at Londonderry, where we met with like success. The day following we were at Milnersville, where a delegation from Fairview, with drum, fife and flag, met us. So we went from place to place, day after day, until the close of the week, when we counted the full quota of volunteers."

The ambitious young officers, while during the day exercising their prowess as "fishers of men," sat up nights studying Hardee's Tactics. Each afternoon they would muster their squads and steer them through the streets or charge around on the village common, eliciting the admiration of the fair sex and spreading the war-fever among the young fellows of the town and the region round about. Each nebulous company, as soon as it had reached the minimum of sixty men, was furnished transportation to Mansfield and went into camp. The departure of a company from home was a scene that moved the stoutest hearts. There were tears and loving embraces and oft-repeated farewells, mingled with uproarious shouts and cheers. Parents, wives and sisters looked only upon the dark and gloomy side of the future. Those who went forth at the call of duty, full of hope, ambition and enthusiasm, saw but the bright pictures of fancy; leaf by leaf would be unfolded to them all that is dreadful and abhorrent in war!





## CHAPTER II.

## THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION.

TRANSFORMING RECRUITS INTO SOLDIERS—LIFE AT CAMP BUCKINGHAM—OUR "REGULAR" OFFICERS—FORSYTH, HARKER, GRANGER, BRADLEY AND McLAUGHLIN—FIRST OFFICIAL ROSTER OF THE BRIGADE—MUSTERED IN—THE SIBLEY "CIRCUS" TENT—WAGONLOADS OF "SOFT BREAD"—OUR MILITARY OUTFIT—"LEFT! LEFT! LEFT!"—LEARNING THE TACTICS—GUARD DUTY AND THE GUARDHOUSE—THE ORDERLY SERGEANT—GUNS AND HORSES FOR THE BATTERY—YOUNGSTERS IN THE RANKS—A CONSUMING DESIRE TO GO TO "THE FRONT"—COLONEL SHERMAN'S FAREWELL ORDER.

THERE was much honorable rivalry among the recruiting officers to secure the required number of men and reach camp, as the companies would be lettered, beginning at A, in each regiment, in the order of their arrival, and the company officers would take corresponding rank. If there was one thing that an officer liked better than anything else it was "rank." Captain Alexander McIlvaine, of Mansfield, was the first to report with the requisite number, and his company was duly christened A, of the Sixty-fourth. Captain James B. Brown, of Marion, brought in Company B, and all the others followed in succession. In the Sixty-fifth Captain Alexander Cassil, of Mount Vernon, went to the head of the class, being the first to report. Captain Henry Camp was close at his heels with Company B, raised in Stark and Columbiana counties. Other companies came trailing in until K was reached.

By the middle of November both regiments were fully organized and were duly mustered into the service of the United



States. Squads of recruits were daily arriving for the various companies, the desire being universal to fill them to the maximum of one hundred men each. A few reached this figure while others fell a little short, so that each regiment took the field with about nine hundred men. Meanwhile the battery and the squadron were augmenting their rolls and were mustered in soon after the infantry, the battery being the last to complete its organization.

Colonel Sherman was successful in securing officers of military education and experience to command the various bodies of volunteers. For colonel of the Sixty-fourth Captain James W. Forsyth, of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, was selected. He was a graduate of West Point and had served some years in the regular army. Although a gentleman of high soldierly attainments, he proved to be, in the command of a regiment of volunteers, what President Lincoln once described as "a round peg in a square hole"

—he didn't exactly fit. Exceedingly strict in discipline, he was lacking in the patience and forbearance necessary to be exercised during the process of transforming nine hundred "green" officers and men into soldiers. He seemed to think they ought to know it all before they had even a chance to learn. His administration created considerable friction in the regiment. It was a clear case of incompatibility and it caused little regret when, a few weeks after he was commissioned, a divorce was granted by the governor of Ohio, with the consent of the war department. Captain Forsyth was assigned to duty in the



DAVID B. LEITER,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



staff department of the army, in which capacity he rendered efficient and valuable service during the whole of the war, reaching the rank of brevet brigadier-general..

The colonel of the Sixty-fifth was Captain Charles G. Harker, Fifteenth United States Infantry. This is a name held in affectionate remembrance by every member of the brigade—by which is meant not only the Sherman Brigade but the larger one, including the Sherman, which he so long and ably commanded in the field until he fell at Kennesaw. He was indeed a knightly soldier. We can scarcely think or speak of him without moistened eyes, as we recall his gallant bearing, his flashing eye, his manly virtues and his dauntless courage, conspicuous upon so many well-fought fields. He belonged to the whole brigade, at the head of which he rode for more than two years; but we of the Sixty-fifth may be pardoned for claiming him as especially our own, and for the pride we feel in having belonged to the regiment that bore his name first upon its roster. We were not pleased with him at the beginning. Like all “regulars” he was a rigid disciplinarian. It seemed to us that he “put on the screws” too tightly, and for a time the raw material out of which he was trying to make a regiment of *soldiers* was exceedingly restive under his strict enforcement of the “Regulations.” He bore down hard upon some of the officers who were a little slow in learning the tactics, or who were inclined to laxity in the management of their men. They thought him a martinet, who had been imported from New Jersey—as though there could not be found in Ohio a man good enough to command the regiment. But in a few months this feeling wholly disappeared. We all found that he knew better than we. After his first test in battle we thought there was no man like Harker. Our affection for him grew stronger with each passing month, up to the day when, at the age of twenty-nine, a brigadier-general, he sealed with his life his devotion to his country. Colonel Harker graduated from West Point in 1858 and had served two years on the frontier before the breaking out of the war.

Sergeant Cullen Bradley, of the Second United States Artillery, was commissioned captain of the battery. He was a native of the South, having been born in North Carolina and reared in



Tennessee, his home being at Lebanon. He enlisted in the regular army in 1846 and had served in the artillery continuously for fifteen years, attaining the highest non-commissioned rank, that of first sergeant. His long experience proved invaluable, and it was largely due to his discipline and instruction that the Sixth Ohio won a name second to no other battery in the Army of the Cumberland.

For the cavalry squadron—but a fraction of a regiment—the highest official grade allowed was that of major. To this position was commissioned William McLaughlin, of Mansfield. He was well advanced in years, but his ardent patriotism induced him to enter the field. He was not without military experience, having served through the war with Mexico. He was a man of rough exterior, high personal courage and indomitable will, in every way equipped for an independent command. The hardships and privations of active service proved too much for his physical endurance, and six months after leaving Ohio he died, on the bank of the Big Sandy, in Kentucky. His body was removed to Mansfield and buried with the honors of war.

With the exception of the colonels, the field officers of the regiments were elected by the company officers. Of the Sixty-fourth, Isaac Gass, of Mansfield, was chosen lieutenant-colonel, and John J. Williams, of Marion, major. In the Sixty-fifth, the choice for lieutenant-colonel fell upon Daniel French, of Millersburg, and that for major upon James Olds, of Mount Gilead. Colonel French was a veteran of the Mexican war. At the completion of the organization the official roster of the brigade was as follows:

#### SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO INFANTRY.

COLONEL—James W. Forsyth.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL—Isaac Gass.

MAJOR—John J. Williams.

ADJUTANT—Wilbur F. Sanders.

QUARTERMASTER—Lorenzo D. Myers.

SURGEON—Henry O. Mack.

ASSISTANT SURGEON—Hugh P. Anderson.

CHAPLAIN—A. R. Brown.





Company A—Captain, Alexander McIlvaine; first lieutenant, Michael Keiser; second lieutenant, Samuel M. Wolff.

Company B—Captain, James B. Brown; first lieutenant, David A. Scott; second lieutenant, Bryant Grafton.

Company C—Captain, Robert C. Brown; first lieutenant, Aaron S. Campbell; second lieutenant, Cyrus Y. Freeman.

Company D—Captain, William W. Smith; first lieutenant, Cornelius C. White; second lieutenant, Isaac F. Biggerstaff.

Company E—Captain, Samuel L. Coulter; first lieutenant, Warner Young; second lieutenant, Chauncey Woodruff.

Company F—Captain, John H. Finrock; first lieutenant, Simeon B. Conn; second lieutenant, Norman K. Brown.

Company G—Captain, Samuel Neeper; first lieutenant, Augustus M. Goldwood; second lieutenant, John L. Smith.

Company H—Captain, Charles R. Lord; first lieutenant, Tip S. Marvin; second lieutenant, William McDowell.

Company I—Captain, Turenne C. Meyer; first lieutenant, Marcus T. Meyer; second lieutenant, Thomas McGill.

Company K—Captain, Joseph B. Sweet; first lieutenant, Ebenezer B. Finley; second lieutenant, William O. Sarr.

#### SIXTY-FIFTH OHIO INFANTRY.

COLONEL—Charles G. Harker.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL—Daniel French.

MAJOR—James Olds.

ADJUTANT—Horace H. Justice.

QUARTERMASTER—William M. Farrar.

SURGEON—John G. Kyle.

ASSISTANT SURGEON—John C. Gill.

CHAPLAIN—Andrew Burns.

Company A—Captain, Alexander Cassil; first lieutenant, Albert Ellis; second lieutenant, Jacob Hammond.

Company B—Captain, Henry Camp; first lieutenant, David G. Swaim; second lieutenant, Johnston Armstrong.

Company C—Captain, Edward L. Austin; first lieutenant, Samuel L. Bowlby; second lieutenant, Frank B. Hunt.

Company D—Captain, John C. Baxter; first lieutenant, David H. Rowland; second lieutenant, John T. Hyatt.

Company E—Captain, Horatio N. Whitbeck; first lieutenant, Thomas Powell; second lieutenant, George N. Huckins.



Company F—Captain, Richard M. Voorhis; first lieutenant, Nahum L. Williams; second lieutenant, Jasper P. Brady.

Company G—Captain, Orlow Smith; first lieutenant, Clark S. Gregg; second lieutenant, Charles O. Tannehill.

Company H—Captain, Samuel C. Brown; first lieutenant, Francis H. Graham; second lieutenant, Samuel McKinnie.

Company I—Captain, Jacob Christofel; first lieutenant, Lucien B. Eatou; second lieutenant, Andrew Howenstine.

Company K—Captain, Joshua S. Preble; first lieutenant, Joseph M. Randall; second lieutenant, John M. Palmer.

#### SIXTH OHIO BATTERY.

CAPTAIN—Cullen Bradley.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS—Oliver H. P. Ayres, James P. McElroy.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS—Aaron P. Baldwin, Edwin S. Ferguson.

#### McLAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

MAJOR—William McLaughlin.

Company A—Captain, Gaylord McFall; first lieutenant, Samuel Fisher; second lieutenant, Enoch Smith.

Company B—Captain, Samuel R. Buckmaster; first lieutenant, Benjamin B. Lake; second lieutenant, Herman Allen.

The long list of non-commissioned officers is not given here, as many changes occurred within a short time, and all are shown in the roster, in the latter part of this volume. The sergeants and corporals of each company were chosen by its officers and appointed by the colonel of the regiment. There was a good deal of scrambling for these positions, for in those days even the chevrons of a corporal were considered an overwhelming honor. A sergeant was a bigger man than was a brigadier-general two or three years later.

There was in Company E, of the Sixty-fifth, a man named John F. Kuss. He pronounced it "Koos," but of course all the boys called him "Cuss." He had served in the German army and was a fine-looking, soldierly fellow. He lived near Berea, and at the time the non-commissioned officers of the company were selected he was at home on a five-days' furlough. When he



returned to camp he was well-nigh overpowered to find that he had been appointed a corporal.

"Ven I coom back," said he, "all der poys cry 'Corporal Kuss! Corporal Kuss!' and I nix fer stay dill Captain Vitbeck, he told me. He made me der corporal ven I was no here!"

Nearly all sections of the state were represented in the Sherman Brigade. Of the Sixty-fourth, Companies A, C, E, and H were recruited chiefly in Richland county; Companies B and D in Marion; Company F in Van Wert; Company G in Summit; Company I in Stark and Wayne; Company K in Crawford. Of the Sixty-fifth, Company A was raised in Knox county; Company B in Stark and Columbiana; Company C in Richland; Company D in Morrow; Company E in Cuyahoga, Lorain and Stark; Company F in Holmes and Coshocton; Company G in Ashland and Erie; Company H in Guernsey; Company I in Ashland and Cuyahoga; Company K in Hancock. The Sixth Battery was recruited chiefly in Summit, Richland and Tuscarawas, with a few from other counties. The Squadron was raised in Richland, Holmes and adjacent counties.

It may be justly said that nowhere in the army could be found a finer body of men. The average age was about twenty-three. In the ranks were scores of men of the highest intelligence and having an academic or collegiate education. They were from town and country, representing almost every trade, profession and vocation in life. Many of them relinquished lucrative and honorable positions to engage in the mighty struggle for the perpetuity of the government.

Having been mustered into the service with impressive ceremonies, we began to feel like soldiers, upon whom rested the burden of saving the country. We got down immediately to army regulations, surrounded by all the "pomp and circumstance of war." The camp was under the command of Major Robert S. Granger, of the Fifth United States Infantry. He had been surrendered by General Twiggs in Texas, at the outbreak of hostilities, and was on parole, which for the time disqualified him for active service. He was of slender build, with a big blonde mustache. He was held up to us as a model of soldierly perfection. How straight he carried himself as he strode with stately



steppings about the camp! We used to wonder that he didn't fall over backward. But he was a polished gentleman and we have none but kindly recollections of him. He served with distinction during the war and for many years thereafter. He was then placed upon the retired list of the regular army, and died in 1894.

We were quartered in great Sibley tents. As we now remember them, after our later experience with the "pup" tents, they were big enough for a circus. When pitched they were conical in shape, about sixteen feet in diameter at the base, and twelve or fourteen feet in height from the ground to the peak. The Sibley was supported by a center pole, the lower end resting upon a tripod four or five feet high, the three legs of which sprawled out in as many directions. We had six tents to a company, each being the habitation of from fifteen to eighteen men. The soldiers slept with their feet focused at the center, their bodies radiating toward the circumference like the spokes of a wheel. The tripod was a nuisance, always in the way. One night a member of our mess, coming in after a "trick" of guard duty, stumbled against the tripod, kicked out one of the feet, and the tent came down flat upon the sleeping patriots. The scrambling and yelling and objurgations, in two or three languages, that followed, aroused half the camp. It awakened the colonel and he sent an orderly to Company E to see what was the cause of the riot. The pole of the tent struck one of the boys on the head and raised a lump that he carried for a week. This was the first casualty in the company. Most of the squads furnished their tents with small sheet-iron stoves, by which the keen and nipping air of November and December was tempered to the shorn lambs. An abundance of straw was supplied, and each man had one or two extra blankets or quilts, brought from home; so that we lived more comfortably while at Camp Buckingham than at any other time or place during the ensuing four years.

Food was plenty and generally wholesome. True, the culinary work of some of the green company cooks was a little "off." They scorched the bean soup, or made the coffee too weak or too strong; but they were sufficiently punished for their shortcomings by the maledictions of the company. Fresh "soft





bread" from the Mansfield bakeries was hauled to camp each day by the wagon load. We did not then know that such a thing as "hardtack" had ever been devised by man. If there was any lack in the daily menu, it was more than supplied by the generous hospitality of the good people who dwelt in the region round about. They hauled in loads of vegetables, milk, poultry and fruit, while every railway train brought, from homes more remote, boxes and parcels of "goodies" to tickle our yet fastidious palates. We lived as in a land flowing with milk and honey. If any one had at that time set before us one of those indescribable "lay-outs" that two or three years later we were glad and thankful to have for dinner or supper, and told us to eat it, we would have exclaimed indignantly, as Hazael said to Elisha: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But we hadn't then the faintest conception of what soldiering was.

One evening, when the troops had been but a few days in camp, Colonel Sherman and Major Granger went together from one company to another on a tour of observation. They noticed a soldier in the act of removing from the fire a kettle of beans. Pausing for a moment, Major Granger inspected the contents of the kettle.

"Those beans are not cooked enough!" he said, quietly.

"D' ye s'pose I don't know how to cook beans?" said the soldier, snappishly. He had not yet come to a realization of the chasm of rank that yawned between him and shoulder-straps, and in his mind he questioned the jurisdiction of the major over his culinary operations—in other words, it wasn't any of Granger's business.

Some officers would have taught the recruit a lesson by sending him to the guard-house to spend the night as a punishment for his impertinence, but the major did nothing of the kind. He only said, in his gentlest tones:

"My good man, you will understand beans better by the time you have eaten as many of them in the army as I have. Never try to cook beans in a hurry; they should be thoroughly done. These are not fit to eat. If you will let them cook over a slow fire till morning you will find them excellent. You will have to learn all these things, just as I did."



No doubt the soldier profited by this good advice, and in the fullness of time came to "know beans," raw or cooked.

We were duly fitted out with knapsacks, canteens, haversacks, etc. and the boys spent a good deal of their leisure time in getting the hang of these curious things—as they seemed to us. We felt, however, that we would be of no earthly account as soldiers until we had got hold of something to shoot with. Our consuming impatience was satisfied about two weeks after we reached camp by the arrival of sundry boxes containing our arms and accouterments. Each man was given a brand-new Springfield rifled musket, with shining bayonet and the other accessories. This began to look like business. We felt proud indeed as we strapped on our cartridge-boxes, and, with our muskets at a "right shoulder shift," paraded the streets of our canvas city. We wanted to go to the front—to stand not upon the order of our going but go at once. We thought that as soon as *we* got there it wouldn't take long to wind up the rebellion.

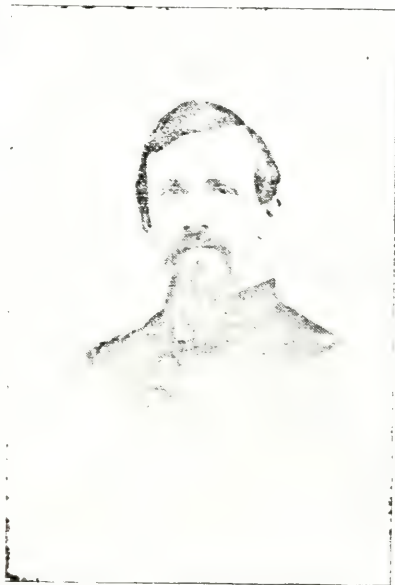
We began to drill, four times each day, as soon as we entered camp. The officers went to school each evening to be instructed by the colonel, and they in turn taught us—or tried to. All had everything to learn. Officers and men were zealous in their work and no doubt we got on as well as the average. There was here and there one who was a year or two in learning which was his left foot and which his right. Day after day, in squads and companies, we faced and marched and countermarched and charged around with an energy that gave bright promise of future usefulness. Everywhere could be heard the "Left! Left! Left!" of the orderlies. After the muskets came we applied ourselves with diligence to mastering the manual of arms. We considered ourselves about ready to graduate when we could "order arms" without pulverizing the toes of the next man, or our own, fix and unfix bayonets without stabbing somebody, and march without kicking the calves of our file-leaders or the shins of those behind us. The two "regular" colonels and Major Granger circulated freely during the hours of drill, with frequent words of commendation or suggestion.

Some of the men were more apt than others in learning how to drill. Those who were slow to learn took comfort from the fact



that some of the officers, too, did not keep up with the procession. Members of the Sixty-fifth found no little amusement in observing Captain Christofel when drilling Company I. Often he could not think of the proper commands and he would substitute his own. One day he wanted the company to "mark time" and he gave the order "Stop and tread a little!" He thought he would try a wheel and told the men to "Circle 'round this way!" Many of his original answers to Colonel Harker's questions at the evening "school" were highly entertaining to his brother officers.

Colonel Sherman was ubiquitous about the camp, giving his personal attention to the condition and needs of the men. If anything was lacking he spared no effort until it was supplied. He more than redeemed the promise made in his first published announcement, that the men should have, without diminution, everything to which they were entitled. He greatly endeared himself to the soldiers by his efforts in their behalf. It is safe to say that at no camp in Ohio were the men more comfortable or better cared for than at Camp Buckingham.



LUCIEN B. EATON,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

We were as strictly held to the performance of guard duty as though there had been a million rebels surrounding the camp. Before posting his men the officer of the guard would deliver an impressive lecture, reading from the "articles of war" that hair-lifting paragraph which fixes death as the penalty for sleeping on post. If I should live to the age of Methuselah I could not forget my first night on guard. It rained persistently and copiously from dark till dawn and the air was extremely raw and cold.



Drenched to the skin, with shivering limbs and chattering teeth, I paced to and fro on my "beat," feeling that I was serving my country with a vengeance. Each two hours on duty seemed as long as an average week. A hundred other fellows were my companions in misery. There was no danger of anybody going to sleep on post *that* night.

There was a tent used as a "guard-house," which was rarely without half a dozen or more inmates who were doing penance for their misdeeds. Not all the members of the Sherman Brigade had been "born again." They were all human, prone to err, and in some of them the "old Adam" was exceedingly active. The chaplain of each regiment had a big job on his hands. The most frequent breach of discipline was "running the guards" after dark to spend the evening in town. Often some of the transgressors returned in a condition of hilarity that was sure to land them in the guard-house; where they were held in confinement, usually for twenty-four hours. The guard-house, in one form or another, stayed with us till the end of the war. Our chaplains did not preach enough to have any perceptible regenerating effect. In fact, they didn't do much of anything except draw their pay.

After the camp was in complete running order the daily program was as follows:

Reveille,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sunrise.
Roll-call,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7:00 A. M.
Breakfast,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7:30 A. M.
Guard-mounting,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	8:30 A. M.
Squad drill,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9 to 10 A. M.
Company drill,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	11 A. M. to 12 M.
Dinner,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	12:30 P. M.
Company drill,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1:30 to 2:30 P. M.
Battalion drill,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3:30 to 4:30 P. M.
Dress parade,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5:00 P. M.
Supper,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5:30 P. M.
Roll-call,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	8:30 P. M.
Tattoo,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9:00 P. M.
Taps,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10:00 P. M.

Each company commander and orderly sergeant was expected to have every man under his charge "present or accounted for."





After the officers had been elected and the non-commissioned officers appointed, one of the first things impressed upon each orderly sergeant was the injunction to commit to memory the roll of his company, from A to Z, so that he could call it in the darkest night without a skip. To do this—naming the commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the order of their rank and eighty or ninety privates alphabetically—was no small undertaking. There was a rivalry among the orderly sergeants to see who could first accomplish this feat. Most of them mastered the roll in a surprisingly brief time.

It will not be out of place to observe here that the life of an orderly sergeant was little less than a continual martyrdom. He was highest in rank of the enlisted men, so that whatever he said "went." He was the executive officer of the company; to him directions were given and it was his duty to see that they were carried out. He was a sort of filter through which passed all the orders from the officers, and the growls and complaints of the men. He kept the company books, drew and issued rations, clothing and ammunition and made all details for guard, extra or fatigue duty. He was held responsible for the cleanliness and soldierly appearance of the men and for the neat and orderly condition of their tents and belongings. All these and a hundred other things were laid upon the shoulders of the orderly; besides which he was expected to be, himself, the model soldier of the company, exemplary in all things. The wear and tear upon his mental and moral organism can only be understood and appreciated by those who served in that thankless and exasperating position. Of course his administration created continual friction. The boys had to do a good many things they didn't like and their rebellious feelings found relief in swearing at the orderly; when they were detailed for picket, guard or fatigue duty after a hard day's march, or ordered out to drill under a blazing sun; when rations were scanty, the bacon maggoty or the hardtack more adamant than usual; when it rained or snowed and we had to lie around in the mud without tents—the orderly was always to blame and upon his unlucky head the men emptied their vials of wrath. The only redeeming features of his existence were the fact that he did not have to detail *himself* to go on guard, or chop



wood or load the colonel's wagon ; and his chance for promotion when a vacancy occurred among the officers. Then he would clap on shoulder-straps and resign his place as orderly to some other fellow. I speak from experience, for the sleeves of my blouse were decorated with the chevrons of an orderly for a year. A cloud of witnesses will testify to the truth of these averments.

The following were the first to undergo the experience of being ground between the upper and the nether millstones, as orderly sergeants :

Sixty-fourth—Company A, Thomas H. Ehlers ; Company B, Thomas E. Tillotson ; Company C, Jacob H. Shancks ; Company D, Henry H. Kling ; Company E, Thomas R. Smith ; Company F, Thomas J. Clark ; Company G, Dudley C. Carr ; Company H, David Cummins ; Company I, Samuel A. English ; Company K, George Hall.

Sixty-fifth—Company A, Oscar D. Welker ; Company B, Zachariah Allerton ; Company C, Samuel H. Young ; Company D, Asa A. Gardner ; Company E, Wilbur F. Hinman ; Company F, Andrew J. Stiffler ; Company G, Dolsen Vankirk ; Company H, Samuel L. Cunningham ; Company I, Philip H. Bader ; Company K, Peter Markel.

Sixth Battery—Aaron P. Baldwin.

Squadron—Company A, John L. Skeggs ; Company B, John Dalzell.

The members of mess number eight, of Company E, Sixty-fourth, put on a good deal of style in their domestic arrangements, as may be judged from the following invoice of their tent equipment : one hundred and fifty feet of pine flooring, one cook-stove, one table, eight camp stools, one water pail, one wash-dish, one candlestick, one dish-pan, one looking-glass, two brooms and one cuspidor. A bible and a daily paper graced the center-table. Major Granger, as inspector, paid the mess a high compliment for this reform in camp life. Such articles of furniture as were not allowed transportation were sold at auction when the regiment broke camp.

About the middle of November the battery received its guns—four ten-pound Parrotts and two six-pound brass pieces—with caissons and all other appurtenances necessary to a complete out-



fit. The men were proud of their guns and entered, with zeal and enthusiasm, upon the work of learning how to use them. The officers studied the tactics night and day, under the excellent tutelage of Captain Bradley, and made such rapid progress that they were soon able to instruct their men in the discharge of their respective functions. Their drill in "going through the motions" of loading and firing was a spectacle of novelty and interest to the infantry soldiers, few of whom had ever before seen a battery equipped for war. About the first of December the horses were received, and the mounted drills, as the battery went through the various field evolutions, were viewed with curious eyes, not only by the denizens of the camp, but by people from town and country, who came from far and near to witness the inspiring scene.

The battery numbered about one hundred and fifty men; of these nineteen were above the age of forty and more than a hundred were under thirty. Twenty-four were mustered as being "eighteen," which meant all the way down to sixteen. Under the regulations, which were then more or less strictly adhered to, no person could be received in the military service under the age of eighteen. But there were plenty of boys, whose span of life had not reached the limit of youth, who were crazy to go to the tented field, and many of them managed to slip through the meshes of the net and get in. True they had to follow the example of Ananias and tell fibs to the recruit-



GEORGE N. HUCKINS,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Died at Nashville, April, 1862.



ing officers, satisfying their consciences with the argument that in such a cause deception was justifiable.

It was the same in the infantry. In the ranks of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth there was many a fresh, sturdy, rosy-cheeked lad, the record of whose birth in the big family Bible at home was greatly at variance with the figures on the muster-roll. When one of these lads wanted to enlist the recruiting officer "sized him up" and if the inspection was satisfactory he winked slyly as the boy gave his age 'Eighteen, sir !' and signed his name to the list. Most of these boys made prime soldiers. They grew and developed rapidly under the fructifying influence of army life. They endured the hardships of the service much better than the average of men above the age of forty. Animated by the fiery enthusiasm and ambition of youth, their courage in battle fairly challenged that of their older comrades.

Later in the war, when the wave of excitement that during the first year swept hundreds of thousands into the army had spent its force, and enlistments were a little slow, the recruiting officers stretched the regulations and received thousands of these youngsters. We all remember the division of the Twenty-third corps, during the Atlanta campaign, commanded by General Hovey. It was composed mostly of new troops from Ohio and Indiana, and contained so many below the age of eighteen that the division was known as "Hovey's Babies."

Some of our officers, anxious to fill their companies, made the mistake of receiving men who were fifty and even sixty years of age. In such cases there was more fibbing, for they had to go upon the rolls as "forty-five," which was the prescribed limit. Most of these old men proved to be but an incumbrance. However great their zeal and patriotism, they were physically unable to stand the service. Within a few months nearly all of them were left in hospitals and we saw them no more.

During the first few days in camp the members of the two cavalry companies were instructed and drilled on foot, as a starter, but they were as impatient for their "mount" as were those of the infantry for their muskets or the battery-men for their guns. They wouldn't be cavalry until they had horses. These were supplied early in December, together with sabers and everything





else necessary for their complete outfit. Then the boys were in high feather as they began to drill on horseback. There was the usual awkwardness at first, for many of the men were but little accustomed to horses, and both were equally untrained. Under the zealous instruction of Major McLaughlin, however, they got on famously, and the troopers were soon charging over the drill-ground in fine style, cleaving the air with their sabers in a way that was quite terrifying and impressive. Each man was especially schooled in the first duty of a cavalryman—to care for his horse, and the animals were daily fed, watered and groomed with punctilious regularity.

The health of the men was generally good at Camp Buckingham and the doctors did not have much to do except to stand around in their new uniforms. Death began his inroads upon us, however. Second Lieutenant John T. Hyatt, of Company D, Sixty-fifth, died December 10th, after an illness of but two or three days. He was a young officer of bright promise, greatly beloved by his comrades.

On pleasant days, and particularly on Sundays, the camp was visited by throngs of people. The evening dress-parade was the crowning feature of each day's exercises, and was usually witnessed by hundreds of spectators. The imposing lines were never again so long. A year later neither regiment could muster half so many men. When the weather permitted, divine service was held each Sunday in camp. Some of the companies attended church in town, morning or evening, in a body. The chaplains gave each man in the brigade a testament, some of which—only a very few—were carried to the end of the war.

From the day we received our arms and were fully equipped for the field there was a constantly increasing desire to get away and be

"Down among rebels and contraband chattels."

Our impatience for marching orders became excessive—very much greater than it was in after years. We wanted to go down south and have a fight, and a big one, right off. We yearned to shoot somebody, eager to take the exciting chance of being shot ourselves. After the first of December rumors that we would go to the front floated constantly through the camp. Friends came



from far and near to bid us God-speed and many were granted short leaves of absence to go home and say farewells.

On the 1st of December Colonel John Sherman bade adieu to the brigade. It had been his intention, as it was his earnest desire, to take the field with the troops he had labored so zealously to prepare for active service, and the secretary of war had tendered him a commission as brigadier-general. President Lincoln, however, placed a veto upon this, declaring that Colonel Sherman could not be spared from his seat in the senate.

"I can make a brigadier with a stroke of the pen," said Mr. Lincoln, "but I can't make a statesman and a financier! Mr. Sherman must remain in the senate."

There was as great need for good men in congress as for good soldiers in the field. None can doubt that Colonel Sherman would have won distinction in arms, as did his brother, General "Tecumseh," but his path of duty in the crisis seemed so plain that he yielded to the many urgent solicitations and reluctantly sheathed his sword. When about to leave for Washington, to resume his duties in the senate, he resigned his commission as colonel and issued the following farewell address:

The colonel commanding deems it proper, in taking leave of this force, to express his grateful acknowledgments to all the officers and men composing it, for their prompt response to the call of their country in its time of need. He will ever remember with the warmest feelings of gratitude, the assistance rendered in recruiting this force by every man connected with it, and will take pride in its achievements. He feels assured that they will reflect honor upon the state from which they come and upon the country they serve. He leaves them with more confidence in that they will have the active service of experienced officers, who, he is certain, will temper military discipline by the forbearance due to citizen soldiers, voluntarily assuming the duties of military life. He also takes this occasion for himself, and, as he believes, for this entire command, to return his acknowledgments to Major Robert S. Granger, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., for his valuable services in organizing this force.

JOHN SHERMAN.

On December 12th, a beautiful silk banner was presented to the Sixty-fourth by the citizens of Mansfield. After the entire brigade had marched in review, it was formed in a hollow square, within which the presentation took place. The speech in behalf of the donors was made by Hon. T. W. Bartley, and was re-



sponded to for the regiment by Adjutant Wilbur F. Sanders. The latter said in his remarks:

"If you hear that this flag has been trailed in the dust, you may know that you have given the parting hand for the last time to every member of this regiment."

These be brave words, but they were justified by the record of the Sixty-fourth. Its flag was more than once shot down in battle, but it was never "trailed in the dust."

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### CHAPTER III.

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#### OFF TO THE WAR.

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MARCHING ORDERS AT LAST, WHEREAT THERE IS GREAT REJOICING—  
THE SIXTY-FOURTH STAGGERING UNDER PONDEROUS KNAPSACKS  
—WHIRLED AWAY TO LOUISVILLE—THE SIXTY-FIFTH AND THE  
BATTERY FOLLOW—DOWN THE OHIO RIVER—AT CAMP BUELL—  
A GOOD TURN THAT DESERVED ANOTHER.

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AT THE middle of December it was noised through the camp that we had been ordered to Kentucky immediately. Official notice to this effect soon confirmed the rumor. For two or three days the hot blood leaped through our veins and our hearts were thumping with excitement. The generous people of Mansfield and vicinity gave the brigade a sumptuous farewell dinner. Long tables were loaded with everything conceivable that was good to eat, and a multitude of fair maidens and matrons, with ready hands and smiling



faces, ministered to our robust appetites. The memory of that dinner remained with us for many long months.

Quartermaster Brinkerhoff, of the Sixty-fourth, was sent in advance to Cincinnati to provide transportation from that point, and to Louisville to make the necessary arrangements there. He had recently received from the president a commission as captain and assistant quartermaster of volunteers, and in that capacity was soon afterward assigned to duty as post-quartermaster at Bardstown, Kentucky. He was not again directly associated with our brigade.

The authorities seemed to fear the effect of launching such a body of enthusiastic volunteers all at once; so we were sent forward by installments—the Sixty-fourth and the cavalry one day; the Sixty-fifth the next, and the battery bringing up the rear the day following. On the morning of December 17th the long roll sounded in the Sixty-fourth and that regiment was ordered to break camp immediately. It took half a day for the men to strike tents and pack up their mountains of regimental, company and personal baggage, for each man was determined to take along everything he had. As we of the Sixty-fifth looked on we almost turned green with envy, because our comrades of the Sixty-fourth were to enjoy one day more of actual soldiering than we were. We thought it wasn't fair.

All things being ready, at tap of drum the men formed in company and then regimental line, staggering under their enormous knapsacks, each of which was enough to break the back of a mule—but that was the way all the soldiers started out. The mounted officers pranced around, cleaving the air with their swords and shouting their commands with tremendous vehemence. With arms at a "right shoulder shift" the regiment, amidst a tempest of yells and shouts, bade adieu to Camp Buckingham and filed out upon the road. At the railway station there was a great crowd of people to see the boys off. As soon as they and their baggage could be stowed in the cars the train rolled away. The boys yelled and swung their caps from the car windows while the crowd cheered and wept and waved hats and handkerchiefs. The





Sixty-fourth was off to the war! The squadron followed, the transportation of both requiring two trains of twenty cars each.

An incident at the station will illustrate the patriotic feeling which prevailed. As the aged father of Harrison Lawrence, of Company C, bade him farewell, he exclaimed, as the tears flowed freely down his cheeks: "Harry, don't be shot in the back!" Young Lawrence was very severely wounded, but not "in the back."

At Cincinnati the command embarked on the fine mail-steamer Jacob Strader and the next morning reached Louisville. After the debarkation the column was formed and the Sixty-fourth, keeping step to the tune of "Dixie" by the band, marched through the city and about a mile southward to the place assigned for its camp. As the men stepped proudly along the streets they were the constant target of questions fired at them by the people that thronged the sidewalks. "What army is that?" "Whar'd ye come from?" "Whar you-all gwine?" The camp was at cheerless spot, very different from the one at Mansfield, but as soon as the baggage arrived the men fell to, pitched their tents and made themselves measurably comfortable.

On the 18th the Sixty-fifth left Camp Buckingham, duplicating the wildly exciting scene of the previous day. Our knapsacks were just as big as those of the Sixty-fourth, and before we started we were just as confident as the other fellows that we could "tote" them to the ends of the earth. But even before we had finished the short tramp to the town our shoulders ached as they never ached before. Hercules would have groaned under one of those knapsacks. We consoled ourselves with the idea that it would be easy enough after we got used to it. It was nearly night when we got away. The most tumultuous hilarity prevailed. At every station the greetings of the people were answered by shouts and cheers, and the waving of a flag or a kerchief from a farm house never failed to evoke a vigorous response. The boys yelled till they were hoarse. About midnight we passed through Camp Dennison and exchanged shouts with the soldiers there.

We reached Cincinnati at one o'clock in the morning, and marched directly to the steamboat landing. As we passed





THOMAS J. WOOD,  
MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDING DIVISION.



through the streets, by the dim gaslight, our band seemed to take delight in blowing its loudest notes, arousing the people from their sleep. All along the route forms clad in white appeared at cautiously opened windows, and night-capped heads were thrust out to see what it was all about. Some patriotic citizens, notwithstanding their condition of dishabille, waved handkerchiefs and little flags in welcome, and shouted words of kindly greeting, to which the regiment responded with tremendous cheers. The people evidently felt that, the Sixty-fourth having already passed, now that the Sixty-fifth had come, all danger was over, and the country might be considered safe. We embarked on the steamer *Telegraph*, with our enormous heaps of baggage, and just at daylight cast off our lines and steamed down the river.

The day was fine, and the trip was enjoyed as much as could be expected under the circumstances. The boys were in good spirits—and, to some extent, in more senses than one, for a careful inspection of canteens would have detected in not a few the presence of a beverage many degrees stronger than water. Laugh and jest were freely indulged; but there were some who sat sober and thoughtful, casting anxious glances toward the "dark and bloody ground," along the border of which we were passing. To most of us it was our first sight of southern soil. It seemed like being upon the confines of "that undiscovered country." And how many were to realize the fullest meaning of the remainder of the quotation—"from whose bourne no traveler returns!" The occasion was certainly one to afford food for saddening thought, to one who might be disposed to yield to his emotions. But it was best, perhaps, that the great majority flung all such reflections to the winds, and conducted themselves as though upon a pleasure excursion. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" was a good text for the soldier.

The boys cheered on the slightest provocation. Every Union flag that appeared on either side of the river—and there were many of them—every hat or kerchief that was waved in greeting, elicited the most vociferous volleys. The trip fully proved that there would be no lack of lung power in the Sixty-fifth, whatever might be its yet unwritten record in other respects. Groups of young ladies were saluted with prodigious cheers. Gallantry



comes naturally to the soldier; military display has an irresistible fascination for the gentle sex; and the feeling is generally mutual. Two or three years later, when sometimes we did not look upon a woman's face for months at a time, the sight of one in any degree comely or attractive never failed to arouse the greatest enthusiasm.

At one place, only, a group of men on the Kentucky side defiantly waved a rebel flag and shouted for Jeff Davis. Some of the boys manifested their indignation and zeal by asking permission to try their muskets on them, but it was not granted.

We reached Louisville just at dark. As we had not yet learned to pitch a camp in the night, it was thought best for us to remain on the boat until morning. Guards were posted to allow no one to go ashore—except some of the officers—and we disposed ourselves for sleep, of which we had been wholly deprived the night before. We filled the state rooms, and covered the floor of the cabin and the lower deck. Wherever there was room for a man to lie down, there was one rolled up in his blanket.

At an early hour we debarked and were drawn up in line before a curious crowd of people who had assembled to witness our "invasion." They did not greet us with much warmth; in fact, most of them looked as if they thought we ought to have stayed at home. Colonel Harker's eyes flashed with martial pride as he shouted:

"By platoons, right wheel—March! Right shoulder shift—Arms! Forward! Guide right—March!"

And away we went through the streets of Louisville. The band played patriotic airs, and the soldiers cheered whenever the slightest token of recognition by any of the people gave them an excuse for doing so. We halted several times, and did not reach camp till past noon. We found the Sixty-fourth already settled, with tents pitched in order, and looking as natural as they did at Camp Buckingham. The whole regiment turned out to welcome us. They cheered and so did we—as to which cheered the loudest, the honors were easy. The officers and men of the Sixty-fourth did us of the Sixty-fifth a kindness that was never forgotten, and which we were glad of an opportunity to repay some weeks later.





Anticipating our arrival, they had prepared a bountiful supply of coffee, and as soon as we had stacked arms, each company received an invitation to a picnic, as the guest of the corresponding company or the Sixty-fourth. Bread and meat in abundance completed the bill of fare. With grateful hearts—and stomachs—we ate and were filled. As each company arose from its repast it testified its appreciation by giving three cheers and a "tiger-r-r-r" that would have aroused the Seven Sleepers. This cemented the ties, formed at Camp Buckingham, which linked together the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth. They grew stronger and stronger, month by month and year by year, as these regiments stood side by side through

"Days of danger, nights of waking."

They were the "Siamese Twins" of the Army of the Cumberland.

By this time our baggage had arrived. We laid out the camp and pitched our tents after much labor, for as yet we were a great "awkward squad" in all such matters. The fields were dotted with tents to the right and left, as far as the eye could reach. It was called "Camp Buell," in honor of the general commanding, who was rapidly organizing what was first known as the Army of the Ohio. We were located near the residence of the rebel General Buckner. At this time he was collecting a force at Bowling Green, with which he proclaimed his intention to capture Louisville and eat his Christmas dinner at home. He missed connection, however, and two months later surrendered to General Grant at Fort Donelson.

Our stay at Louisville was not a protracted one, but Camp Buell contained a great deal of misery to the square inch. The details, as far as they need to be told, will be found in the next chapter. It was very different from Camp Buckingham, and still more different from being at home. But at first we were all full of ginger, excited over our first experience of army life, and we gave little thought to the future. Indeed, we had our hands full taking care of the present.



## CHAPTER IV.

## ROMANCE GIVES WAY TO REALITY.

CAMPING IN KENTUCKY MUD—FIGHTING AGAINST HOMESICKNESS—  
 FIRST TASTE OF ARMY RATIONS—IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS  
 CONCERNING HARDTACK—TOM CLAGUE'S STORY AND THE IRISH-  
 MAN'S GOOD ADVICE—OUR OLD FRIEND, THE ARMY MULE—  
 BATTLES OF THE TEAMSTERS—JOHN BUMBAUGH AND HIS "MOOLS"—  
 VISITED BY "FAKIRS"—A SOLEMN CHRISTMAS—ORDERS TO MARCH.

THE weather, during our few days in camp at Louisville, was as disagreeable as the most ardent rebel could have wished for us. The mercury was most of the time uncomfortably near the freezing point, and hardly a day or night passed without rain. The soil was soft clay, the ground flat, and the camp became an ocean of mud. It was scarcely possible to step outside of a tent without sinking over shoe tops. The adhesive power of that mud was something wonderful. "Spalding's Prepared Glue" was nothing to it. One of the boys observed, after his comrades had pried him out of the mud, that he was satisfied that, at least as long as the rain lasted, Kentucky would "stick" to the Union.

A storm has ever been a favorite theme for writers of both prose and poetry. It may be full of grandeur, and beauty, and all that sort of thing, when one can sit in his comfortable chair, before a cheerful fire, listen to the roar of the tempest and watch the drops as they dash against the window panes; but there isn't half so much romance about it when he crouches shivering upon the



ground, in a frail canvas tenement, shaken by the wind. From his point of view the subject has a very different aspect.

We all tried to endure bravely our many discomforts, but few were able to avoid, now and then, a touch of "the blues." Thoughts of home would sometimes come to the stoutest heart. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that there were many clear cases of homesickness. There were times when in every mess the boys sat around in moody silence, or lay curled up in their blankets trying to keep warm. Nobody spoke except to growl because the government didn't furnish houses on wheels, with all modern improvements, for the soldiers to live in. There were a few fortunate "Mark Tapleys" in every company, who took everything as it came in a philosophical way. They managed to keep up their own spirits and their cheery laugh and jest were all that saved the whole crowd from dying in the dumps.

The doctors in the army recognized homesickness as a distinct and well defined disease. In their learned way they called it "nostalgia." It was exactly what ailed many who went to the hospitals. Some died of this malady. It was often developed, among raw soldiers, under just such conditions as those which surrounded us at Camp Buell.

The matter of rations became an exceedingly practical question with us. Up to this time we had been plentifully supplied with "soft bread," as we afterward called it, to distinguish it from the stuff that was now played off upon us under the seductive name of "bread." We had never seen that article of alleged food which universally took the name "hardtack." When we reached Louisville we plunged down, at one fell swoop, alighting upon the hard-pan of army rations—and our fare at Camp Buell was a sumptuous banquet when compared with what we lived on, for weeks at a time, months and years later!

The first day they gave us a loaf apiece of good soft bread, but this was only a weak attempt to "let us down easy." The next day came the boxes of hardtack. This was officially called "hard bread," and we bear cheerful testimony to the fact that the adjective part of the name was not misapplied. Others spoke of them as "crackers" probably because if a man was not careful they would crack his teeth. Some of the commissary people, with



a bitter irony that was most exasperating, spoke of them tenderly as "biscuits."

But they were just as hard by whatever name they were called. When handled and tossed about they rattled like so many blocks of dry wood, or stones. We happened to get, in the first issue, an extra hard lot. The baker must have gone to sleep, or his watch must have stopped, and the stuff been left in the oven or dry-kiln too long. It is no exaggeration to say that some of them were so hard that the stoutest teeth in the brigade could make no impression on them. It was like trying to eat a stove-lid. There was an old army song, in which poor Schnapps was represented as telling his tale of woe after his "fraulein" jilted him and drove him off "mit der war." One quatrain ran like this:

"Dey givs me hard pread tuffer as a rók,  
It almost preaks mine shaw;  
Isomedimes shplits him mit an iron vedge,  
Und cuts him oop mit a saw!"

These lines put the case very fairly. It was a good while before we knew what to make of the hardtack. They were unlike anything "in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." Ingenuity was taxed to its utmost, and every culinary scheme that could be devised was tried on those hardtack. They were fried, roasted, boiled and stewed, but most of the experiments resulted in failure. If we got a piece in such shape that it could be chewed it had no more taste than a chip. It was but natural and reasonable to suppose that soaking would soften them, but anybody who acted on this theory made a mistake. Our mess soaked some—soaked them all night, and found in the morning that they had been turned into leather. They would have made a prime article of half soles for army shoes.

Two or three years after that, when the boys of our company were telling yarns around the campfire, Sergeant Tom Clague said that he did half-sole his shoes with two of those soaked hardtack at Louisville, "and," said he, "they hadn't worn out yet when we got to Shiloh! Fact, boys!"

We tried the plan of breaking them up with a stone or a club, and stewing them in a pan, with salt, pepper, and other condiments, but it was like a stew made from the parings swept





up around a shoemaker's bench. This manner of preparing the hardtack did, however, come into quite general use in the army. The stew was everywhere known by a familiar name. Although the fact seems somewhat anomalous, it is true that the only way to soften a hardtack was by toasting it before a hot fire. It might be supposed that this would only make it harder, but it went by contraries. The hardtack was a contrary thing, anyway.

In Company I, Sixty-fifth, there was an old Irishman—one of Captain Christofel's "jewels"—who had "sailed the seas over," and had eaten hard bread for years. He said to his comrades one day, after they had tried all these processes:

"B'yes, jist let me tell ye. Ye want to quit monkeyin' wid that stuff and jist ate her as she comes out av the box! That's the bist way intirely, an' ye can well belave me, as ye'll foind out fer yerselfs atter a while!"

The old weather-beaten Hibernian was right. The hardtack was better "straight" than in any other way. All the devices for cooking it proved a delusion and a snare.

There were many suggestions of different practical uses for the hardtack. One thought that a shirt lined with them would be an excellent armor, as it would be impervious to bullets. Another said that in close action they might be stuffed into cannon, half a bushel at a time, and fired at the enemy instead of grape. A third thought he now fully understood why the doctor examined his teeth so carefully when he enlisted, under the pretense that if they were defective he would not be able to bite "catridges."

But, despised and reviled as it was at first, the hardtack became the soldier's best friend. There were times when it tasted better than the daintiest morsel that ever passed our lips, before the war or since. One indispensable feature of the hardtack was that it would "keep" forever and a day. I have kept one, as a souvenir, more than thirty years. It looks now just as it did when I laid it away on that Texas prairie to "take home." I have no doubt it would taste just the same as then. The hardtack was a most important factor in army life, and I have deemed it worthy of these random observations.



There is another old acquaintance that comes before us when we recall the camp at Louisville, and deserves recognition at our hands. It is the Army Mule. It may be considered a just tribute, and will hardly compromise the truth, to say that the mule put down the rebellion. At least, without the mule the war would have been a failure. Very soon after we reached Louisville, each regiment received thirteen six-mule teams and wagons—one for each company and three for headquarters and general purposes. For several days the teamsters were the busiest men in camp, "breaking in" their mules. In fact some of them had



JOSEPH F. SONNANSTINE,  
MAJOR, SIXTY-FIFTH.

more than they could attend to. The mules were as raw as ourselves, and a good deal more intractable. Some of them were extremely wild and vicious. They were "business" at both ends, using teeth and heels, according to circumstances, in an equally effective manner. It required about as much courage for a man to go among those mules as for a lion-tamer to enter a cage of wild beasts.

Many of them had never been broken to harness; and while we were being instructed in the "school of the soldier" the teamsters were putting their

animals through the school of the mule. They were stubborn pupils. Long and persistent effort was necessary to render them even measurably docile and obedient. The stubbornness of the mule long since passed into a proverb. It has been unkindly said of woman:

"When she will, she will, you may depend on't;  
And when she wont, she wont, and there's an end on't."



This I believe to be a slander upon the sex, but it may, with all justice and truth, be transferred to the army mule. When he planted himself and made up his mind to stay there, nothing could move him. The lash had no more effect than if applied to a log. Even the most sulphurous profanity was powerless. The mule would just stand and kick, and lay back his long ears, and wink, and utter that heart-rending, ear-torturing, "yee-haw," while the teamster vainly used up his whip, his strength, and his temper. Sometimes he would get his mules all geared up and in their places, and begin to feel that at last he had conquered. Suddenly, as if moved by a common impulse, those six mules would begin to bray and kick and twist and turn themselves around, until they would be all tied up in a knot, standing with their heads and paint-brush tails at all points of the compass, and the harness in a hopeless tangle. Then the man would just sit down and swear.

John Bumbaugh, the muleteer of Company E, Sixty-fifth was a fair sample of that useful but profane contingent of the army. In some respects his abilities were of a superior order. He was a burly German, six feet high and broad in proportion, with eyes that looked in opposite directions at the same time. He could swear with great fluency in Dutch and English, and generally mixed the two in about equal parts, with paralyzing effect. He entered upon the campaign with his "mools" with an avowed determination to "break" them or kill them. He had a persuader in the shape of a club four feet long and two inches thick. The blows he administered in his battles with the mules could be heard all over the camp. John had no faith in moral suasion. He went upon the theory that the animals were totally depraved and could only be regenerated through the agency of severe corporal punishment. It must be confessed that the weight of evidence was in favor of John's theory. The army mule was not in the slightest degree susceptible to kindness. He used his heels upon friend and foe, without any discrimination whatever.

It was no uncommon thing to see Bumbaugh smite a mule between the eyes with his cudgel, and the animal would fall like a bullock under the blow of the butcher. As he lay there, in a half stunned condition, John would read him a lecture in two



languages, warning him, with terrific imprecations, of the fate that would befall him if he did not mend his ways. I saw John one day, when his mules had turned themselves around and twisted up the harness, in the manner before mentioned. He was speechless with rage. Even his well-stored vocabulary failed him and he couldn't think of anything to say that would give relief to his feelings. While the mules stood there, kicking and braying, John got an armful of straw, lighted it, and threw it under them. As they felt the heat, and the hair began to singe, they made a wild rush, one being carried along sidewise and another backward, until they finally all went down in a kicking, struggling heap, breaking the pole of the wagon. John thought it was great fun and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. It took him an hour to get those mules untangled.

But John finally subdued his mules, the "wheelers," the "swings" and the "leaders"—the three pairs constituting a "team" being so designated in the parlance of the drivers—and as he bestrode his saddle mule, and guided his menagerie with the long single line over their backs, cracking his whip and firing furious adjectives, interjections and pronouns in chaotic English, he was as proud as a brigadier-general. It was his boast that he had "six von de pest mools in dot whole prigrade!"

I have briefly sketched some of the leading points in John's experience, as they illustrate what all the muleteers went through. John was a representative man of his class. The drivers were a happy-go-lucky set of men. They were better provided than the soldiers. They usually slept in their great canvas covered wagons, and were thus assured of a good shelter. They had abundant facilities for the transportation of blankets, foraged provisions, and cooking utensils, and many of them lived in sumptuous style. Their chief weakness was in "trading off" their crippled or unruly mules. If a teamster had one that was lame, spavined, glandered, balky, a chronic kicker, or in any way particularly undesirable, he would pick out some fine animal in another regiment or brigade. Then at night he would lead over his own miserable beast, untie the one he had selected and take it back, leaving the discarded one in its place. The driver who found next morning that he had been imposed upon would get





even the next night by exchanging with some other fellow who was asleep. They said it wasn't stealing, because the brutes all belonged to Uncle Sam, anyway.

But the much abused mules, ridiculed and despised, cursed and "beaten with many stripes," how badly we would have fared without them! After they were brought into subjection, and fairly settled down to their work, they patiently toiled and plodded day by day, drawing enormous loads, in heat and in storm, through mire and over logs and stones and up steep hills, often starved until all their bones could be counted. By thousands their carcasses marked the track of our armies, and were left for the buzzards to devour. The army mule had his faults, like the rest of us, but the glorious fabric of our reunited nation is a monument not less to his faithfulness and patient endurance, than to the valor and sacrifices of those who went upon two feet instead of four.

While we lay at Louisville we were daily visited by "fakirs" who were trying to sell all sorts of contrivances which they endeavored to make us believe were indispensable to our safety, health and happiness. Many will particularly remember the steel "breastplates," intended to be worn under the clothing to protect the wearer, on the same principle as an armored gunboat. We were told that these things were impervious to bullets, and that thus shielded we could just wade through the rebel army and win imperishable renown. A very few of the boys were beguiled into buying breastplates, but their comrades continually rallied them on their deficiency of "sand" and made so much sport of them that the things were thrown away. Some soldiers did go into battle wearing them, for I remember to have seen two or three of them on the field of Shiloh. Through each of them was a bullet hole, which proved their utter worthlessness.

Christmas eve found us lying deep in the mud of Camp Buell, bringing thoughts of home and loved ones. We didn't hang up our stockings, as we had no faith in Santa Claus visiting such a wretched place; but they were full in the morning, because we slept with them on. It was not a pleasant Christmas for Private Tuttle, of Company F, Sixty-fifth, who was the first man in the regiment to get hurt with a bullet. He lost the forefinger of



his right hand by the accidental discharge of his gun while on guard. We all thought it was a terrible casualty.

The day was dismal indeed. There was a general effort to get up the best dinner possible, but this was frugal enough, when our only resources were hardtack, bacon, coffee, and bean soup. Marching orders for the next day came as a Christmas present to the Sixty-fourth, and the Sixty-fifth was directed to be ready to move the following day. We felt that we had had as much as we wanted of Camp Buell, and the prospect of a change was hailed with delight. We thought it impossible to find a worse place, wherever we might go.

We did little drilling at Louisville. A few times we were ordered out, just for exercise, and went "sloshing around" through the mud, but the conditions were not favorable, and the military instruction we received there did not benefit us to any extent worth mentioning. There was great activity in the work of organizing and supplying the army, and putting it in effective condition for a forward movement. Regiments from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois arrived almost daily, and sat down in the mud—just as we did.

We had entered upon the long and painful process of seasoning by which we were to be made soldiers, capable of enduring the utmost exposure and fatigue. We thought it pretty hard, but we had as yet no conception of what was in store for us during the coming months and years. The altogether wretched December weather at Louisville had its effect upon the health of the novices in soldiering. The daily sick-call was largely attended, and fully a hundred men of the brigade were so prostrated that they had to be sent to hospitals.



## CHAPTER V.

## OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE AS ROADSTERS.

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ON THE WAY TO BARDSTOWN—WE START OFF BEAUTIFULLY, BUT—THOSE MOUNTAINOUS KNAPSACKS AND HOW THEY WERE LIGHTENED—THE ACES, THE PAINS, THE LIMPS, THE BLISTERS!—BADLY USED-UP PILGRIMS—A BONANZA FOR THE NATIVES—CAMPING IN THE SNOW—NO CONFISCATION, BUT THE QUARTERMASTER FURNISHES STRAW—TWO WEEKS AT CAMP MORTON—A WRETCHED TRAMP TO LEBANON.

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OUR FIRST day's march! It was only ten miles, but will any ever forget the aches and pains, the blistered feet and the limbs that tottered from weariness? Out in the mining camps and towns of the far west, when a fresh young man from "the states" makes his appearance, they call him a "tenderfoot." That is just what we were at this time. Perhaps we didn't know it before we started—we thought we could march just like old campaigners—but we found it out pretty thoroughly during those three days of tramping from Louisville to Bardstown!

The Sixty-fourth marched the day after Christmas. It started in fine style, with band playing and colors flying, just as our regiment did the next day. The boys loaded themselves down like pack mules, as we did, and to write of our own experience will describe theirs equally well.

The reveille sounded through the camp of the Sixty-fifth early in the morning of December 27th. Everybody turned out



promptly. That day a new leaf in our army life was to be turned. Thus far it had only been lying in camp and drilling; now we were to take the road. Breakfast over, and a few sick sent to the hospital, we broke camp at eight o'clock. The sun came out and smiled, as if to give us a good send-off. We would have thought better of him if he had shown his face a little more during the week previous. It took us two hours to get the wagons loaded and ourselves in order for marching. At ten o'clock we shouldered knapsacks—and *such* knapsacks! They were crammed to their utmost capacity with extra articles of clothing, books, and notions of every conceivable sort that we had brought from home. We didn't know how heavy they would get—that before night every pound would seem to weigh a ton. There were few who did not have extra quilts rolled up with their blankets and strapped to their knapsacks. As one of the boys expressed it that night as he sat by the fire looking ruefully at the great blisters on his feet, we "bit off more than we could chew." But we cheerily buckled on our cartridge boxes, strapped our loads upon our shoulders, hung on the canteens and haversacks, seized our muskets and stepped briskly into line. While the regiment was forming Colonel Harker laughed as he said:

"Those knapsacks will not be so large tomorrow, and the next day they will be still smaller."

Even during the few minutes we stood in line awaiting the "Attention—Battalion!" the knapsacks began to feel a good deal heavier than we supposed they were. Shoulders ached, and the boys would furtively slide their muskets around and brace them under their packs to ease the strain. But nobody said anything, and directly we were off, to the stately tune of "Hail Columbia," followed by that quick stepper, "Yankee Doodle." The knapsack was by no means all of the soldier's burden. There were the haversack with three days' rations, the canteen full of water, the cartridge box with forty rounds of ammunition, and the musket, which before night seemed as heavy as a bar of railroad iron.

Before we had gone a mile we began to hitch up our knapsacks and hump our backs, leaning forward to relieve the shoulders, until we looked like a procession of camels. It was not long till many began to "weaken." The jokes that had been so





freely bandied when we started, gradually ceased, and conversation flagged. If anything was said, at all, it was usually something that sounded like "Amsterdam," but they all forgot to put on the "Amster." The boys were loth to yield, but pluck finally gave way to discretion.

At the first halt, two or three miles out, a few unstrapped the rolls on their knapsacks, took out the quilts that were made by loving ones at home, and tossed them into the fence corners. The quilt is a good thing in its proper sphere of usefulness, but when a soldier is forced to make choice between it and an army blanket, there can be no question as to the result. Nobody else wanted those castaway quilts, for every man had as much as he could stagger under—and more. They were left to be picked up by people who followed the regiment for miles for that very purpose. I remember seeing one perspiring man take out his long bowie knife, cut his quilt into strips, and stamp them into the mud.

"My mother made that," said he, bitterly, "and if I can't have it myself no blasted Kentuckian is going to sleep under it."

But the rattle of the drum tells that the "rest" is at an end. With sighs and groans we again sling our knapsacks, not without many misgivings as to our ability to lug them all day. "Forward!" says the colonel, and we plod along the flinty pike. But few milestones, that mark our progress on the road to military glory, are passed before many begin to walk with a limping gait. One says he cannot march further, and the surgeon gives him a pass to ride in an ambulance. Others are permitted to put their knapsacks on their company wagons. An hour later and the ambulances are full of men who find marching so much harder than they expected, and the wagons are covered with knapsacks, hanging from every available point. Some of the boys tramp along bravely, determined not to give in, and a very few are able to hold out to the end.

The march was slow, to favor the men as much as possible. Our speed was scarcely more than two miles an hour, and frequent halts were made for rest. Yet it was more than most of the men, with their loads of from forty to sixty pounds each, could endure. Large numbers dropped out by the wayside, notwith-



standing the orders against straggling, and many did not reach camp till hours after dark.

At four o'clock we turned into a field, weary and footsore, and were ordered to pitch camp. Scores threw themselves upon the ground, completely exhausted, caring nothing for tent, fire or food, and only wanting to rest. Others, with better self-command, stirred around, pitched the tents, built fires, and made preparations for supper. There was a large straw-stack near the camp, which was a great temptation to the soldiers. Confiscation was, however, as yet unknown. Every citizen claimed to be loyal whenever his property was threatened, and the strictest orders were issued against trespassing in any way. But the quartermaster was told to get the straw, giving a receipt to the owner, and after some little parleying we were permitted to "go in." In five minutes that stack had entirely disappeared. Supper and a few hours of rest had a reviving effect, and good cheer prevailed around the camp-fires. But when those whose "turn" it was were detailed for guard duty that night the grumbling was loud and deep. I believe Job would have "kicked" had he been one of them.

Reveille beat at five and we were ordered to march at seven. Breakfast was soon disposed of, and then each man addressed himself to the task of reducing the weight of his knapsack. Books, articles of clothing, and odds and ends of all sorts were considered for a moment and then flung aside. Scores threw away the testaments the chaplain had given them at Camp Buckingham. Bibles and blisters didn't go well together. Chaplain Burns felt in duty bound to remonstrate with the boys for such reprehensible conduct, but the fact that he had a horse to ride detracted somewhat from the value of his reproof.

"I don't believe he'd lug many bibles," said one, "if he had to hoof it 'long with the rest of us!"

When we marched away it looked as if a cyclone had caught up half a dozen notion stores and dumped their contents promiscuously in that field. It is no exaggeration to say that two or three wagon loads could have been gathered. In fact they were, by the people, of all ages and colors, who took possession of the field upon our evacuation. Many, when discarding their superfluous



articles, threw them directly into the fire, sharing the sentiment of the man who destroyed his quilt the day before.

Everybody started on the second day's march feeling about twenty years older than when he left Louisville. Joints were stiff and seemed fairly to creak as we put ourselves in motion. This passed off as we warmed up, loads were very perceptibly lighter than before, and the first half of the day's travel was gone over with head erect, and elastic step.

The march was four miles longer than that of the previous day. During the afternoon the aching and limping and groaning were even worse than before. The boys seemed to "go to pieces" all at once. We finally reached the camping ground, in a driving snow-storm. Before our tents were up the snow was two or three inches deep. Abundance of straw was again provided by the quartermaster and we passed the night with a fair degree of comfort.

On the morning of the third day the regiment was very sore of foot and stiff of limb. A second and more careful inventory of the contents of the knapsacks was taken, and fully another wagon load of "traps" were cast aside. The sun shone brightly, the snow soon melted and the day was so warm as to be uncomfortable. We made fifteen miles, but there was much straggling, and the ambulances and wagons were again loaded to their utmost capacity with men and baggage. We went into camp near Bardstown, in the fair grounds of Nelson county. The Sixty-fourth awaited us there, having arrived the night before. Most of them were lying around nursing their aches and blisters. Like ourselves, they didn't seem to have much interest in anything that was going on around them. We had all learned that

"Lugging knapsack, box and gun  
Was harder work than farming."

There was no overwhelming display of loyalty or enthusiasm along the line of our march from Louisville. Soldiers were yet a novelty, and at every farmhouse and cross-road the people turned out to see the regiment pass. There were few demonstrations of welcome except by the negroes, who, at this early day in the war evidently had an idea that they were what the trouble was all about—that while the north and south were shaking the tree so vigorously, they would get the fruit.





ALEXANDER CASSIL.  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH.





December 30th both regiments broke camp, marched through Bardstown and three miles south of that place, where we found a large number of troops already encamped. It was a "camp of instruction," with constant drilling, and all that the name implies. It was named "Camp Morton," in honor of the Governor of Indiana. General Thomas J. Wood was in charge. Subsequently he became very familiarly known to us as "Tommy" Wood, as he rode at the head of the Sixth division, part of which we became.

There is but little in connection with our stay of two weeks at Bardstown that need enter into this narrative. In fact I might almost condense it into two words—drill and diarrhea—and then pass on to Lebanon. The weather was of all sorts. There was a good deal of rain, a little snow, and a few pleasant, sunshiny days sandwiched between the showers. We had plenty of mud, but it was neither so deep nor so exasperatingly sticky as that at Louisville. The protracted struggle to adjust our internal organisms to army rations was continued here. Feeble efforts were made to supply us with soft bread, but it was sodden and sour, and in every way unpalatable. Perhaps this was done to reconcile us to the hardtack. If so the scheme was in a good degree successful. Flour and corn meal were issued to us in considerable quantities, and the mess-cooks concocted all manner of "flapjacks" and doughy substances which they called bread. It was this stuff that proved so unhealthy for the troops, and caused such a prevalence of bowel complaints that at times fully half were unfit for duty. At sick-call the pale, cadaverous men tottered up to the hospital tent, almost by whole companies. We were not long in learning that hardtack was the most wholesome form of bread, and after that we never wanted any more flour. We used it sometimes, but it was only when we could not get anything else. By the time we left Bardstown we had suppressed all our rebellious feelings, and had fully surrendered to the diet prescribed in the army regulations.

One day while the regiment was upon a flour diet Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong, then commanding Company B, Sixty-fifth, "treated" the company to soft bread. He sent to town and bought, on his own account, a day's supply for the boys. It was



a novel feast, but it was highly appreciated, and the members of Company B never forgot this act of Lieutenant Armstrong.

While at Bardstown Company B, Sixty-fifth lost one of its best men,—Corporal Thomas McGowan, who died of disease. He was in all respects a most excellent soldier and worthy citizen and his early death was sincerely mourned by his comrades. His home was a short distance north of Alliance, where his friends still live.

New Year's Day passed with us very much as did Christmas. With such surroundings there was a cruel sarcasm in wishing one another "a happy New Year," and this social formality was only observed to a very limited extent. Regular drills began on that day. Here might be seen a company exercising in the manual of arms; yonder one deployed as skirmishers, bravely striving to dislodge an unseen enemy from behind a rail fence; another loading and firing—making the motions—as if for dear life, standing, kneeling, and lying; still another, with triumphant shouts, charging with fixed bayonets upon an imaginary intrenchment. Battalion drill once each day, dress parade in the evening and the routine of camp duties filled well the time. One pleasant day we were excused from further duty after the morning drill, and ordered to make it a "wash day," for clothing and the person—and both had need of it. As Mrs. Grundy would say, we were not "at home" that day. The little stream that ran near the camp was lined on both sides with soldiers in all stages of dishabille, splashing and scrubbing with great energy, while hundreds of kettles were brought into requisition for the cleansing of underclothing. Then we would use the same kettles in which to make coffee and bean-soup. During the last few days of our stay hard-tack took the place of flour, the weather was bright and pleasant, and the health of the command showed a very marked improvement.

On the 14th of January we broke camp and started for Lebanon. Just before marching an order was read declaring the formation of the Twentieth Brigade, Army of the Ohio. It consisted of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio, Fifty-first Indiana and Nineteenth Kentucky regiments. General Wood was assigned to its command. The Fifty-first Indiana was then with us



at Bardstown. The Nineteenth Kentucky was near Stanford, whither we were tending.

At eight o'clock the three regiments formed and passed for the last time the confines of Camp Morton. No ties of attachment bound us to the place, and we left it without a pang of regret. It was not a good day for marching. The sun shone brightly in the morning, but before noon dark clouds overspread the sky, the air became keenly cold, and snow began to sift down upon us. In consequence of the extreme inclemency of the weather we camped early, after a march of nine miles. We raided a straw stack with great zeal, orders to the contrary notwithstanding. A young negro ventured to remonstrate, telling us we had better "leff be dat ar straw." We told him we only wanted to borrow it for the night, but as we would be busy in the morning he could tell his master that he might come over and gather it up. We did not propose to lie in the snow as long as straw could be had. A strict embargo was laid upon the fences, but under cover of the storm and darkness a good many rails were smuggled into camp and furtively hidden away in the tents for fuel, whence they were brought forth as they were needed.

The next day we tramped through snow in the morning and slush in the afternoon, fourteen miles, camping at Springfield. The feature of the evening was the charge of half the brigade, the instant arms were stacked, upon an immense heap of straw. The charge was led by Chaplain Burns, who was the first man to mount the pile. Colonel Harker dashed to and fro in a state of



WILLIAM H. FARBER,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



unusual excitement, ordering the men to desist, reminding them that they were disobeying the most positive and peremptory orders. But the tide could not be stayed. It was too large a crowd to arrest. So the colonel gave it up, and riding back, laughing heartily, he told those who had not joined in the raid that if they wanted any straw they had better hurry up and get it. They all went, and two thousand men were soon trailing toward camp, each with as much straw as he could carry.

Just before dark a small party, having obtained permission to be absent for a short time, took a stroll and were invited into the house of a wealthy farmer. He entertained us with the utmost cordiality, insisting upon our staying to supper, which he ordered Dinah to prepare immediately. He had a charming daughter of about eighteen, who sat engaged upon a bit of crochet work, taking an active part in the conversation. It was probably her presence, as much as the promise of a good supper, that prolonged our stay. We hadn't been as close as that to a pretty girl for two months, and it gave us something to think and talk about for a week.

The third "heat" of this march was the most trying we had yet experienced. A cold rain, which a high wind drove furiously into our faces, fell continuously, and we were drenched to the skin. We reached Lebanon by the middle of the afternoon, and went into camp a mile west of the town. The rain was still falling, we were thoroughly benumbed, and the ground was covered with water and mud. Other troops had but recently camped upon the spot and there were no fences or straw in sight. We were obliged to fell trees for fuel, and the kindling of fires with wet, green wood was sorry work. Lying upon the limbs of trees to keep our blankets out of the mud, we passed a wretched night indeed. Private Keefer, of Company K, Sixty-fifth, died during the night from the effects of the exposure. In the morning the ground was frozen hard, and ourselves were in much the same condition. Our stay was limited to four days and we were glad when marching orders came. The camp at Lebanon was an excellent place to get away from.

Early in January, Quartermaster Lorenzo D. Myers, of the Sixty-fourth, severed his connection with that regiment, having





been commissioned by the President as captain and assistant quartermaster. In this capacity he served nearly three years, with marked ability, as division quartermaster, on the staff of General Wood. Lieutenant Tip S. Marvin was appointed regimental quartermaster, the duties of which position he discharged for three years. His genial disposition, not less than his faithfulness to duty, made him universally popular, not only in the regiment but in the entire circle of his army acquaintance.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### HALL'S GAP AND ITS MUDDY HORRORS.

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SITTING DOWN IN THE WILDERNESS—A FORTNIGHT OF RAIN AND MIRE  
—"ZOLLIFFER IS DEAD."—WE BUILD A CORDUROY ROAD, OR  
TRY TO—A WAGON TRAIN STRIKES IT, WITH CALAMITOUS RESULTS  
—TRIBULATIONS OF THE MULE-DRIVERS, AND EVERYBODY ELSE—  
ONCE MORE ON TERRA FIRMA.

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ON THE 21st of January we took up our line of march for Hall's Gap, against which we have made a longer and blacker mark than against any other place that ever fell to our lot. We led off with a brisk march of fifteen miles. By this time we were beginning to get accustomed to the road, and marching had lost the terrors of our first experience. We encamped at three in the afternoon and the tents were soon up—except those of Company E, Sixty-fifth. Hour after hour passed and night came, but there were no tidings of its wagon. It finally arrived about nine o'clock, but with its contents in a greatly damaged condition. It appeared that old John Bumbaugh had



procured a canteen of whisky and, giving way to his weakness, reached an advanced stage of inebriety. The mules, perhaps remembering John's treatment of them at Louisville, thought it was a good chance to get even. They walked off the road and capsized the wagon down an embankment. A party of stragglers assisted in righting the vehicle. One of them climbed into the saddle as charioteer and drove the team to camp, John following behind on foot, like a dethroned king. Captain Whitbeck threatened to give him a gun and put him into the ranks, but he manifested so much contrition and made such vehement promises that he "wouldn't do so no more," that his offense was overlooked.

Fifteen miles on the 22d brought us to Danville, the prettiest town we had yet seen. It appeared to be flavored with loyalty to an unusual degree. Union flags were flying from many buildings, public and private. Matrons and maidens smiled upon us and waved their kerchiefs as we passed. This inspired the brass bands and they blew patriotic airs with all the wind they could raise.

When we reached our camping ground, before ranks were broken a dispatch was read announcing the victory of General Thomas, at Mill Springs, near Somerset, over the rebels under Zollicoffer, the latter being among the killed. This news was received with great cheering. That evening Colonel Harker left for a short absence. During this march Colonel Forsyth was, at his own request, relieved from the command of the Sixty-fourth and had no further connection



G. STANLEY POPE,  
SERGEANT-MAJOR, SIXTY-FIFTH.



with it. The command of the regiment devolved upon Lieutenant-colonel Isaac Gass.

On the 23rd we reached Stanford and on the following day, ascending a very long hill, we were at Hall's Gap. A few days later the boys changed the first part of the name by substituting "e" for "a" and called it "Hell's Gap." Strictly speaking this was not quite correct, judged by the standard of the thermometer, for it was *cold* rather than *heat* that caused us so much discomfort, but the revised name fairly expressed the general feeling of disgust and it "went"—as everything did in the army.

In the midst of a perfect wilderness of trees and underbrush we were ordered to clear away the rubbish and police a spot for our camp. For the information of the non-military reader I will explain that to "police" a camp did not mean to stock it with policemen, but to clean up the ground and make it habitable. This was done by sweeping with boughs, or brooms made by tying together a bundle of twigs or sprouts.

Everybody wondered what we were there for, but the question was soon answered. The pike stopped at that point, and from there to Somerset, where General Thomas's army lay, the road was almost impassable. It was one great channel of mud. Up the hill behind us came several wagons loaded with picks, axes, and shovels. We were told that for a while "spades were trumps," and we would have a job of building "corduroy" road. We learned that the Nineteenth Kentucky, the fourth regiment of our brigade, which we had not yet seen, was a few miles ahead, working out its road tax. It was expected that after fulfilling its mission here, the brigade would join the forces of General Thomas.

The next morning we entered actively upon the business in hand. All the available officers and men of the three regiments were turned out for duty. The men were to do the work and the officers the "bossing." Only the sick and the necessary guards remained in camp. The mire in the road was of almost fathomless depth. Our unsoldierly job promised to be both tedious and disagreeable, and the promise was abundantly realized. The process was to fell trees, cut the trunks into lengths of twelve feet, split these into sections, and lay them transversely, covering them with



a few inches of earth. General Wood, on horseback, went splashing around to see that the men got started right in the enterprise before them.

The weather was extremely unpleasant. Frequent and copious rains drenched the camp, and interfered with the progress of our work. In four days we only made a mile and a quarter of road, at which rate it would have taken four or five months to reach Somerset, the distance to which place was about thirty-five miles. The exposure began to tell upon the men. Hospitals were established in Stanford, and every day dozens were sent there. No one felt well and everybody had the blues. The force of effective men that went out day after day to flounder in the mire grew constantly smaller, and the work advanced more and more slowly. There was no straw for the tents. Men slept with little to protect them from the dampness of the soaked ground. Our life, night and day, was utterly and irretrievably miserable. There was not a single redeeming feature. It was very like the Slough of Despond described in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The slough was certainly there, and we were the desponding pilgrims.

On January 31st, an ambulance containing the body of General Zollicoffer passed on its way to Nashville, where his family lived. It was under a flag of truce, through military courtesy. We had already seen "live" generals, but no dead ones of either side. There was a great rush to get sight of the coffin containing all that remained of Zollicoffer. A few succeeded in gratifying their curiosity, but more did not. During the entire remainder of the war the death of this celebrated rebel was the subject of a harmless jest. Whenever anybody inquired what the news was he would be gravely told, "Zollicoffer's dead!" I think this was due to the fact that in the army the air was generally full of the wildest and most absurd rumors—"grapevines" we called them—concerning the military operations in our own and other departments. We learned that not a tithe of what we heard could be believed. But we *knew* that General Zollicoffer had been gathered to his fathers. We had seen the hearse that was bearing his body to the grave, and some had seen the coffin itself. So when we informed an anxious inquirer that Zollicoffer





was dead we were telling him what we knew to be true--and about the only thing we did know.

The same day, toward evening, the stability of our new road was tested by a train of wagons loaded with supplies for the troops at Somerset. I think it must have been winterset before they got there. The train wound gayly up the hill. The driver of the first wagon had a knot of red, white and blue ribbons fastened to the butt of his whip, and was singing in a high key as he let go his long lash, with unerring aim, and tickled the ears of his "off leader." Pretty soon the "farrard" wheels of the wagon struck the corduroy, displacing several of the slabs, and when the hind wheels attempted to follow they sank nearly to the hubs. The driver now ceased singing and began to swear, keeping it up, hardly stopping to take breath, for two days and nights—for those mule drivers who had to pass over, or under, or through our corduroy road at Hall's Gap continued their profanity right along after they went to sleep. They swore continually all day and got under such headway that they couldn't stop.

Colonel Streight, of the Fifty-first Indiana, who was standing near that first wagon when it went down, felt his soldierly pride touched at the apparent failure of our road. "Come, boys, let's give 'er a lift!" he exclaimed to the soldiers who were sitting lazily around, for we were working by reliefs that day, and half the men were in camp. They got some long timbers and pried up the hind "ex"—the short word for "axletree"—the colonel throwing his one hundred and eighty pounds of Hoosier flesh upon one of the levers, with immediate effect. Others lifted at the wheels, the driver cracked his whip and launched at the mules some of those blood-curdling oaths that all army teamsters held in reserve for such extraordinary emergencies. Forty or fifty bystanders who couldn't help in any other way stood and yelled at the mules, which were straining until their eyes almost leaped from their sockets. This combined vocal and physical demonstration was successful, and the wagon went on with bumps and thumps and jumps and slumps for a few rods, when another yawning chasm opened in the road and the wheels went down again.

Each successive wagon left the road in a worse condition



than those that had gone before. Here and there the rails and logs were jammed in a heap, some were turned at all angles, and others were sailing around in the mud. As the train toiled on, with sometimes a dozen wagons "stuck" at the same time, the working party was called in and the able-bodied men of the whole brigade betook themselves to the task of prying out the wagons and helping them on their way. We were told that Thomas's soldiers were suffering for food. It was plain that if the teamsters were left to themselves starvation would destroy that army before those supplies could reach Somerset.

General Wood rode along the scene of action, the mud and water squirting out from under the hoofs of his horse. His mind seemed to be in a high ferment, for he shouted with extraordinary vehemence as he endeavored to direct the labors of the soldiers. Once while riding on the corduroy the fore feet of his steed went through into the abyss. In the floundering that followed the general narrowly escaped being unhorsed. As soon as he recovered himself he gave the men around him a "red-hot" lecture for building such a road. His words almost singed their hair. In fact, during those days General Wood delivered a regular course of lectures, full of fire and brimstone.

After each wagon passed the soldiers tried to repair the damaged places, by re-laying the logs and shoveling on a little earth, but the next one that came was pretty sure to go down. If it didn't there it would break through in some new place. Often a mule would sink all the way to his body, and then the men would get levers and ropes and pry and pull *him* out, as he floundered and kicked and splashed the mud in every direction. Sometimes a mule would get discouraged and just lie down in the deepest mud he could find. After much unbuckling of harness and persuasive effort he would be turned up on his feet and another start would be made. Now and then a harness would break, and as soon as mended in one place would give way in another.

So it went on, through the closing hours of that drizzly January day. The leading wagon of the train had not advanced a mile from the top of the hill, and all along in front of the dreary camp others were hopelessly bemired, the wheels sunk to abysmal depths. Next morning the exercises were resumed, and all day



the soldiers pried and lifted and yelled and pelted the mules with sticks and stones, advancing the train scarcely more than a mile. Several times wagons went down so deep in the chaos of timbers and water and mud as to be absolutely immovable, and they had to be unloaded before they could be extricated. At dark we returned to camp, wet to the skin, and our clothing splashed from head to foot with mud. We were convinced that our road was a failure. We didn't think such things were part of a soldier's business, anyway.

I feel moved to say that the picture I have given is not in the slightest degree overdrawn. In proof of this, if my own word be considered not sufficient, I call to the witness stand any or all who spent those two wretched weeks at Hall's Gap, even the memory of which is like a nightmare. No language can go beyond the reality of our actual experience.

In the "Articles of War," then and now governing the United States army, it is provided (Articles 2 and 3) that "any non-commissioned officer or soldier who shall use any profane oath or execration shall forfeit one-sixth of a dollar," with other penalties, "for each offence." Just why they drew so fine a point as to fix the price of a good satisfying "swear" at "one-sixth of a dollar"—sixteen and two-thirds cents—passeth all understanding, but it is there, in black and white, as anyone may see. It is not laid down whether payment must be made in gold or greenbacks. Adherence to the gold standard would, in those days, have made it much more expensive. No doubt there were times, however, when a man would have thought it cheap at any price. In the case of commissioned officers this luxury came higher, as the turpitude of the offence was considered greater. The Article provides that every officer so offending "shall forfeit and pay for each and every such offence, one dollar." It would appear that the United States government made a mistake in permitting these regulations to fall into what Grover Cleveland would call "innocuous desuetude." Had they been rigorously enforced from 1861 to 1865 the government would not have found it necessary to borrow money and issue bonds. Its income from this source would have enabled it to pay all the expenses of the war as it went along and it would have had "money to burn" besides; there wouldn't have



been any national debt. Stimulated by our wonderful corduroy road at Hall's Gap the mule-drivers would have contributed millions to the national treasury. It might be suggested to some of the survivors of the Sherman Brigade that it is not yet too late to pay up their arrears on this account, in accordance with the Articles of War, and augment the "conscience fund" in the United States treasury.

We worked away for a week longer, after our wrestle with the wagon-train, repairing the breaks as best we could and extending the corduroy in all about six miles from camp. It took half the day to march there and back. Every day an increasing number of sick were sent down the hill to Stanford. The companies were smaller at roll-call on each succeeding morning. It seemed that Kentucky had welcomed us with not "bloody" but muddy "hands to hospitable graves."

On the morning of February 8th we turned out as usual, and shouldering axes and shovels started for the scene of our daily toil. We had not gone more than a mile when a messenger came riding out with orders for us to break camp and march immediately. When the nature of the order was made known the woods rang again and again with cheers. Our destination, whatever it might be, was a matter of perfect indifference to us. We didn't care a rush—although that is not exactly the word the boys used—where we were going, only so that we might get away from Hall's Gap. We felt very much as General Sherman did once about a company of cavalry that was in his way a good deal and did not move fast enough to suit him. He summoned the captain of the company and ordered him to gallop.

"But where shall we gallop, General?" said the captain.

"Just gallop! Gallop anywhere, but, d—n it, gallop!"

We just wanted to march—march anywhere. The work of preparation was rushed with extraordinary alacrity. Invalids flung away their blue mass pills and went to pulling up tent pins with the greatest vigor, inducing the belief that some of them had been "playing off" on the doctors. In an hour nothing but the debris of the camp remained. There was quick response to the drum as we formed for the last time along that awful road. We were rejoiced to learn that we were not to flounder through the





mud toward Somerset. We turned our toes the other way and started down the hill with nimble feet, cheering and singing "Out of the Wilderness" with tremendous effect.

As we passed through Stanford scores of the boys waved farewells at us from the doors and windows of the hospitals. Poor fellows! Many of them we never saw again. We left there from the three regiments more than four hundred men, of whom a hundred died within the ensuing three months, and fully half of the remainder never rejoined their regiments. They were discharged, utterly broken in health. Our two weeks' stay at Hall's Gap cost us as many men, who died or were disabled by disease, as we lost at either Stone River or Chickamauga. Among those who died soon after we left, was First Lieutenant Horace H. Justice, adjutant of the Sixty-fifth. He was a young officer of great promise, prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duties, whose soldierly instincts and personal virtues had greatly endeared him to his brother officers of the regiment.

## CHAPTER VII.

### PREPARING TO ADVANCE.

BACK TO LEBANON--BY RAIL TO MUNFORDVILLE--A CORNFIELD CAMP  
--A FEW DAYS OF DRILL--FIRST VISIT FROM A PAYMASTER--  
WE DRAW FINANCIAL RATIONS IN GOLD--AN "OFFICERS' DRILL"--  
THE SIXTH DIVISION ORGANIZED.

FROM Stanford we retraced our steps to Lebanon. The march thither was without feature of special interest. On the second day Colonel Harker rejoined us, and was most cordially greeted. The reason for Colonel Harker's three weeks absence soon became known to the regiment. It appeared



that up to that time the authorities at Washington had not consented that Harker be detached from his regiment in the regular army to become the permanent commander of the Sixty-fifth Ohio. The secretary of war strenuously opposed the detachment of regular officers to command volunteer regiments. It was only by the greatest effort that Senator Sherman had secured the services of Captain Forsyth and Captain Harker to organize and drill the troops at Camp Buckingham. When our campaigning in



CHAUNCEY WOODRUFF,  
ADJUTANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Kentucky began it had not yet been fully determined whether either of these officers would continue with his regiment. The question regarding Forsyth solved itself, as has heretofore been told. Harker's absence, while we were at Hall's Gap, was in consequence of an order which he had received to report back to his regiment—the Fifteenth United States infantry—for duty. The officers of the Sixty-fifth had already learned to know and appreciate his worth, and they united in an earnest appeal for his retention as its colonel. This request, strongly indorsed by General

Wood and General Buell, was granted and Harker's position as colonel of the Sixty-fifth was made permanent. The result of the controversy gave no less pleasure and satisfaction to the officers and men of the regiment than to Harker, himself.

At Danville the Sixty-fourth was introduced to a new colonel—John Ferguson—who had been commissioned by Governor Tod to the vacancy created by the resignation of Colonel Forsyth. At first there was some feeling because the vacancy had not been



filled in the usual way, by promotion within the regiment, which would have advanced six or eight persons one rung higher on the ladder of military name and fame. The "soreness" soon disappeared, for Colonel Ferguson, like Absalom of old, "stole the hearts" of his soldiers. He was a man of fine presence and military ability of a high order, and was a most excellent officer. He had a singularly resonant voice for command. We all remember his "*At-ten-tion! Bat-tal-ion!*" every syllable as clear as the stroke of a bell. Now, in the case of Colonel Harker we came to learn that when he shouted: "*——shun! ——yun!*" he meant "Attention! Battalion!" but he threw all his force into the last syllable of each word and the others were never in the faintest degree audible.

The first night after leaving Stanford James P. Mills, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, while on guard, shot and killed one of that company's mules, which had broken loose and was tramping around in the darkness just outside the line. Mills thought it was a rebel, or something, that was approaching him. He challenged, but there was no reply. As soon as he could dimly see the object he fired, hitting the mule squarely between the eyes. There were a few farewell kicks and that mule was forever at rest. Bumbaugh had but five mules to drive during the last two days of the march.

We reached Lebanon at noon on February 11th. The afternoon was chiefly devoted to vaccination. Two or three cases of small-pox had appeared in the brigade and every officer and man was ordered to report to the surgeons for examination. All whose arms did not show marks of recent vaccination were required to have the operation performed. It "worked" on a large number, and a few days later sore arms were numerous. This was a good foundation for a plea to be excused from drill and other duty, and the boys played it for all it was worth, just as long as it would last.

Our stay at Lebanon was brief. That evening an order was read on parade, stating that our destination was Green river, and directing us to be ready to move the following day, with two days' cooked rations. Reveille aroused us at four in the morning, and at six we were ready to go. We did not get off, however,



till noon. The weather was exceedingly raw and cold, and we spent the time shivering around the fires. We were to go by cars, and marching a mile to the railroad we waited five hours longer, with blue faces and chattering teeth. It was nearly dark when we were informed that our train was ready. In order to make it as inconvenient as possible the train had been stopped upon a high embankment. After a deal of scrambling and climbing and "boosting" one another we were stowed away within and upon the roofs of ordinary freight cars. Fully a third of the men were compelled to ride on the top of the train, and suffered keenly from the cold, to say nothing of the smoke and cinders. Sleep to them was wholly impossible. We reached Lebanon Junction at ten o'clock, and rolled southward on the Louisville and Nashville railroad.

At two in the morning we halted at Munfordville. After unloading ourselves and our baggage we were tumbled promiscuously into a cornfield for the remainder of the night. We lay down on beds of cornstalks and slept soundly till the sun was shining full in our faces. The ground was laid out in camp style and we pitched our tents half a mile from Green river. A large force had gathered at this point for an advance upon Nashville. There were camps everywhere—infantry, artillery and cavalry. Tents covered every field and hill for miles. The army was estimated at forty thousand, and more were arriving daily. The troops were drilling constantly. The greatest activity and bustle prevailed on every hand. General Mitchel, with twelve thousand men, made a forward movement toward Bowling Green the day of our arrival, and it was understood that the whole army would soon follow, in conjunction with the operations of General Grant on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The bridge over Green river was a superb structure of iron, resting upon massive piers nearly a hundred feet high. The enemy partially destroyed it, by blowing down one of the piers, but as soon as our forces obtained possession the gap was speedily filled with a substantial trestle, built by the First Michigan Engineers and Mechanics. A large force was engaged in repairing the railroad beyond the river. Here we saw for the first time the graves of men killed in battle—twelve or fifteen of the Thirty-second Indiana, who fell in an engagement at this point a few days before.





We remained ten days at Green river. We began to drill the morning after our arrival, and kept it up whenever the weather would permit. Our rations were good and abundant. The health of the regiments was better than at any time since we left Ohio. We had scarcely more than half as many in our ranks as when we marched so gayly out of Camp Buckingham two months before. But those who had safely weathered Louisville and Bardstown and Hall's Gap were composed of good timber, physically speaking, and were now generally in fine condition of health and spirits. True, there were some very wet and dismal days at Green river. Our cornfield was decidedly too muddy for comfort. So many troops were there ahead of us that we "got left" entirely on straw and everything else needed for camp use. We were obliged to resort to some desperate shifts to keep ourselves at all comfortable. But even this was a paradise when compared with Hall's Gap, and not a murmur was heard.



NAHUM L. WILLIAMS,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Kennesaw, June 27th, 1864.

While here we first made the acquaintance of one of those officials who were always welcomed with enthusiasm—a paymaster. We had been in the service nearly four months. We had heard there were such functionaries as paymasters, and had begun to wonder whether we had not been entirely forgotten. The generally small amounts of money the men had brought from home were long since exhausted. On the 20th a bustling and pompous stranger appeared in camp. His clean uniform and shining brass buttons were ample proof that he had never spent a fortnight



building corduroy road. He moved about with that air of importance always assumed by a man who pays out money to his fellow men. The long roll was beaten and the regiments were ordered to be mustered for pay. After due observance of prescribed forms the welcome lucre was dispensed to one company after another, the ceremony occupying a day for each regiment. All were paid from date of enlistment to December 31st. Each officer and man received his stipend in gold—

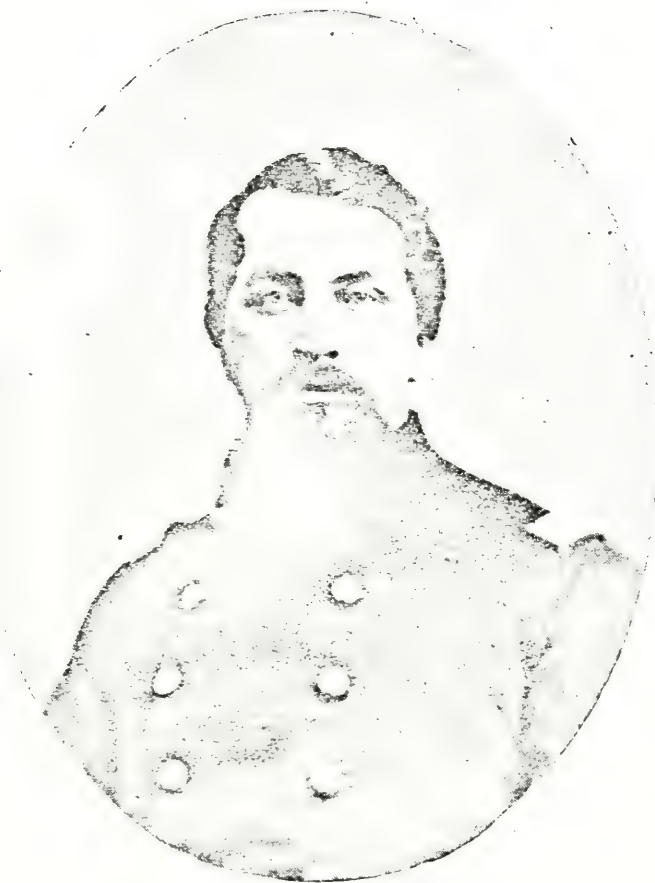
"Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Heavy to get and light to hold,"

as Tom Hood wrote about the seductive metal. We jingled the "yellow boys" in our pockets and felt like millionaires. They had indeed been "heavy to get," in view of the hard work we had done to earn them. The boys also found them "light to hold," for they didn't last a great while. That was the first and only gold we saw in the army, for we were not again paid in money that chinked. After that we had greenbacks, with fractional currency, or "shinplasters," for small change—little bits of paper, good for five, ten, twenty-five or fifty cents each, very handy for poker and "chuck-a-luck." This paper money depreciated in value, lower and lower, until the end of the war came in sight, when it went up. For more than two years it was worth less than fifty cents on the dollar, gold standard, but it was considered "good enough for the soldiers." At any rate they had to take it and were glad to get it.

Most of the men sent home from Munfordville part of their money; others, within the next few days, kindly let their comrades have theirs, as the result of certain mysterious operations with pieces of pasteboard, covered on one side with curious pictures of men and women, and spots of various shapes. Pay day was devoted wholly to financial business. We were excused from drill and a number improved the opportunity to explore a large cave not far from the camp. By the light of candles and torches they wandered about through a labyrinth of subterranean passages.

Two days after our arrival there was a great blowing of bugles and beating of drums. Early one morning McCook's entire division started for "the front," and all the rest of the troops





SAMUEL L. COULTER,  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH,



turned out to see it off. The long column, with its bands and banners, presented an imposing spectacle as it filed out upon the railroad and across the bridge. Thousands of voices united in prodigious cheers, that were taken up again and again, by the moving column and by the vast crowd of spectators.

"We'll be there in time!" shouted one of the latter, alluding to the universal belief that a general battle would soon occur near Bowling Green.

At all ordinary times and places the soldiers were permitted to cheer to their hearts' content. It was only suppressed when it would be a breach of military decorum, or when engaged in movements requiring silence, in the immediate presence of the enemy. Cheering always had a good effect upon the spirits of the soldiers, and had a tendency, according to its vigor and volume, to discourage the enemy, if within hearing. So, through all the weeks and months and years, the boys cheered and shouted and yelled whenever anything occurred to afford an excuse. Nor did it take much to do this. The starting of a rabbit from its cover would set a whole division to yelling like lunatics. One regiment would cheer because another did, without knowing, or caring what it was for.

There was great enthusiasm through the camps at Green river, and with good reason, on the 18th. The regiments were called into line and dispatches were read conveying the information that Grant had captured Fort Donelson, with thirteen thousand prisoners; that Bowling Green had been evacuated and was occupied by Mitchel; and in the east Burnside had gained a brilliant victory at Roanoke Island, capturing three thousand prisoners. The soldiers threw their caps in the air and cheered till they were hoarse. No such broadside of good news had been fired since the war began. Our only cause of grief appeared to lie in the fear that there wouldn't be any rebels left for us to capture; that the war was about over and we would soon be ignobly marching home, without having seen a fight. What would we say in after years, to our children and our children's children, when they should climb upon our knees and ask us how many rebels we killed in the great war? We would have to give it up! We might tell them that we built six miles of the most atrocious cor-





duroy road that mortal eye ever saw or foot of mule ever trod, but that would hardly suffice to make us heroes. It is true that this apprehension, more or less malignant, prevailed quite generally that night through our camp, and was the subject of frequent conversations. Many expressed regrets, which I have no doubt were sincere, that we were not going to have any chance to smell powder in a state of combustion.

One day we had a novel drill. The officers and non-commissioned officers were formed into a company, somewhat after the plan of the company which Artemas Ward proposed to raise, consisting wholly of brigadier-generals. The officers acted as sergeants and corporals and the "non-commish" as privates. The colonel was the captain, and the lieutenant-colonel and major the lieutenants. This imposing body was exercised for two hours in the manual of arms and the various movements of company and skirmish drill. It was noticed that the officers handled their guns as awkwardly as anybody else.



WILLIAM H. MASSEY,  
ADJUTANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Mortally wounded at Stone River,  
December 31st, 1862.

Washington's birthday—February 22d—was celebrated by a national salute of thirty-four guns at noon, by a battery near our camp. An order was read announcing the organization of the Sixth division, Army of the Ohio, the Twentieth being one of its brigades. General Wood rose to the command of the division and Colonel Harker was designated to command our brigade. At this time Colonel Harker was personally superintending the relaying of a pontoon bridge across Green river, it having been broken by a freshet. He suc-



ceeded in restoring the bridge, but the water rose again rapidly, and on the night of the 22nd fifty men of the Sixty-fifth were on duty at the bridge the entire night, to prevent the lodgment of driftwood against the pontoons. All efforts were unavailing, however, and toward morning the bridge gave way near the center, the sections swinging around to either shore.

Company A, of the Sixty-fourth, was detailed as provost guard at division headquarters, in the discharge of which duty it continued for several months, Captain McIlvaine serving as provost marshal. In the following year this position, on the staff of General Wood, was filled by Captain Keiser, of that company. At Chattanooga, in September, 1863, the latter suffered the fracture of a leg by the fall of his horse, which long disabled him and from the effects of which he never wholly recovered.

One day while at Green river, a prank was played upon Corporal Isaac N. Thompson, of Company E, Sixty-fourth, which for a long time furnished much amusement to his comrades. Thompson was fully up to the average of the boys in his susceptibility to the charms of the gentle sex, and took a prominent part in the frequent debates in the company in regard to the relative attractiveness of the girls at home in Ohio, with many of whom one or another of the boys was in correspondence. It appears that one of the girls had unconsciously struck Thompson, and hit him hard, but their acquaintance was not sufficient to justify him in opening up a line of communication by mail, much as he desired to do so. A conspiracy was hatched by Robert McFarland, John Hersh and Lieutenant Chauncey Woodruff, of his company. Hersh, who was an expert penman, wrote a letter to Thompson, counterfeiting a lady's hand, and appended the name of the girl in question. The missive was couched in tender phrase, setting forth the admiration and regard she felt for him and expressing the hope that a correspondence might be mutually agreeable. They "doctored" an envelope to give it the appearance of having come directly through from Ohio, doing this so skillfully that none but a critical eye would detect the fraud. When the mail arrived they put the letter with those for Company E, and it was duly delivered to Thompson. The latter opened it, glanced at the signature, and his heart, presumably, gave a great



bound as he went off by himself and sat down to read it. The shot hit the bull's-eye; Thompson was a "goner." He answered it immediately. What he wrote we do not know, nor is it any of our business, but there can be no doubt that the person who received it was a very much surprised young lady. Thompson thought so when her reply reached him; it almost made his hair stand on end. Of course Hersh and Woodruff and McFarland couldn't keep the story and Thompson's burden of army life was rendered doubly grievous by the nagging of his comrades. All of which illustrates the means resorted to by the soldiers to make "fun" for themselves.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

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### OVER THE "KNOBS."

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WE CROSS GREEN RIVER—OUR CAMP STRUCK BY A CYCLONE—DELUGED BY RAIN—THE PIKE IMPASSABLE—WE TAKE TO THE HILLS—THREE DAYS OF TUGGING AND YELLING—DISASTER TO THE BAKERY ON WHEELS—KENTUCKY PIES—WE REACH BOWLING GREEN.

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ON THE morning of February 24th Wood's division received orders to march immediately. Camp was quickly broken, but, as usual, we waited six or eight hours and did not fall in till late in the afternoon. We only moved to the south side of Green river, crossing by the high railroad bridge which had been planked. The mules were exasperatingly perverse, and it was only after much coaxing and whipping that they consented to make the passage. The Sixty-fifth crossed at dusk and pitched its tents on a high knoll near the south end of the



bridge. During the evening the camp was swept by a terrific hurricane, accompanied by a flood of rain. The storm burst suddenly, with scarcely a moment's warning. In five minutes half the tents were prostrate, and the men were vaguely groping around trying to find out what was the matter. The water ran down the hill in rivers. Everything was thoroughly deluged. Very little sleeping was done that night, with this advantage, that we were already awake when the reveille sounded at four o'clock.

The storm interrupted the crossing of the troops, it being impossible to go over the bridge until it had abated. The Sixty-fourth had a perilous trip in the darkness, making the passage by the feeble light of lanterns. The teams were led over only with the greatest difficulty and danger. The regiment did not reach the south bank until past midnight. The wagons were unable to reach the place chosen for the camp, and for the first time the regiment bivouacked without tents. The men made such shifts as they could to keep themselves out of the mud, during the brief time allowed them for sleep.

We were off early, but found the road in a terrible condition, almost wholly impassable for artillery and wagons. It was stated that the enemy had plowed up the pike for miles south of the river. Its condition gave color of truth to the story. After floundering along four or five miles in as many hours, that route was decided to be impracticable. It was learned from the inhabitants that along the summit of a high range of hills called "Green River Knobs," to the right of the pike, there was a rough country road sometimes used during the rainy season. It was determined to try this road. A wide gap was opened in the fence and we filed off through the fields, followed by the wagons. We soon reached the foot of the hills and found the ascent long and steep. It was impossible for the teams to go up unaided. They were directed to halt and remain until our return. We climbed to the top, stacked arms, unslung knapsacks, and went down to help and encourage the mules. Teams were doubled on the wagons, but with twelve mules to each, and forty or fifty men with ropes and poles, pulling and lifting, and of course everybody shouting, it was only with the greatest difficulty, and by slow stages, that they reached the top. By the time the wagons were





all up it was nearly dark and we were ordered to go into camp.

We had this sort of thing for two days longer. There was no road that deserved the name, and the teamsters picked their way, each for himself as best he could. In some places the ground was desperately rough and stony, and in others so soft that the wheels sank almost to the hubs. There was no pretense of order in marching. Each company was directed to attend its wagon—details being made for the regimental teams—and get over the distance as fast as possible.

At some points the roadway was so much lower at one side than the other that it was necessary to fasten ropes to the upper side of the wagons, and only the pulling of a dozen men prevented disaster. As it was, a number of wagons in the brigade were capsized, some being badly broken and the contents of all thrown into a condition of chaos. Several became so immovably "sot" in the soft earth that they had to be unloaded, pried out, and then reloaded. Ropes and levers were in constant use.

All day long the woods resounded with the braying of mules and the wild yells of the men. The scene was one of indescribable confusion. When, at the close of the third day, the straggling column filed down from the hills to the solid pike, there was great rejoicing. Mules and men were about equally used up. The whole length of our detour over the "Knobs" was but twelve miles, but we were two and a half days in making it.

Shortly after reaching the pike we went into bivouac by the roadside. Many of the wagons had left part of their loads at



CHARLES E. BAKER,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



points along the route over the "Knobs," and were obliged to return. During the greater portion of the night these wagons came rumbling along the pike with the belated baggage of their companies. That evening, February 27th, we learned of the evacuation of Nashville and its occupation by General Mitchel. This elicited more shouting, and increased the apprehension that the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth would have to go home after having seen vastly more mud than blood.

One of the vehicles in our caravan when we left Louisville was a bakery on wheels. Some inventive genius had evolved this machine and foisted it upon the government. One was given to each regiment, in furtherance of a benevolent but Utopian scheme to supply the fastidious soldiers with "soft bread" in the field. It was one of the spasmodic efforts made in this direction during the first three months of our service, all of which ended in failure. At the end of each day's march the big perambulating bake-shop would be put "in battery," and the baker would fire up and in a few hours turn out by the hundred, loaves of what he called bread. It was mostly wretched stuff, heavy and sour, that severely taxed our digestive apparatus. Two or three times our baker got drunk during the day and then, if we didn't have hardtack, we had to cook our own flour as best we could. When the roads were bad, the ponderous machine would stick fast in the mud and not show up at all. We managed to drag ours around until the trip over the "Knobs." That finished it. Capsized and wrecked, it was abandoned and we never saw it again. We didn't want to. The experience of other regiments with them was much the same and about this time the traveling bakeries disappeared from the army. The scheme was a failure.

On the 28th we pushed on to Bristow station, a few miles from Bowling Green. Here we were obliged to halt and remain several days to await the laying of bridges over Barren river. Fully twenty thousand troops were encamped in the vicinity. It rained most of the time and but little was done in the way of drilling. Nobody regretted this, as it took us a week to recover from the fatigue of our trip over the "Knobs."

While here our camps were often visited by lank Kentuck-



ians of both sexes, with cakes, pies (so called), corn bread, and other articles of domestic commerce. They knew the soldiers had recently been paid, and also that they were always hungry. They coupled these facts together, with an eye to business, and laid upon their wares the most enormous prices. The result generally was that the soldiers got the eatables without paying anything for them. One day a man entered the camp of our brigade with an ox-cart loaded with such articles as I have mentioned. He also brought along his wife and the entire family. I say "entire family" because there could not well have been any more of them, although I have no means of knowing how many of them "got away." The man began immediately to negotiate with the boys. At the prices he charged it was evident that he expected to buy a farm out of the proceeds of that cart-load. Probably while on his way to camp he had laid his plans for the investment of the proceeds, after the manner of the gay milkmaid in the old spelling-book. But sales were slow. The boys wanted what he had to sell, but not at such exorbitant rates. They thought the problem would solve itself presently, and it did. They vainly remonstrated with him on his greed for money, and finally, at a given signal, strong hands seized one wheel of the cart and turned it over in an instant. There was a lively scramble for the plunder and in less than a minute the last pie had disappeared. After standing a moment in speechless amazement the man righted the cart and loaded the children all in a heap. Then he climbed in over one wheel while his wife climbed over the other, and started his oxen for home, evidently glad to escape with his life.

The "pies" which these people brought into camp were fearfully and wonderfully made. It was a very natural inquiry that one of the boys propounded after two or three fruitless attempts to bite one which he had just bought from a woman, when he asked her whether her pies were "pegged or sewed." These natives were always glad to trade their truck for coffee, sugar, or salt.

One day a man came into camp with a mule tied with ropes and strings to a sort of cart on which he had a barrel of good hard cider, which he undertook to sell out at ten cents a drink. It did not take the boys long to flank that scheme. One of them



got an augur, and, while a dozen of his comrades crowded about the proprietor, who was managing the spigot, he crept under the cart and bored a hole in the bottom of the barrel. The boys passed their canteens to him and they were filled in a twinkling. In about fifteen minutes the barrel was empty. The surprise of that man when the cider ceased to flow may be imagined, for he had probably not sold more than a dozen glasses. He made an inspection, and when he discovered the game that had been played on him he started away in a highly inflamed state of mind, declaring that it was the "orneriest" crowd he ever saw.

. March 5th we were up before daylight, having received the night before orders to cross Barren river. We left camp in the midst of a furious rain. As we neared Bowling Green we passed the deserted fortifications and camps of the enemy. The Confederate army had lived in what we judged to have been very comfortable huts, with fireplaces and chimneys. On leaving, the rebel soldiers set fire to them, and forests of blackened chimneys alone remained.

The enemy had destroyed the railroad and wagon bridges. General Mitchel had found three small steamboats on the river, and using these as a makeshift, he contrived, with the aid of a few pontoons, a passable bridge. The banks were, however, extremely precipitous, and fully forty feet in height. Except for the fact that there was no such word as "impossible" in the army lexicon, we would not have thought that wagons and artillery could be drawn up. We marched over the bridge and to



JACOB G. BITTINGER,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.





the top of the hill, where we stacked arms, and returned to bear a hand at the wagons. We took them one at a time. At the foot of the hill two ropes seventy-five feet long were fastened to the end of the pole and run out ahead of the team. A hundred men seized these ropes and at the signal started with a blood-curdling yell, while the teamster belabored his mules, and the bystanders lent the aid of their shouts. Thus, by a grand rush, the wagon was fairly lifted to the top. It took two hours to get up the wagons of the brigade.

After a brief rest, for the men to recover their wind, we fell in and marched to College Hill, just south of town, where we encamped within the fortifications. Very strong works had been built by the enemy on all the hills which surround Bowling Green. They did a vast amount of work to no purpose, just as we did so many times. Several of the finest buildings in the city had been burned, including the warehouses containing such military stores as the enemy could not carry away in his hasty flight immediately after the fall of Fort Donelson. We obtained plenty of good fuel from the timber used in the construction of the works. A quantity of salt beef that fell into our hands was issued to us, but its quality was so bad that we could not eat it.

We were kept constantly at high tension. Hourly excitement was caused by rumors, more or less authentic, that reached our ears. Language cannot describe our impatience to push forward. We were eager to find somebody who wanted to fight, and our hearts sank when we learned that the rebels had—to use an army word—“skedaddled.” We did not know, but we presumed that it was the approach of the Sherman brigade that caused them to choose discretion as the better part of valor. We did find them after a while, as will appear in the course of this narrative, but it was a long, long chase.



## CHAPTER IX.

### ON TO NASHVILLE.

THE MARCH FROM BOWLING GREEN—LOST RIVER—IN THE CAPITAL OF TENNESSEE—DISLOYALTY OF THE CITIZENS—OUR FIRST PICKET DUTY—CORINTH OUR NEXT OBJECTIVE POINT—STRIPPING FOR A LONG MARCH—EXTRACT FROM AN ORDERLY SERGEANT'S DIARY.

SOON after noon on the 6th of March we set our faces toward Nashville. The weather was bitterly cold, and as we marched our line was enfiladed by a biting blast that set every nerve to tingling. Seven miles on our way we turned into a large field and camped in two inches of snow. There was a furious rush for rails and the entire fence around the field quickly disappeared. Colonels and staff officers made a great deal of fuss trying to stop the raid, but it was no use and they gave up in despair. It was noticed that a little later they, themselves, stood about big piles of burning rails, and seemed to enjoy and appreciate the convenient fuel as much as we did. The night was wild and stormy. Sleep was well-nigh impossible, and we spent the slowly dragging hours in hovering around the fires.

Next day we advanced to Franklin, Kentucky, a few miles from the state line. One of our halts was at Lost river—a singular freak of nature. Not far from the road is a deep basin. At the bottom, a rapid stream, twenty feet wide, makes its appearance at one side, rushes across the basin, enters the opposite





HORATIO N. WHITBECK,  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH,  
AND BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL.



bank and is seen no more. The water is clear and cold and most excellent for drinking.

When ready to march the next morning we were informed that the road for half a dozen miles was in an almost impassable condition. It was determined to divide the loads and have the wagons make two trips. Marching in column was not attempted. Half of each company remained with part of the baggage while the other half assisted its wagon, lightly laden, over the stretch of bad road. We found the latter even worse than had been represented, and it was only after five hours of severe labor that we reached solid ground. It was nearly night when the second relief arrived with the remainder of the baggage. After an hour for supper and re-arranging loads we pushed on six miles farther, bivouacking, near midnight, on the soil of Tennessee.

A very fatiguing march of twenty-two miles on the 9th took us within seven miles of Nashville. We had been kept at a high speed, with few halts, and not half the men were with the colors when we stacked arms. Hundreds fell out of ranks and came straggling in, weary and footsore, till after midnight. Next day we did not move, nor the next. The tired soldiers were obtuse enough to think that it would have been much better to spread out the march over two days, instead of crowding it all into one and then lying idle in camp the next two. But we came across a great many things that were past finding out, and we finally quit trying to solve the puzzling questions that presented themselves.

We broke camp on the 12th, and again it was our misfortune to start in a hard shower that lasted an hour and thoroughly soaked our clothing. We soon came in sight of Nashville. The fine state house is on a commanding eminence and can be seen for miles, from all the approaches to the city. We passed through Edgefield, on the north side of the Cumberland, and at ten o'clock reached the river. The bridges had been entirely destroyed by the rebels and none had yet been laid by our forces. Troops, artillery and wagons were being ferried over by steamboats. The wire suspension bridge, for the passage of wagons, was one of the finest structures of its kind in the United States. Its destruction was a needless and wanton act. It did not delay for a single

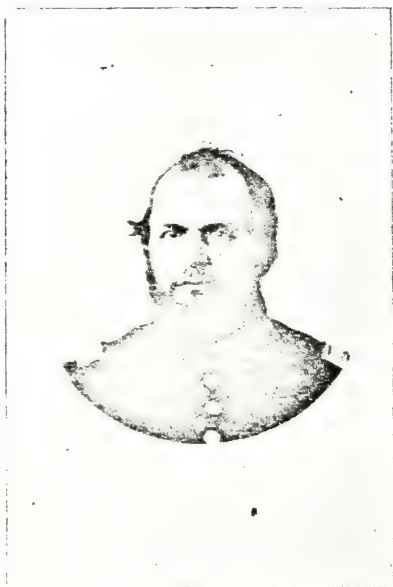




day the advance of the Union troops that took possession of the city. After waiting some hours we were ferried over, and, leaving a detail from each company to assist the wagons, we marched to the public square and stacked arms.

We found few fortifications around Nashville. For its safety the rebels had depended upon the army at Bowling Green, and Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river. When Donelson fell, and Grant's gunboats were already steaming up the Cumberland, the break came. There was a wild rush from Bowling Green, and there was no time then to do anything that could save Nashville. Citizens told us that Johnston's army went through the city southward in a condition closely bordering on panic. The abandonment of the city took place on Sunday, amidst a scene of the wildest confusion. It was like that other Sunday, three years later, when, sitting in his pew in church at Richmond, Jefferson Davis received that fateful dispatch from General Lee, telling him that the Confederate capital must be evacuated immediately.

A small portion of the citizens followed the rebel army in its flight. The majority were sensible enough to remain, take care of their property, and submit to the fortunes—or misfortunes—of war. From that day to this the Union flag has floated from the state house at Nashville. The enemy loudly boasted that the invaders would soon be driven out, but they had come to stay, and they stayed.



JACOB CHRISTOFEL,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Stone River, December  
31, 1862.



There were many strong secessionists in the city. Nearly all the wealthy and influential citizens ardently advocated the cause of rebellion. At the time our forces occupied the place the feeling was very bitter. There, as elsewhere, none were so relentless as the women. A finely dressed lady, when passing General Buell's headquarters, walked in the mire of the street to avoid passing under the flag that hung over the sidewalk. She even spat upon it as she passed. General Buell happened to witness the occurrence. Quickly mounting his horse he followed her until she entered her residence. He thought the house would make a good hospital, and an hour later several ambulances laden with sick soldiers halted before it. The lady was directed to prepare some of her rooms immediately for their occupancy.

When the wagons rejoined us in the public square we marched out of the city and five miles to the southward. Here we laid out a pleasant camp, with a prospect of remaining at least for a few days. The regular routine of camp life was at once resumed, with incessant drilling. We began to feel the warm breath of spring. The sun shone brightly, the ground became dry, and general good health and spirits prevailed.

At this camp we had our first experience in regular picket duty. Hitherto we had always maintained the invariable camp guard, but had not been in the immediate presence of the enemy. Picket duty in the army was pleasant enough when the weather was fair, and we were not so near to the other fellows that the temptation was irresistible on both sides to shoot at anybody in sight. Under the latter conditions it was "business," indeed. The boys went, but it was because duty called, not that they liked it. Vigilance on the part of the pickets was of the utmost importance to the safety and well-being of an army in the field. The pickets were its safeguard against surprise, by night and by day, and their watchfulness often detected movements of the enemy, knowledge of which was of the highest value. In sunshine and darkness, under the twinkling stars or through the wild storm, those eyes that never slept kept watch and ward over the army that lay behind implicitly trusting in their faithfulness. No fire cheered and warmed the vidette during his lonely vigil. In the chilling air of winter, amid snow and frost, or in



the pelting rain, he must stand his allotted time upon the outpost, with eye and ear ever alert. He knew not what moment a bullet from an unseen foe might strike him to the earth.

But our first experience here was not of this sanguinary character. A regiment from each division was sent out daily, for twenty-four hours of duty. Our first "trick" was on March 17th. With one day's rations in haversacks we marched to the outposts, two miles from camp, relieving the Fortieth Indiana, of Wagner's brigade. We were stationed, four men on each post, covering a front of more than a mile. One from each post occupied, two hours at a time, an advanced position as vidette. Those in reserve were permitted to rest at ease, but without removing their accouterments, and all were cautioned to alertness and vigilance. Just at dusk a delegate from our post stealthily followed a large turkey for an hour, but was unable to effect a capture. There was a barnyard very near us, where we saw a lot of cows being milked by wenches. Toward morning one of the boys slung our four canteens over his shoulder and in a few minutes returned with them full of milk, all of which he said he "pumped out of one cow." In the morning, when the dusky milkmaid began her customary operations upon that cow, she was sadly nonplussed at the lack of the usual results. After trying in vain she sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"Sumfin' wrong wid dat ar critter, *shuah!* Cain't git no milk out o' her dis mawnin', no how!"

When the regiment was relieved one of the companies of the right wing brought in three prisoners which they had captured during the night. They were negroes, and they were almost pale with fright. One of them implored to be released as "Mars'r would whip him, sartin!" The two others said they had come all the way from Shelbyville; that the rebels were impressing the negroes to work for the army and they "run'd off." Upon reaching camp they were released by Colonel Harker, after being closely questioned for information. The one who was in such fear of the lash was given a pass to go home and the others were hired as servants by officers of the regiment. That evening, however, a man came in who claimed them as his "property"—as they then were by law—and they were surrendered to him.



The fugitive rebels did not stop after leaving Nashville till they reached Corinth, Mississippi. They announced their determination to fight there, which appeared to please the boys who, at Green river, had so bewailed the prospect of a speedy close of the war. Everything indicated an active spring and summer campaign. Corinth is about one hundred and forty miles southwest from Nashville. General Albert Sidney Johnston, one of the ablest leaders in the armies of the Confederacy, who commanded that department, repaired thither in person, determined to make a "stand" with all the forces he could muster. General Grant had transported his army up the Tennessee river and planted it, forty-five thousand strong, on the west bank, at Pittsburg Landing. Johnston was daily receiving reinforcements, and gave clear indication of his settled purpose to fight at or near that point. That it was the intention of the Union army to accommodate him was apparent from the hostile attitude of Grant, and the menacing advance of Buell. It became evident that a battle must soon take place, and it was determined to reinforce Grant with the greater portion of Buell's army.

By the 20th of March it was definitely known that we would ere long be on the road again, with a good prospect of business ahead. The news fell upon willing ears, for if the truth be told we had not a little anxious curiosity to see for ourselves what a battle was like. For three months we had been tramping and camping, and doing, as it seemed to us, more than our share of hard duty, but we felt that we could not consider ourselves full-fledged soldiers until we had heard the whistle of bullets. It will not be out of place to observe here that during the ensuing three years we were more than gratified in this respect. We got all we wanted. It was just the same with the recruits who came to us from time to time during those years, or a new regiment, with brightly burnished guns and enormously swelled knapsacks. These were always valiant in word and spirit. Their ears longed to hear the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. Their nostrils were keen to sniff the smoke of battle. But after one experience they became suddenly quiet on the subject. Again and again they went into battle, with splendid courage, but it was from a sense of duty, and not because there was any fun in it.





So it was that nobody grumbled when, on March 28th, we received orders to "pull out" on the following day for the Tennessee river. We were to strike for Savannah, one hundred and twenty miles from Nashville—by far the longest continuous march we had yet undertaken.

Buell's army at this time had an aggregate strength of ninety-five thousand men, the rolls showing seventy-four thousand present for duty. Nearly half of this force was stationed at numerous points in Kentucky and Tennessee, to protect the lines of communication. The

Third Division, under General Mitchel, was engaged in making things lively along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, between Decatur and Chattanooga. Five divisions were mobilized for the advance to the Tennessee river, viz: First, Thomas; Second, McCook; Fourth, Nelson; Fifth, Crittenden; Sixth, Wood. McCook took the advance, breaking camp on March 15th. The divisions of Nelson, Crittenden, Wood and Thomas followed in the order named, at intervals of one or two days. It was considered that there was no occasion



JOHN C. MATTHIAS,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

for haste, and the movement was thus made that the road might not be encumbered by the troops, artillery and trains of the entire army marching in a solid column. Had there been a little more speed the result of the first day's fight at Shiloh would in all probability have been less disastrous to the Union army.

The advance divisions were delayed several days near Columbia, the bridges across Rutherford's creek and Duck river having



been destroyed by the enemy. Pontons, which afterward proved so valuable, had not then come into general use; nor had the soldiers themselves yet learned the art of building bridges in a hurry, at which they became so expert during the later years of the war. In 1864 Duck river, though a deep and rapid stream, would have been considered so trifling an obstacle as scarcely to have caused a halt. The first regiment of a division to reach the stream would have thrown a bridge across and marched over it singing "John Brown's Body," almost by the time the rear regiment had "closed up."

A few days before we left Nashville the Thirteenth Michigan, Colonel Shoemaker, was assigned to the Twentieth brigade, in place of the Nineteenth Kentucky, which we had left stuck fast in the mud beyond Hall's Gap. As our thoughts now recall, after more than thirty years, the fathomless mire of that awful place, we cannot help wondering whether the soldiers of the Nineteenth Kentucky have all got out yet. Our own experience there affords good ground for at least a reasonable doubt.

We had at this time no battery regularly assigned to the brigade. Our Camp Buckingham companion, the Sixth Ohio Battery, had been temporarily separated from us, doing duty with Boyle's brigade, and did not rejoin us until some days after we reached Shiloh. From that time we shared each other's fortunes to the end.

For several days before we received definite marching orders great activity prevailed in the quartermaster, commissary, ordnance, and medical departments, in preparing for the campaign. Wood's division was provided with a supply train of one hundred and fifty wagons, all of which were loaded with food, clothing, and other munitions of war. The supplies were sufficient for fifteen days. All men unable to march were sent to hospital. All surplus baggage was ordered to be stored, that the division might be in the best possible condition for rapid movement. As a matter of fact we never saw again the great mass of stuff that we left behind in obedience to this order. It was probably not intended that we should. It was only a way the generals had of gradually getting us down to the bed-rock of army life. Two years later we counted ourselves rich in wordly goods if each had



a suit of clothes on his back, a blanket, a poncho, a "pup" tent, and a haversack full of "hardtack and sow-belly."

But, according to instructions, every man took a careful inventory of his personal possessions, sorted out such things as he did not absolutely need, and packed them up for storage—to be forwarded to us at some uncertain day in the future which never came. Notwithstanding the vivid experience we had already had, up to this time we had clung to many of the articles provided by the loving hands of wives, mothers, sisters, and sweet-hearts. These things were very nice and handy to have around in camp, so long as a fellow didn't have to "pack" them all over the country on his back. In these matters affection had to give way to discretion. It was not to be wondered at that when the soldier anticipated the aches and blisters of the next few days, he should even cast away the parting gift of "the girl he left behind him," unless it was her picture. He always stuck to that through thick and thin.

Every company could stock a picture gallery. The many types of beauty represented were often the theme of animated controversy. In many cases albums were given with the pictures, but sooner or later these were very likely to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the service. The pictures went through the war, barring accidents. They became faded and soiled by much handling, and water, and wear, particularly after the knapsack, itself, had to go, and they were carried upon the person. But the worse they looked the more the boys seemed to prize them, although one glance at some of them would have well nigh driven their originals to suicide.

So it was that the knapsacks were pretty thoroughly cleaned out. Even Pete Weigel, the stubborn Dutchman of Company K, of the Sixty-fifth, abandoned the sheet-iron stove which he had carried strapped to his knapsack through all our previous marches. He said it was getting to be warm weather, anyway, and when it came winter again he would get another.

The very considerable number who at one time or another wore the chevrons of a first sergeant—"orderly," as he was usually called—or who served even temporarily in that capacity,



will appreciate a few lines which I find in my diary, covering the night before we started upon this march:

"Last night I followed the advice of Ben. Franklin and retired early—not that I expected to be made in any degree 'healthy, wealthy and wise' thereby, but that I might be in as good condition as possible for the march today. I had slept scarcely an hour when the sergeant-major routed me out and ordered me to detail a guard for forage. This done I again composed myself, but my eyes were barely closed when one of the men on camp-guard thrust his head into the tent, and with awful groanings declared he had colic or something and would have to knock off. Having detailed a substitute who went swearing to his post, I once more curled under my blanket, hoping to pass the remainder of the night in peace. Half an hour later came a couple of convalescents, just discharged from hospital, who wanted a place to turn in. With as much patience as I could command I arose and made such arrangements as were necessary. Then I once more stretched myself out, invoking dire calamities upon him who should again disturb my rest. Before I was asleep I heard the wild yell of the commissary-sergeant: 'Orderlies, turn out and draw three days' rations!' It seemed to me that these rations might have been issued sometime during the previous day, but the commissary-sergeant always did take a fiendish delight in doing such things at midnight. So I turned out half a dozen men to assist me, all of whom kicked like mules at being disturbed. By the time we got through it was one o'clock. I had but three hours left for sleep, as the reveille was ordered at four."





## CHAPTER X.

### PIGS, CHICKENS, STRAW AND RAILS.

SOME REMARKS ABOUT FORAGING—EARLY RESTRAINING INFLUENCES—  
 "HANDS OFF" IN KENTUCKY—ORDERS MUST BE OBEYED—HOW IT  
 WAS IN TENNESSEE—TWO SIXTY-FOURTH RAIDERS ENCOUNTER GEN-  
 ERAL WOOD—THEY CARRY RAILS FOR TWO HOURS BUT SUP ON  
 CHICKEN—SKETCHES OF SOME GIFTED FORAGERS—"BILL" WEIGLE  
 AND DOCTOR ANDERSON.

UP TO the time of our march from Nashville to Savannah, upon which we are about to enter, foraging as an art had been but feebly developed among the Camp Buckinghams. This was not from any lack of talent in that direction, for there was in them a latent power which, as soon as it had a fair chance to assert itself, gave abundant proof that our men deserved a place in the front rank of the foragers. Nor was it from a want of disposition to make individual requisitions upon the country for whatever could assuage their griefs and woes by promoting the comfort of either the outer or the inner man. The truth is that the ideas of the soldiers upon the subject of "confiscation" were, during the first months of the war, a long way in advance of those held by the double-starred generals, and the statesmen at Washington who were steering the ship. It was about two years before the latter caught up with the procession.

During our campaigning in Kentucky the most stringent orders against the private and personal appropriation of anything



by the soldiers were published to the army, with a frequency that did not permit anybody to forget them. We had "line upon line and precept upon precept." This was not wholly without reason, for Kentucky was a loyal state. She furnished more than sixty thousand soldiers for the Union army. It is true that very many of her people were bitterly disloyal, but so many of them lied about it that it was difficult to separate the sheep from the goats, and, on the whole, it was right and proper to restrain the impulses of the soldiers. Guards were uniformly stationed to protect whatever they would be likely to take. In spite of all this the desire to eat forbidden fruit, inherited from Mother Eve, was continually cropping out. When, after a hard day's march, perhaps through rain or snow, we went into a cheerless camp, with only the wet ground for a bed, the desire was very strong in the breasts of the men who carried muskets to charge upon straw stacks and rail fences, and even to impress such chickens and vagrant pigs as were within reach.

Another restraining influence at this early period in our career was the feeling that we must "obey orders." From the beginning we had been impressively exhorted to remember that this was the first and greatest duty of a soldier. So, in our simplicity, we allowed chickens to bite us and pigs to squeal for Jeff Davis with impunity; we wouldn't disturb a feather or a hair. Under these conditions it is not a matter of wonder that we were as well-behaved as a prize Sunday school class. But the innate forces were only slumbering and gathering strength for future months and years.

When we crossed the border of the Southern Confederacy and entered Tennessee we began to think that things were different. It was hard to convince the soldiers that they should not be turned loose upon the country and allowed to "go in." But under the dispensation of General Buell the orders continued to be issued just the same. It was on the march to Shiloh that we first came squarely down to hardtack, week in and week out. The soft bread nonsense, with its delusive schemes and experiments, had been abandoned. We had accepted hardtack as a military necessity, although not without some internal insubordination, for we had not yet learned to appreciate its value. So it



was not strange that during that long pilgrimage the boys began, in an earnest and systematic manner, to devise ways and means to circumvent the generals, and they were usually successful. They often fell into sore temptations, which, in spite of strict orders and the vigilance of guards, could not be resisted. If the truth be told—and this may safely be done after the lapse of so many years—the guards were not always as vigilant as they might have been. A "fellow feeling" made them "wondrous kind," and they often managed to be looking the other way when a comrade approached the line from without, laden with spoil. Quite likely the successful raider belonged to the same mess as the guard, and the latter well knew, in that case, that he would come in for his full share of the toothsome plunder. So he turned his back and solemnly strode away to the other end of his beat while the forager dodged into camp with his supplies, to fill the aching void under the blouse.

Yet, the soldier who sought the fatlings of the field and barnyard did so at his peril. Terrifying orders, prescribing the pains and penalties to be visited upon those who indulged in these pernicious practices, were almost daily read on parade or disseminated through the camps. But the pigs and chickens disappeared, and choice bits judiciously distributed among the company and regimental officers, generally did much to avert threatened punishment. It is safe to say that most of the officers, even up to the colonels and brigadiers, shared to a great extent the feelings of the soldiers on this subject. They thought



WILLIAM H. MOZIER,  
HOSPITAL STEWARD, SIXTY-FIFTH.



it was all right so long as the boys didn't get caught. But the orders of General Buell must be obeyed, and these same officers would lecture their men in words of thundering sound. Then they would go to their tents and with keen relish, gnaw "drumsticks" and "spare-ribs" which they had little reason to think had been bought and paid for in coin of the realm.

Frequently, in the early morning, a citizen who had suffered from a nightly visitation, would come into camp and pour his tale of woe into the ears of the "gin'ral," with vehement protestations of his loyalty. Then there would be a breeze in camp; staff officers would charge around in the vain effort to detect the culprits; another sulphurous order would be issued—and at the next camping place the pig-pens and hen-roosts would yield up their victims just as before. As a matter of fact we did not find these things as plenty between Nashville and Savannah as we could have wished. Three divisions of soldiers, with the same appetites and weaknesses as ourselves, and who were tempted like as we were, had already passed that way. We had to exercise much diligence to find what we wanted. The men of Thomas's division, which followed us, must have found a painful leanness along the route.

I remember witnessing a spirited interview between our division general and a couple of foragers. The latter, after a successful raid into the suburbs of the camp, were cautiously making their way back, carrying upon a pole a plump yearling pig which they had killed, and in their hands were two or three fine fowls. They had nearly reached the camp of the Sixty-fourth Ohio, to which they belonged, when they suddenly came face to face with General Wood, who was riding about with an eye to business. The men instantly dropped their load into the bushes, but they had not been quick enough to escape the sharp glance of the general. "Tommy"—as we always called him among ourselves—was small of stature, but few men of twice his size could make more noise, than he, when he fairly set himself about it. This seemed to him a fitting occasion for a display of fireworks, and he pounced upon those hapless men in a spasm of fury.

"Where did you get them things?" he thundered, with much greater force than grammatical accuracy, and in tones that fairly made the offenders quake in their shoes.





There was no answer to be made to the terrible conundrum, and the boys were evidently disposed to give it up, as they stood speechless in the august presence. The carcass of that slaughtered pig, and those fowls with their heads wrung off, told the whole story. "Though dead, they yet spake," and there was nothing more to be said—or at least nothing that the unlucky boys could think of. They would have been glad enough to compromise by an even divide with the general, giving him half the plunder for his own mess, but negotiations for a settlement of the trouble on this equitable basis were not to be considered.

Ordering them under arrest the general directed a couple of soldiers standing near to guard them with fixed bayonets, and the procession started for the Sixty-fourth headquarters. In his most impressive manner General Wood told the colonel the story of their offending, and ordered that each should promenade in front of headquarters with a rail on his shoulder for two hours, the sentence to be carried into effect immediately. Of course it was done, and those hungry patriots marched to and fro as an awful example. General Wood ordered the colonel to have his commissary sergeant take possession of the plunder and restore it to the owner, provided he could be found. But the cream of the affair was that when the sergeant went with a squad of men to carry out the order he could find nothing but a few drops of blood upon the ground and here and there a feather or two. As soon as "Tommy" had started away with his prisoners the latter's comrades made off with pig and chickens, and so adroitly concealed them that they were not found. It is possible that the sergeant did not try very hard, but that was the substance of the report he made. When the men had expiated their crimes by carrying the rails the full two hours they were released. They went straight to their tent and enjoyed a royal supper of pig and chicken which their messmates had prepared for them. Incidents of this kind, with all possible variations, were of daily occurrence during that march.

Notwithstanding the difficulties under which they labored, there were not wanting plenty of men who gave great promise of future usefulness in this department of military industry—promise,



I may add, that was more than realized as the months and years passed. By some occult means known only to themselves these gifted men could capture and take the life of a pig or a fowl so quickly and skillfully that it scarcely uttered a sound. John Yarham, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, was one of the most accomplished foragers I ever knew. He did everything in a quiet, artistic way that commanded our warmest admiration. The boys gladly excused him from helping to pitch the tents at night, and from such menial offices as getting wood and water. He was a good marcher, and was always up with the colors. As soon as arms were stacked he would "light out," and rarely failed to come into camp, safely running the guards, well laden with the proceeds of his forays. He supplied us with much to vary the monotony of regulation fare. Of course there were many of us who, in our innocence, still felt that orders should be obeyed. When Yarham began to lay these things before us we never asked him where or how he got them. In such a case ignorance was wisdom. We took it for granted that he bought them, and we ate and were thankful. I once saw that man—a year later, when the orders were less strict—get permission to leave the ranks to fill his canteen at a spring near a farmhouse. In the yard were several beehives. He quietly tipped one of them over, and with his naked hands scooped out honey, bees and all into a pail which he pressed into the service, regardless of the swarm which buzzed around him. He carried it during the remainder of the day's march, and at night divided it among his comrades. Yarham had his match as a forager in "Dad" Wheeler, of Company D. They often went out together and it was indeed "a cold day" when they did not return "bringing their sheaves with them." Poor Yarham! he was captured at Chickamauga, and died in prison at Salisbury.

Colonel Brown writes of two celebrated foragers of the Sixty-fourth: "I presume no member of our regiment has forgotten William Weigle, of Company C. On almost every march he would drop out of ranks, in defiance of the most stringent orders from his captain, and take his own course across the country, coming into camp late at night laden with supplies, in proportion as the day had been propitious. The whole command soon learned



Bill's tricks, but no one could ever see him leave the ranks or find out just how he managed to disappear. One morning the non-commissioned officers of Bill's company arranged to watch him closely that day and take him into camp at night. Not many miles had been made when it was discovered that, as usual, there was a vacuum in his place in the ranks. Soon after his disappearance he was observed by Dr. Anderson, hobbling along at the tail-end of the regiment. The kind-hearted doctor asked him what was the matter.

"My feet are so sore, said Bill, 'that I can't get along at all!'

"Get on my horse and ride awhile," replied the doctor, with a benevolent, sympathetic smile, 'and I'll walk and carry your gun a piece.'

"Of course the kind offer was instantly accepted, with a profusion of thanks. Bill climbed into the saddle while the doctor, with the musket on his shoulder, trudged along with the boys. After an hour or so the doctor began to get a little weary and thought it about time for him and Weigle to resume their former relations. So he turned around to propose an exchange, but neither man nor horse was in sight. Nothing more was seen of either during the march and the doctor lugged the musket all day, going into camp with two or three beautiful blisters on his feet. Bill turned up late at night, the horse loaded down with a cargo of choice eatables. He "whacked up" liberally with the doctor, in consideration of which the latter condoned his offence. But it was a great joke on the doctor!

"There was another highly successful forager, a strapping fellow by the name of William Halm, of Company K. He got away so often from his home in the ranks that his acquaintance had a wide range. He used to come into camp with enormous loads of truck. He never took a partner with him, probably for the reason that he could, himself, carry all the plunder to be found on any one plantation. An inventory of one of his loads would be indeed a curiosity in these days. As his well-known figure was seen approaching in the distance, from a hundred throats would come the cry 'Bill Halm! Bill Halm!' This would be taken up by one regiment after another and he never failed to receive a vociferous greeting, which did not cease until he reached



his quarters. I have seen that man, on different battlefields, take from his comrades as many canteens as could have been piled on an ox-cart, hasten to a spring or stream, and soon return to the thirsty soldiers with their canteens full of much-needed water."

The matter of wood and straw was of no small importance to the comfort of the soldiers when on the march. The army started out on the theory that everything must pass through the hands of the quartermaster and be regularly accounted for. This plan worked but indifferently, however. It was altogether too tedious a process, and the supply thus doled out was too meager to meet the demand. It made a great difference to the tired soldier whether he could secure a nice bed of straw, or was compelled to lay his aching bones on the hard ground, or upon rails to keep him out of the mud. There were times, when the men went into camp weary and footsore, that they would go for all the straw stacks in sight, in utter defiance of orders. Indeed, from this time forward it seemed that there was a gradual relaxation of these irksome restrictions. Now and then there would be spasms of rigid enforcement, but from month to month they became less violent, and the soldiers were not slow to take advantage of the greater latitude that was given, or rather permitted, in this respect.

The change came by virtue of necessity. It was impossible to stamp out the prevalent heresy that the soldiers ought to have whatever the rebellious country afforded that could contribute to their health and comfort. The average soldier did not stop to consider fine questions of moral philosophy, and if his conscience was sometimes disturbed, it was so much the worse for the conscience. It did not generally trouble him very long. The generals accepted the inevitable, and the farther we went the more rapidly did the straw piles and rail fences disappear. In the case of the latter we were permitted, when the need was urgent, to "take only the top rail." It will be remembered how, under a few successive applications of this simple formula, the bottom rail was speedily reached and miles of fence went off "like hot cakes." The posting of guards to protect property from depredation always caused a great deal of vigorous grumbling. The volunteer soldier reserved to himself the right to "kick" when things did not go to his liking. It was a privilege which he





would yield under no circumstances or conditions. The guards over fences and hen-houses gradually disappeared, and, indeed, they became at length wholly useless, as there was scarcely anything left to guard.

I do not deem it necessary to ask the pardon of the reader for this somewhat lengthy digression. The subject is one which personally interested every soldier, and it was during this march that we took our first lessons in the school from which graduated ere long so many finished scholars. Probably the highest state of development was attained by the "bummers" of Sherman's army during the march to the sea. But it may truthfully be said that few of those famous raiders could excel the daily exploits of some of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio foragers.

## CHAPTER XI.

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### THE MARCH TO SAVANNAH.

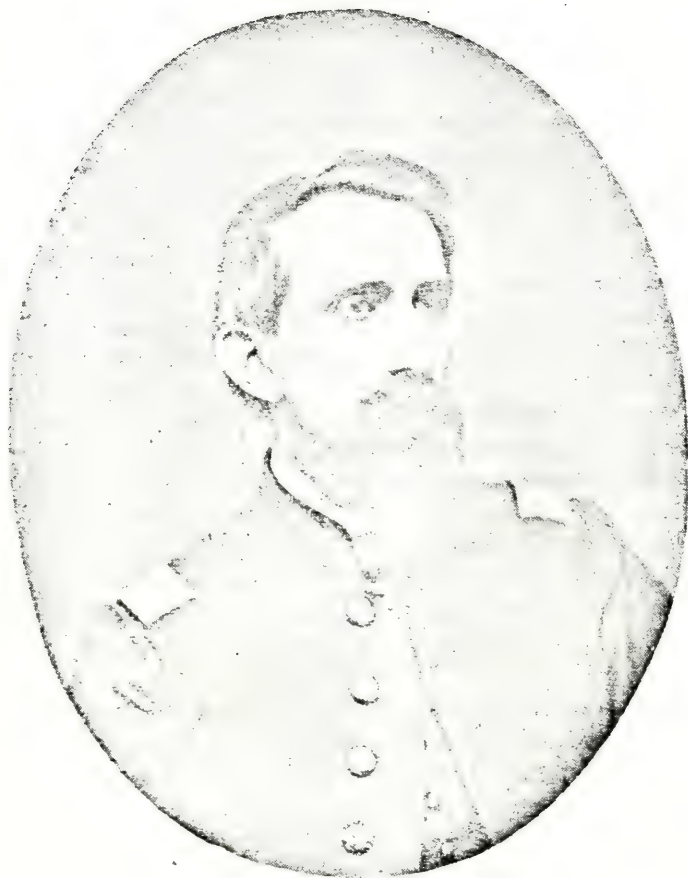
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ON THE ROAD FOR A LONG PULL—A FRESH CROP OF ACHES AND BLISTERS—GENERAL GARFIELD TAKES COMMAND OF THE BRIGADE—A SUNDAY OF EXCITEMENT—THE "CANNON'S OPENING ROAR" AT SHILOH—WE STRIP FOR A SWIFT MARCH—A FEARFUL NIGHT—STUMBLING ON THROUGH A TERRIFIC THUNDER-STORM—HALF DROWNED, WE WELCOME THE DAWN.

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AT FOUR o'clock on the morning of March 29th, the drums and bugles sounded through the camp of the Sixth division. The soldiers responded with alacrity and all were astir betimes. Hundreds of fires gleamed in the early dawn. Breakfast was hastily prepared and eaten. Every-





SAMUEL C. BROWN,  
MAJOR, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.



body was in good spirits at the prospect of something new, in the near future, in the way of experience and adventure. Wagons were loaded, blankets rolled, and knapsacks put in readiness to be "slung." But there was much delay in getting the column in motion. Ours was the rear brigade that day, and it was nine o'clock before the "Fall in!" was heard. But at last we pulled out and bade farewell to Nashville. As we left camp that morning, if some prophet had told us that five months later we would be scampering through Nashville with our heels toward the south, and that we would scarcely stop to breathe till we reached Louisville, we would have thought him a fit subject for a straight-jacket. But that is what we did!

We crossed to the Franklin pike and turned our faces toward the Tennessee river, marching at a brisk gait. The division, with its long trains, stretched out upon the pike for a distance of four miles. Besides the Twentieth brigade, Colonel Harker commanding, the division consisted of the Fifteenth brigade, Colonel Milo S. Hascall commanding—Seventeenth and Fifty-eighth Indiana, Twenty-sixth Ohio, Third Kentucky, and Estep's Eighth Indiana battery; and the Twenty-first brigade, Colonel George D. Wagner commanding—Fifteenth, Fortieth, and Fifty-seventh Indiana, Twenty-fourth Kentucky, and Cox's Tenth Indiana battery. At the head of the column rode the Third Ohio cavalry, Colonel Zahm. The division numbered about eight thousand men.

Our first day's march was short—only eight miles, but we were glad enough to go into camp about the middle of the afternoon. The day was very warm, and the air was heavy with clouds of limestone dust which was at times almost suffocating. Being in the rear we had the full benefit of the smudge made by the two brigades ahead of us. The dust settled thickly upon our perspiring faces, and it was scarcely possible for anyone to recognize his most intimate friend. If he had had a mirror to look into he would not have known himself, and could easily have believed it to be somebody else. The streams of perspiration plowed fantastic furrows through the deposits of dust, giving us more the appearance of Sioux Indians, tattooed and painted for the war-path, than of civilized beings. Few marches as short as that,



during all our four years of campaigning, gave us greater discomfort than the first day's tramp toward Shiloh. We camped by a beautiful stream of water, in which thousands of men were soon splashing with great enjoyment.

The next day—Sunday—General Wood thought he would see what kind of stuff his division was made of. He put us through nearly twenty miles. Now this would not be a prodigious undertaking for a man without the encumbrances of a soldier, but with the load of forty or fifty pounds apiece which we carried in those early days of our military experience, it was too much for us. The rests were brief and infrequent. Long before we reached camp hundreds were obliged to fall out of the ranks. Both sides of the road were lined with exhausted men, whose aching limbs and blistered feet refused to perform their functions. All who could do so climbed into the ambulances and upon the wagons, but not a tenth of the sufferers were thus fortunate.

We passed through Franklin, and some eight miles beyond that place, where our camping ground had been selected. Not more than a third of the men were with their colors when the march was over. The Sixty-fifth had less than a hundred in line, and some of the companies not more than half a dozen each. After sacking arms the men flung off their accouterments and threw themselves upon the ground, chafed and sore, scarcely able to move a limb. For hours the stragglers came hobbling into camp. Many of them did not arrive till far into the night. Few were able to do much toward getting up the tents, preparing supper and making arrangements for the night. Some did not pitch their tents at all, preferring to sleep in the open air rather than endure the labor of putting the camp in order. There was much fervent profanity when the usual details were made for guard duty that night.

We passed the fine plantation of General Gideon J. Pillow, a celebrated Confederate officer, who a few weeks before had slipped out of Fort Donelson to avoid being made prisoner. The plantation was in charge of his brother. There was a fine spring back of the house and some of our soldiers visited it to fill their canteens. Pillow ordered them away, but they did not get a move on





themselves with as much alacrity as he wished and, like the old man in the spelling-book fable who had failed to dislodge the youngsters from his apple tree by the use of words and grass, began to "try what virtue there was in stones." While he was heaving rocks at the boys Quartermaster William M. Farrar and Lieutenant Asa M. Trimble, of the Sixty-fifth, rode up to slake their thirst. Farrar took in the situation and was so much incensed—for the soldiers were committing no depredations beyond taking water from the spring—that he arrested Pillow and compelled him to tramp along with the column the rest of the day. The old fellow did not at all enjoy the marching, the heat and the dust. After reaching camp, Farrar reported the facts to Colonel Harker, who sent Pillow to General Wood. The latter passed him along to General Buell, who released him and ordered Quartermaster Farrar under arrest, much to the latter's disgust. When, a few days later, General Garfield took command of our brigade, and the guns of Shiloh were booming in our ears, Farrar offered his services as a volunteer aide on Garfield's staff. The offer was accepted and he was released from arrest. He continued to serve on staff duty until his resignation in 1863. Lieutenant Trimble succeeded him as regimental quartermaster and discharged the duties of that position most acceptably for nearly three years.

The rattle of drums at reveille next morning fell upon unwilling ears. With dismal groanings we obeyed the summons, and as we stirred about to "limber up" every joint in our bodies seemed to be out of gear. We began to wonder how many years we could stand that sort of thing. We were still but novices, and had yet to learn the wonderful power of human endurance. The orderlies had all the business they could attend to in getting the boys up in time for roll call. After breakfast many took still another inventory of their possessions and lightened their loads by throwing overboard articles which up to this time they had considered indispensable. Not a few cast away even their overcoats and surplus clothing, determined to trust to luck to supply themselves when they should be in need. After a moderate march of twelve miles we went into camp not far from Columbia.

April 1st we marched through this pretty but very rebellious



town. The people looked upon us with sour faces, while our bands tickled their ears with "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Red, White and Blue" and "John Brown's Body." By way of diversion one of the bands played "Dixie," whereat some of the butternut-clad people swung their hats and cheered as loudly as they dared. We bivouacked a short distance beyond Columbia, some repairs being necessary to the temporary bridge which had been thrown over Duck river by the advance of Buell's army.

So day after day we plodded on, and night after night we bivouacked, each mile bringing us nearer to our first experience of the bloody horrors of war. Two days after leaving Columbia we bade farewell to the hard, smooth pike which we had traveled since breaking camp at Nashville. Our route took us over rough and muddy country roads, that were particularly obnoxious to the mule-drivers. One day our course for ten miles lay along the summit of a range of low hills. Descending by a very rocky, precipitous road numerous accidents, more or less serious, befell the wagons. Several were overturned, and reached camp at a late hour, with their cargoes in a sadly demoralized condition.



JOSEPH H. WILLSEY,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

On the morning of April 4th a new officer appeared at the head of the Twentieth Brigade—General James A. Garfield. He was then thirty years of age. Entering the service as lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-second Ohio, he soon became its colonel. For his brilliantly successful campaign against the rebel forces under



Humphrey Marshall, in eastern Kentucky, he had been promoted to brigadier-general. His subsequent services gave abundant evidence that the star was most worthily bestowed. Having, by order, reported to General Buell for duty, he was assigned to the command of our brigade. The distinction he attained, in both military and civil life, made it an honor to have served under so gallant an officer. Colonel Harker—whose ability to command a brigade was not doubted, and was afterwards so gloriously shown—was a little disturbed at being superseded when just entering upon an active campaign with an excellent prospect of a battle, but he was too good a soldier to give utterance to his feelings. He returned to the Sixty-fifth, in command of which he continued until again placed at the head of the brigade, a few months later, General Garfield having been called to other duty. Garfield was an ideal officer. Brave, chivalrous, and soldierly, of commanding appearance, his very presence was, as he, himself, once said of Phil. Sheridan, "an inspiration." No general was ever more considerate of the comfort and well-being of his soldiers. Within a fortnight from the day he assumed command he possessed the confidence and esteem of every officer and soldier in the brigade.

At four o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 6th, the reveille aroused the soldiers of Wood's division to a day of unwonted excitement. For more than a week we had been marching daily and all were more or less stiffened and crippled. It was hard work—the hardest we had ever done in our lives. Could we that morning have foreseen the hardships and privations of the next three days our hearts would have sunk in utter despair. Garfield's brigade was to lead that day and there was no time to think of aching limbs. Scarcely had the sound of fife and drum and bugle died away till the soldiers were astir around the gleaming fires, and the air was filled with the hum of busy preparation for the day's march. In an hour breakfast was over, tents were struck and wagons loaded. Soon after daylight the column was in motion. We were at this time about thirty-five miles from Savannah. We jogged along at an easy pace for two or three hours, when our ears were startled by the distinct reverberations of distant artillery. There could be no mistaking the ominous sound.



Involuntarily every man straightened up and quickened his steps. We knew that the expected battle had begun.

Soon after noon a courier, riding in mad haste, his horse white with foam, dashed up and delivered dispatches to General Wood. Then, procuring a fresh horse, he galloped on to meet General Thomas, whose division was ten miles behind. It was not difficult to imagine the purport of the message General Wood had received. A halt was instantly ordered. Every man knew in a moment that there was business ahead. We were quickly directed to strip down to light marching order. Knapsacks, overcoats and even blankets were heaped by the roadside and left in charge of a guard of two men detailed from each company, to be loaded upon the wagons. Cartridge-boxes were examined and filled to the full complement of forty rounds. Each man was ordered to carry twenty additional rounds in his pocket. Haversacks were hastily crammed with three days' rations, and canteens were filled from a stream near by. It was a scene of wild turmoil and commotion. Half an hour was sufficient to accomplish all this. Then the "fall in" was sounded, the command "Forward! Quick time—March!" was given, and away we sped, followed only by the artillery, ammunition train, hospital wagons and ambulances.

All that Sunday afternoon we pushed on at a rapid pace with only brief halts for rest. The sound of cannonading continued, louder and clearer as we approached the scene of conflict. We talked bravely to each other, and tried to feel that way, as we moved along with hurrying feet. Faces wore a serious look, and the accustomed jest was rarely heard. There seemed at last to be a prospect that we would see what we had so long been looking for—a fight. We appeared to be chiefly distressed by the fear that it would be over before we could get there—at least, each man seemed anxious to impress his comrades with the idea that this was what ailed him. I doubt if the world has ever seen more heroic battalions than were ours—at that distance from the field.

Toward evening another courier was met who delivered orders from General Buell for the division to press on during the night, and spare no effort to reach the field at the earliest possible moment. We were told that a great battle had been raging since





early morning, that the issue was doubtful, and Grant's army was in the greatest need of reinforcements. Every man was inspired with the supreme duty of the hour. Disencumbered of our heaviest burdens we marched with comparative ease, and, stimulated by the excitement, had little thought of weariness.

About sundown we halted half an hour at a small stream called Indian creek, to refresh ourselves for the night march. Fires were lighted and each man prepared a liberal allowance of strong coffee, to fortify himself for what might be before him. As the twilight gathered we again fell in and moved rapidly on through the fast deepening shadows. Our route lay through a wild and desolate stretch of country—one of those regions so frequently met in the south, best described by the favorite expression "God-forsaken", the word being used without irreverence. The very rough road, full of ruts and stones and stumps, led up and down, over and around clay hills, covered by a stunted growth of trees, with here and there a piece of lowland heavily timbered. The darkness came on apace. The weather grew colder, and ere long, black clouds overspread the sky, entirely veiling the dim light of the stars that had twinkled feebly through the trees, barely enabling us to see our way. There was no moon, and if there had been it could not have pierced the dense masses of clouds that hung over us. But on and on we groped our way, through darkness so absolute that no one could see his nearest comrade.



HARRISON LAWRENCE,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



It was, perhaps, ten o'clock when our ears were saluted with the rumbling of thunder, betokening the storm that was at hand. After half an hour of preliminary skirmishing the elements burst upon us. It seemed as if they were trying to outdo the artillery of man that all the previous day had thundered upon the bloody field of Shiloh. Peal on peal shook the very earth. Flashes of lightning, blinding in their intensity, followed each other in quick succession, and the rain fell in torrents. Only once in years is such a storm experienced. The reservoirs of the skies seemed to have been filled to the brim, to be emptied upon us as we stumbled along during that fearful night: for through it all we kept on as best we could, toward the goal. The rain fell for three hours without a moment's cessation. The road was flooded. There were holes into which men sank to their knees in water and mud. The flashes of lightning disclosed to view for an instant a mass of struggling men, drenched and drenched again, floundering in the mire and falling over rocks and stumps which impeded the way. Such a scene cannot be adequately described, nor, indeed, scarcely imagined. Those who passed through that awful experience are not likely ever to forget it.

Before midnight the movement of artillery and vehicles of every kind was abandoned as wholly impracticable. The cannon wheels sank deep into the soft earth and were hopelessly bemired. At first, attempts were made to help them along by putting a score of men to tug at the wheels, but without avail. Many of the horses, terrified by the thunder and lightning, became unmanageable. It was at length ordered that the infantry should move on, leaving the artillery and wagons to follow by daylight. All the officers were compelled to dismount and trudge along with the boys, for riding was no less difficult than dangerous. Horses stumbled and fell, and in their demoralization could scarcely be controlled. Some of them broke away in their fright, dashed off in the darkness, and were never heard of more.

Two hours after midnight there came a lull, when the storm had spent its force. The rain resolved itself into a dismal drizzle, that continued till morning. Still on we pushed, splashing through the mud in the dense darkness, now not even relieved by the lightning. It was a long, a very long night. For hours we



watched eagerly for the daylight, which it seemed would never come. But at last the faint gray of dawn began to streak through the dripping and gloomy woods. Surely it never looked upon a more sloppy and disconsolate procession of mortals than the eight thousand men of Wood's division who all night had been slowly and painfully toiling on through that Tennessee wilderness. For twenty-four hours we had not thought of sleep. Our clothes, wet through and through, were besmeared with clay. As nearly as I can recall our state of mind that wretched morning—and my recollection is sufficiently vivid—we were considerably in doubt whether the Union was worth saving or not.

We had eaten nothing during the night, save an occasional nibble at a half soaked cracker or a bit of raw bacon. As soon as it was fairly light we halted for an hour's rest and refreshment. It was not easy to find anything that would burn, but by pulling down fences and a deserted shanty we succeeded in getting some fires started. Through some oversight no guards had been placed over them. The morning air was raw and chilly, and the shivering men, blue and benumbed, hovered around the fires with their little kettles for making coffee. The warmth soon began to exert its mellowing influence, and draughts of steaming coffee aided greatly in diffusing good cheer among the exhausted men that fringed the road on either side for a mile. As our spirits, which had been at a very low ebb, began to rise we even indulged in a few feeble jokes at each other's expense, upon our dilapidated appearance.

Of some incidents of this march Adjutant Chauncey Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, writes: "On the eighth day the halt was ordered two hours before dark, and directions were given to 'clean up'—to have the arms, which had been generally neglected for a week, put in order for inspection the next morning. Sunday demanded a clean showing of guns. When the order was read, grumbling was general; and it did seem like an unnecessary burden, in view of the exhausted condition of the men. It occurred to me, temporarily in command of Company E, to offer some plausible excuse. I recited the fact that they had the best arm in the service; that they had hitherto received the commendation of all inspecting officers for good care of their fighting im-



plements; that a soldier in battle with a useless gun would but invite death and defeat. I said that we were approaching the enemy, and they would need them very shortly. For this I was laughed at, for the scare was 'too thin.' I presume that not a man in Buell's army thought the enemy in force was within sixty miles of us.

"Very soon after daylight next morning, my apparently visionary observations took on a new feature, when all were startled by the sound of artillery, telling of the battle that was in progress. What a change in a brief space of time! No laughing, no swearing, no complaining now of gun cleaning! The solemnity of this day was not on account of its being the Sabbath. Men were canvassing in their own minds the fate of friends or relatives they knew to be in the engagement; or it may be the prospect of themselves soon taking part in the work of carnage.

"Passing along the ranks of my command, when the artillery discharges must have averaged more than a hundred a minute, I overheard one of the men ask another :

" 'How do you suppose the lieutenant knew last night there was going to be a fight so soon ?'

"His comrade replied: 'He didn't; it was all put on !'

"A third answered, 'I don't believe it; these officers know a heap more than they tell us.'

"Probably a dozen times during the day I was appealed to for more prophecy, but knowing that my own inspiration came from oracles as unreliable as their own, I could only tell them to wait for the morrow.

"The scenes along the route did not add to our cheerfulness. The inhabitants for miles on each side of the road had turned out en masse to see the long column pass. The battle then raging was as unexpected to them as to us. They had sons, brothers, husbands and fathers in the Confederate ranks. Anxiety, fear and sorrow were depicted on their faces. Many of the women were crying bitterly. Most of them were too much affected to express themselves in words. Groups were collected at every house. At one point where we halted, I observed a large number of old, gray-haired men and women. I inquired what brought so





many of this class together, and was told they came there to hold a prayer-meeting, but that they had to give it up, as everybody's thoughts were on the battle. One old patriarch could only say, 'God give the victory to the right!' That prayer was answered the next day; though I doubt if it was in accord with his hopes and wishes.

"I was considerably amused on passing a cross-road where quite a crowd was assembled, late in the afternoon. A tall, lank, sorrel-haired southern specimen was continually exhorting the passing soldiers to hurry up or they would be too late to share in the glorious victory which he knew was floating on every breeze. His reasoning was conclusive. His manner of speech indicated that he was a local auctioneer. He said Grant had with him three hundred thousand troops, by actual count. He, himself, had seen the boats that took them up from Fort Donelson. Now he had for two days seen Buell's men passing, and not a soul less than two hundred thousand of them were ahead of us. No effort was made to verify his figures."

## CHAPTER XII.

### ON THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

THE BATTLE RENEWED—UP AND AWAY TO SAVANNAH—A SCENE OF WILD EXCITEMENT—GHASTLY PICTURE OF WAR—UP THE RIVER BY STEAMBOAT—A HURRIED DEBARKATION—DOUBLE QUICK TO THE FRONT—WE ONLY SEE THE ENEMY'S HEELS—ANOTHER AWFUL NIGHT—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

OUR HALT was brief. While yet engaged in drinking our coffee there came to our ears through the murky air

"The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more."

Savannah was now only four or five miles away, while by a di-



rect line we were but a dozen miles from the field where the deadly strife was being renewed. Clear and distinct came the roar of cannon, and we could even hear the volleys of musketry. Moved by a common impulse, the soldiers hastily emptied their cups, seized their guns, and, scarcely waiting for the word of command, fell into line.

"Attention—battalion! Shoulder—arms! Right—face! Right shoulder shift—arms! Forward—march!" and off we went at quick time, through the mud, making all possible haste to reach the river. The rain was still falling at intervals, and we had neither blankets nor overcoats. We halted but once or twice, arriving at Savannah about 10 o'clock.

Here was a scene of the utmost confusion and excitement that it is possible to imagine. All through the night steamboats had been running to and from Pittsburg Landing, carrying up troops, artillery and ammunition for Buell's army, and returning with hundreds of wounded men from the first day's battle. All the buildings in the little straggling village had been taken possession of for hospital purposes. Here and there, on porches and in yards, lay the bodies of those who had died during the night. In almost every house surgeons were at work dressing wounds and amputating shattered limbs. As we marched down the main street toward the river we could hear on every side the groans of the suffering. To us all this was a revelation. We were looking upon the ghastliest picture of war.

The town was full of stragglers, who, in the demoralization of the previous day, had found their way hither. Officers and men on horseback were dashing about engaged in gathering up these fugitives and organizing them into companies—they were from scores of different regiments—for their return to the field. Staff officers and orderlies were hurrying to and fro, conveying orders for pushing troops and ammunition to the front. As I write, the scene of that dull April morning comes before me as clear as though it were but yesterday. So it will be with many who may read this sketch. Time cannot efface, nor scarcely dim, the impressions made by such events.

At the landing we stacked arms and were obliged to wait half an hour before taking passage for the field, ten miles up the



river, where the battle was raging. The steamer on which we were to go had arrived shortly before, filled with wounded, who were being carried on shore as fast as possible. There were scores with bleeding arms and legs, hobbling along as best they could, while others were borne upon stretchers to the various buildings and placed in the care of the surgeons. I remember a brave fellow, one of whose legs had been frightfully mangled from the knee downward, by a piece of shell. As he was carried past us he raised himself upon one elbow and exclaimed:

"They want ye there, boys! Hurry up, and when you get there just give the rascals h—l. That's what they gave me yesterday. We're going to lick 'em like blazes today."

The boys gave him a hearty cheer in recognition of his pluck, and as he was borne up the hill he waved his hand in response. Three or four corpses were carried ashore from the boat, the men having died during the short passage from the field. These scenes made us look rather sober, nor, I think, did our looks belie our feelings. Yet we chafed under the delay, and anxiously awaited the moment when we should reach the scene of conflict.

As soon as the wounded were removed from the boat we took arms and went on board. The decks were everywhere stained with blood. Our own artillery had not yet come up, but a battery which had been waiting was hastily run in upon the main deck, some two hundred boxes of ammunition were carried on board, and, casting off the lines, we steamed up the river. The boat was



THOMAS R. SMITH,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



crowded to its utmost capacity with men, horses, cannon and caissons. Every available foot of space was occupied. The roar of battle was incessant, becoming more and more distinct as we neared the field. Half way up we met a steamer coming down, filled with freshly wounded.

"How is it going?" shouted a dozen voices.

"It's bully today!" was the answer. "We're drivin' 'em all along the line. I reckon you'll have to hurry if you want to take a hand before the game is over!" And a mighty shout went up from our boat as we glided past. Many of the wounded waved their hats and shouted lustily in response.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when we tied up at Pittsburg Landing and the gang-plank was run out. General Garfield was the first man ashore, with Colonel Harker close at his heels. The troops hastily followed, clambering up the steep bank and forming in line at the top, in little more time than it takes to tell it. Everything about the landing was in utter chaos. There was a frantic throng, numbering thousands, of stragglers and wounded, on foot and on horseback; officers were dashing about giving their orders; and the troops just arrived were forming to move to the front. The wildest excitement prevailed. Before us stretched away for miles the battlefield of Shiloh. We learned by hasty inquiry that, reinforced by three divisions of Buell's army, the Union lines had gradually advanced since the renewal of the battle in the morning. The enemy had been steadily forced back, and it was believed he would soon be in full retreat.

A staff officer was in waiting to direct our movements, and we delayed not a moment after we were formed.

"Double-quick—March!"

Away we went over the field thickly strewn with the dead and dying. All the terrible scenes of the three succeeding years did not obliterate from my memory the picture of the first ghastly corpse I saw. It was that of a Union soldier who had been struck by a cannon ball, which carried away one leg and the lower part of his body. He lay where he fell, a short distance away being the mangled limb.

As we advanced, on the run, the dead lay about on every





side, the blue and the gray often closely intermingled, showing how desperately the ground had been fought over, as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Hundreds of stretcher bearers were carrying the wounded from the field, and ambulances were hurrying to and fro on their errands of mercy. We could not look upon these scenes then, nor can we think of them today, without a shudder.

As we neared the point of actual conflict the air was filled with smoke. Now and then we heard wild shouts and yells which we correctly judged to indicate the continued success of the Union forces. The roar of battle was abating. Our lines appeared to be constantly advancing. Men with bleeding wounds who were able to help themselves streamed past us to the rear.

"We've got 'em on the run, boys!" they shouted, "Go for 'em! Give 'em the best you've got in the shop!" their sufferings wholly lost in the all-pervading thought of victory.

More saddening were the sights that met our eyes upon the field, as we reached the ground that, within an hour, had been the scene of the last mighty grapple between the contending armies. The dead lay thickly about, and among them were the desperately wounded, screaming and moaning with pain, many of them near to death. Some of these even smiled feebly and uttered faint words of cheer as we passed.

The victorious shouts of the lines in front grew louder and louder, and then came a few terrific volleys of musketry. General Garfield spurred his horse and dashed ahead at a gallop, while we, already panting and well-nigh breathless, followed at our greatest speed. Soon we came in full view of the line of battle, and stray bullets from the enemy, away beyond, began to fall around us. A few of our brigade were struck by these spent missiles and received slight wounds, but none were killed.

General Garfield came dashing back and we halted a few moments to see that our muskets were in order, for they had been drenched by the rain the previous night. Hastily wiping out our pieces we obeyed the command "Load!" and then away we went again, on a double-quick, with arms at a right shoulder shift. But now our whole line was charging, with a prodigious cheer.



The rebels gave way at all points and fled in confusion. The battle was over, and the day was won.

"Well, boys, I guess it's your turn now!" said a good natured "butternut" who sat leaning against a stump, with a bullet in his leg, "We took all the tricks yesterday, but I reckon you Yanks hold too many bowers for us today. But we'll get even with you sometime."

We pressed on, joining in the pursuit for two or three miles, when we were recalled. We did some heavy shouting and yelling with the rest, for we felt that we had at least earned the right to do that. It was not our fault that we did not get a chance to use our muskets. No one will dispute the fact that we tried hard enough to get there in time. There was a feeling of genuine disappointment throughout the brigade that, after all our efforts, we had only reached the field in time to see the enemy's heels.

The lines were established for the night, our position being about two and a half miles from the river, at a point that had been fiercely fought over during the two days. We were considered "fresh" troops, because we had not been engaged in the battle, yet none have forgotten how utterly exhausted we were, after the fatigue of two days and a night of the hardest possible marching, without sleep. But we were in for a night of duty at the extreme front, only the cavalry outposts being in advance of us. The soldiers who had been fighting during Sunday and Monday were withdrawn to the rear and permitted to bivouac for such rest as they could get—for men can sleep even under such circumstances, and with such surroundings. We thought we had about as much need of rest as anybody, but the front must be guarded by sleepless eyes and we nerved ourselves for another awful night.

The wounded had nearly all been carried to the rear, but the ground about us was thickly strewn with the dead. Until morning we stood nearly the whole time in line of battle. Although an attack was not looked for, the fullest precautions were taken to guard against a possible dash by the enemy. But the rebels did not molest us. They had had enough for one day, and no one knew it as well as themselves. Two or three times during the night there was a sputtering fire on the outposts, which caused us to prick up our ears, but it amounted to nothing.



It was another long, long night, longer, if possible, than the preceding one, when we were stumbling through the storm and darkness. A cold rain fell continually. Every thread of our clothing was saturated, and we were chilled to the very marrow. Our teeth chattered, and every muscle quivered as with a Maumee ague. Blankets and overcoats—our own had been left back the previous day—were gathered from the field. They were stripped from the dead, who needed them no longer, to cover and warm the living. Three or four would stand together, or squat upon the muddy ground, throw a blanket soaked with water over their heads, and thus by close contact seek to infuse into each other a little warmth.

I have in mind a picture of General Garfield and Colonel Harker as I saw them that night. They sat together upon a log, shivering with the cold, with one dripping blanket covering their shoulders. They fared no better than the rest of us, and bore their discomforts bravely and without a murmur. Staff officers and orderlies stood around, all on the alert for any emergency that might arise. It was a night that put patience, patriotism, and physical endurance to the severest test.



BREWER SMITH,  
ADJUTANT AND CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH,  
AND BREVET MAJOR.

While all the men were directed to hold themselves in readiness for instant response, part of them at a time were permitted to find such comfort as they could, without standing at arms. Sometime during the night Captain Orlow Smith, of Company G, Sixty-fifth thought he would have a little rest, even if he had to lie



down in the mud. Sergeant "Zeke" Moores, of his company, had been fortunate enough to secure a blanket, and the captain essayed to find him and share it. He poked around in the darkness among the prostrate forms, living and dead, until he was sure he had found the man of whom he was in search. He gently lifted the blanket and crept under and was soon asleep. Two hours before daylight all were aroused to stand in line. Captain Smith tried in vain to awaken "Zeke," and was not a little surprised to find the sergeant in his place with the company. When the daylight permitted him to investigate the matter he found that he had been sleeping by the side of a dead rebel!

During the evening, when the men were looking about for blankets, I witnessed an incident that has always remained in my memory. At the foot of a large tree reclined a rebel soldier, mortally wounded. He was unconscious, and apparently at his last gasp. He was covered with a United States blanket, which some sympathetic friend or foe had thrown over him. Two soldiers in blue stood near, *waiting for him to die* to get his blanket.

"I wish he would die if he is going to!" said one of the shivering men.

They were not hard-hearted enough to take it while the poor man was alive, even though he had been an enemy. An hour later I passed that way again and the blanket was gone. I bent over the motionless form. The man was dead. These true tales sound strangely enough now. Possibly they may shock the sensitive feelings of some who have not been through these experiences. But such things, thousands of them, happened on the great battlefields of the war.

The last two hours of that terrible night we spent on the color-line, at parade rest, with pieces loaded and capped. Never was daylight more heartily welcomed than on that raw, dismal morning of the 8th of April. And yet our hearts ached as the dawn revealed to us anew the frightful picture of death and desolation upon that field of conflict, for we had not yet become hardened to such scenes. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, lay the silent forms of those who went down before the storm of battle. On every hand the trees were scarred by bullets, and rent by shot and shell, giving mute evidence of the fierceness of the struggle.





Near us was the body of a fine looking man in full officer's dress. On a slip of paper pinned to his coat was written "Chaplain Forty-third Illinois." His clothes were open at the breast, and a small hole, encircled with blue, told where the messenger of death had entered. He was doubtless killed at the first charge of the enemy. A few feet away was a rebel who had been instantly killed by a bullet through the head, while in the act of loading his musket. He lay upon his back, still holding, with the grasp of death, his gun in one hand and his ramrod in the other. Such scenes became very familiar to our eyes on the later battlefields of the Army of the Cumberland.

We seemed more dead than alive that morning. No fires had, of course, been allowed during the night on the line we occupied, and very few had slept at all. Stiff and sore, chilled through and wet to the skin for thirty-six hours, we were scarcely able to move hand or foot. Not far from our position was the camp of a portion of Grant's army, from which its occupants had been driven by the swift onslaught of the rebels on Sunday morning. In and around the tents were many dead, of both armies. Here we found a few camp-kettles, and details were sent some distance to the rear to make coffee. No water was to be had except such as had gathered in pools on the battlefield. But the coffee was made, and had its usual cheering and reviving effect.

It should be remarked, for the information of some who may not be familiar with the circumstances, that the engagement here fought is usually styled the battle of Shiloh, taking this name from a rude building for worship, the name of which was Shiloh church. Around this took place some of the severest fighting. The battle of Pittsburg Landing means the same thing, it being sometimes so called. The battle of Corinth was fought at that place in the early part of October of the same year, six months later, when General Rosecrans repulsed a desperate attack by the rebels under Van Dorn. We were at that time chasing Bragg in Kentucky.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## AN ESCAPADE AND A RECONNOISSANCE.

THE BRIGADE LEAPS INTO FAME—AN IDIOTIC FUSILLADE THAT AROUSES THE WHOLE ARMY—GENERALS AND COLONELS IN A FRENZY—WE HAVE A SHAM FIGHT, IF NOT A REAL ONE—OFF ON A RECONNOISSANCE—GARFIELD EXHORTS TO VALOR—NO CHANCE TO BE BRAVE THAT DAY—BACK TO THE REAR—REST AFTER SIXTY-EIGHT SLEEPLESS, TOILSOME HOURS.

**A**BOUT eight o'clock Tuesday morning, April 8th, we were drawn up in line and directed to put our muskets in order, many of them having been thoroughly wet during the night. We were ordered to "draw" the loads. A screw or "worm" to be attached to the end of the ramrod for this purpose, was a part of every soldier's "kit."

Then followed an exploit on the part of Garfield's brigade which had no parallel during our four years of service. A thoughtless soldier, instead of extracting the bullet from his gun as ordered, imagined that he knew a better way. So he put a fresh cap on the nipple, held his piece up and pulled the trigger, to see if it would "go off." It went! Several others immediately tried the same experiment, with like result. It quickly became contagious and ran along the whole line until a good part of each regiment was engaged. Many of the men, as they afterward de-



clared, actually believed we were attacked, and began loading and firing with might and main. Having "got left" in the battle the day before they now thought they had one on their own account, and for a little time they supposed it was the genuine article. It was a most idiotic thing to do, and nobody could give a reason for his part in the singular freak except that he did it because the rest did. Howbeit, for a few minutes the boys blazed away with great energy at an imaginary foe, the real enemy being miles away, splashing through mud and water in his haste to get to his intrenchments at Corinth.

A number of men from the brigade had gone some distance to the front, for one reason or another, before the firing started. As soon as the bullets began to whistle over their heads these came back at a tearing gait, in a decidedly panicky condition. Those who were loading and firing so zealously supposed that the fugitives were being driven in by the rebels and redoubled their efforts for the rapid distribution of lead.

In vain the officers tried to stop the senseless fusillade. Some of them were wrought up to a wild frenzy of excitement and indignation. They dared not go in front of the line, for the bullets were streaming out in every direction, as most of the men, on account of their physical condition, were somewhat shaky and indiscriminate in their aim—even upon the supposition that they were shooting at anything. The officers danced along in rear of the line, but in the noise and excitement half the men, who were yelling too, supposed they were only urging them to stand up to the rack and do their duty like men, and so they loaded and fired with undiminished ardor. It seemed odd that nobody was getting killed or wounded on our side, while in the woods in front of us the invisible foes were being slaughtered in heaps.

This was the only time we ever heard Colonel Harker swear, from the day he took command at Camp Buckingham till he fell at Kennesaw. At the first discharge he mounted his horse and dashed along the line, ordering the men to "cease firing," and as the racket increased he launched profane expletives at the top of his voice. He evidently felt, and it must be admitted most justly, that no ordinary language could do justice to the occasion. Colonel Ferguson was more successful than anybody else in mak-



ing himself heard. His penetrating voice sounded above the din as he endeavored to bring the men of the Sixty-fourth back to their senses, for they, like us of the Sixty-fifth, seemed to have gone clean daft. The affair lasted ten or fifteen minutes, before the officers were successful in checking the outbreak. The brigade at length realized that it was making a very big fool of itself, and rested from its labors. It should be said that there were many in each regiment who did not lose their heads. These took no part in the firing and did what they could to stop it, but more than half the men caught the contagion and fired from six to ten rounds each.

The immediate effect of the escapade upon the army in the rear may be imagined by the reader, if he was not there. Those who were present during that brilliant engagement do not need any effort of the imagination. No sooner was the firing fairly under way, and the boys were warming to their work, than far and near were heard the roll of drums and the piercing blast of bugles, calling the troops to arms. Judging from the noise we were making it was imagined that Beauregard's whole army had suddenly turned about, for the purpose of sweeping the Union forces into the Tennessee river. The unexpected alarm came near throwing the army into a panic. It is a fact that some of the soldiers in the rear were stampeded and sought the shelter of the gunboa's at the Landing.

Generals and staff officers came riding out at a mad gallop to see what it was all about. Soon whole brigades were moving to the front in line of battle to engage the foe. When the ridiculous truth was known, our regiments were the target for such a volley of profanity as the ear of man has seldom heard. General Wood was there, charging around on his black horse, and contributing his full share to the music. General Garfield's robust voice was also heard. He never used profane language, but on this occasion he seemed to enjoy hearing others who were proficient in the art of swearing. It may be doubted whether we ever received so much attention, before or afterward. Colonel Harker improved the occasion by giving us a brief but very forcible lecture on the subject, closing with the assurance that condign punishment would be meted out to any who should offend in that way again.





As a scare the performance was an unqualified success. Of course, under the circumstances, nobody was punished. An effort was made to find who fired the first shot, that an example might be made of him, but it was not successful. He was probably too much ashamed of his folly to make himself known, and it is likely that consideration for his personal welfare further led him to act the part of wisdom by holding his peace. In after years this masterly achievement was discussed and laughed over around many a camp fire. It was always agreed that if there was ever in the history of man one single emergency that justified the use of profanity, this was that particular case, and that the recording angel ought not to score it against Colonel Harker. The latter always good-humoredly insisted that the affair proved the pluck of his regiment. The boys thought they were fighting the whole rebel army, and not one of them broke to the rear.

Company C of the Sixty-fourth, Captain Robert C. Brown, did not share in the glory of this exploit. When the brigade started on that swift march to Savannah, that company was detailed to assist the ammunition train and did not rejoin the regiment for several days.

The excitement of this bloodless battle warmed us up to a point of comparative comfort. While we were talking it over, we were ordered to fall in and be ready to march immediately. General Wood was directed to make a reconnoissance with two brigades, of which ours was one. We went at a brisk gait five or



ANDREW HOWENSTINE,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



six miles to the front, where the skirmishers developed the presence of the enemy. It was presumed to be only a small force stationed for observation, and we were ordered to attack at once. After the sham contest of the morning we began to think we might get a taste of real fighting, after all. While the dispositions were being made General Garfield rode out in front of the brigade and made a stirring speech, urging every man to do his duty, and, if need be, meet death bravely.

But none of us had this to do that day. The effect of the speech, or something else, was such as to carry dismay to the hearts of the enemy, for when we went tearing through the thicket, behind which they were supposed to be posted, they had departed. A little to our right they showed some disposition to fight. There was a brisk skirmish in which a number were killed or wounded on each side. It lasted but a few minutes and the rebels fled in confusion. We remained for some hours in the vicinity, and then slowly wended our way back to camp, re-entering our lines late in the evening. The expedition proved to be a wild goose chase, but it sufficed to completely "use up" what little there was left of our physical vigor.

Then came the glad tidings that we were relieved from duty and were going to the rear to bivouac for the night. We marched back to within a mile of the river where we stacked arms, threw off accouterments which we had carried continuously for three days and two nights—built fires, made coffee, toasted bacon, a fresh supply of which was issued to us, and ate our suppers with keen relish. This over, we cast about for sleeping arrangements. It was midnight of Tuesday, and since four o'clock Sunday morning, sixty-eight hours, most of us had not even so much as closed our eyes. To say that we were tired but feebly express our condition. No longer sustained by the excitement that during all this time had kept us up to a high tension, a state of utter exhaustion followed that no words can portray. Very fortunate were the few who had picked up blankets or overcoats on the battlefield. Only a small portion of the men were thus provided, the majority having no protection but the sodden clothes they had on, which had for two days and nights been soaked with water. Many sank upon the muddy ground and were soon lost



in sleep. During the night the pitiless rain beat down upon us again; but through it all we slept soundly, until aroused half an hour before daylight to stand in line of battle.

While returning from our reconnoissance on Tuesday we saw that the work of interring the three thousand dead had already begun. This was, in fact, a necessity for sanitary reasons, not less than a duty under the dictates of humanity. In the humid air decomposition was rapidly doing its work. The field of carnage was miles in extent, and from every part of it arose foul odors that were scarcely less dangerous to the living than the bullets of the enemy. The carcasses of hundreds of horses lay scattered about, filling the air with their noxious and deadly exhalations. Some of these were buried, while others were destroyed by burning, with great heaps of wood which were piled upon and around them.

The bodies of the slain were gathered at convenient points and buried in long trenches. Side by side they were laid, generally wrapped in blankets, and tenderly covered with the earth upon which they had so bravely fought and yielded up their lives. In each case where identification was possible a board was placed at the head, on which was rudely inscribed the name and regiment. The rebel dead were buried in separate trenches. Very few of these could be identified in any way. During the whole of Tuesday and Wednesday the burial parties were engaged in their mournful task, scouring the field beyond the actual fighting ground. Many of the mortally wounded had crawled away into the woods and thickets where their bodies were discovered. Indeed, for weeks decayed remains were occasionally found, as the army gradually advanced toward Corinth.

The wounded were sent away upon steamboats as rapidly as possible. Thousands of them filled the hospitals at St. Louis, Cairo, Cincinnati, and other points. From all the northern states represented in the armies of Grant and Buell, came volunteer surgeons, nurses and Good Samaritans of every sort, to render such service as they might in ministering to the sufferers. At various points were the field hospitals, filled with men whose limbs had been amputated, or who were otherwise desperately wounded, and who could not yet be moved. At these hospitals deaths were



frequent, and for many days after the battle funeral dirges were often heard as the bodies of those who had vainly struggled with death were borne to the places of burial. Hundreds of the enemy's wounded who were unable to follow the retreating army, fell into our hands. They received no less care and attention than our own. A brave man stricken in battle ceases for the time to be a foe. A considerable number of Confederate surgeons remained in the field hospitals of that army, to assist in caring for their sufferers. The number wounded in the action on both sides fell little below fifteen thousand.

Wednesday found us in a badly used up condition, after the excessive hardship and exposure of the previous three days. By order of General Wood, commanding the division, a generous ration of whisky was issued to each officer and man. This was done not more than six or eight times during our entire four years of service, upon occasions similar to this, when the men had suffered from extraordinary exposure and had been pushed to the limit of human endurance. Many very excellent people will no doubt say that this was all wrong. I shall not argue the question but simply state the fact. There were few that wretched morning at Shiloh who did not drink their rations of "fire water." The few traded theirs for coffee to some of their comrades who were only too glad to get a double quantity. The ration was one gill per man.

It was not a matter of wonder that many gave way entirely under the strain, and that our hospital accommodations were soon taxed to the utmost. During the month of April death made sad havoc in our ranks. It is probable that as many of our brigade died from the effects of those terrible days and nights as would have fallen had we faced the leaden storm during the two days of battle at Shiloh.





## CHAPTER XIV.

## CREEPING TOWARD CORINTH.

A "SIEGE" AT LONG RANGE—CAMPING IN A SEA OF MUD—RATIONS OF "COMMISSARY"—LUGGING SUPPLIES FROM THE LANDING—SICKNESS MAKES MUCH BUSINESS FOR THE DOCTORS—BLUE-MASS AND QUININE—REVOLTING SCENES ON THE BATTLEFIELD—AN ORDER TO PROMOTE EARLY RISING—PICK AND SHOVEL—ADJUTANT WOODRUFF TELLS SOME STORIES.

WHEN General Buell reached Pittsburg Landing, near the close of the first day's fight, matters looked very blue for the Union army. He asked General Grant if he had made provisions for a retreat in case the battle went against him on the following day. Grant replied that he had not even thought of that; he had come there to stay and had no intention of changing his purpose. He did stay, and we all stayed with him, for two months, April and May, engaged in what may be facetiously called the "Siege of Corinth." Most of the time it was at rather long range for a siege. Preparations were made on an enormous scale for the advance upon Beauregard, who had succeeded to the command of the rebel army upon the death of General Johnston during the battle. There was a gathering of forces on both sides. It was known that Beauregard was receiving reinforcements from every quarter, and no effort was spared to swell the Union army. General Pope, who had



been operating around Island Number Ten brought up twenty-five thousand men. All the troops that could be spared from any point in the western departments were hurried to join the forces before Corinth. By the latter part of April General Halleck, who had assumed personal command, had more than a hundred thousand men in the lines which were gradually being advanced toward the town. This vast force was organized as Right Wing, Center, Left Wing and Reserve. We were in the Center, which was composed of the divisions of McCook, Nelson, Wood and Crittenden, and commanded by General Buell.

For weeks a much greater battle than Shiloh seemed hourly imminent. Our part in the two months siege will be told in this and the succeeding chapters. There were in reality few startling events, the days and weeks dragging tediously along, in the monotony of drilling and picket duty.

Our wagons, which had been left back, with knapsacks, blankets and overcoats, when we started on our Sunday night scamper for Savannah, did not reach us for more than a week. During that time we just lay around in the mud, enduring all manner of physical discomforts. During and after the battle a very large amount of rain had fallen. The ceaseless tread of thousands upon thousands of men and animals had converted the soft earth into mud, almost equal in quality to that at Hall's Gap. For miles the field was little else than a vast quagmire. The wagon roads were simply tortuous channels of mud, in



THOMAS L. THOMPSON,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

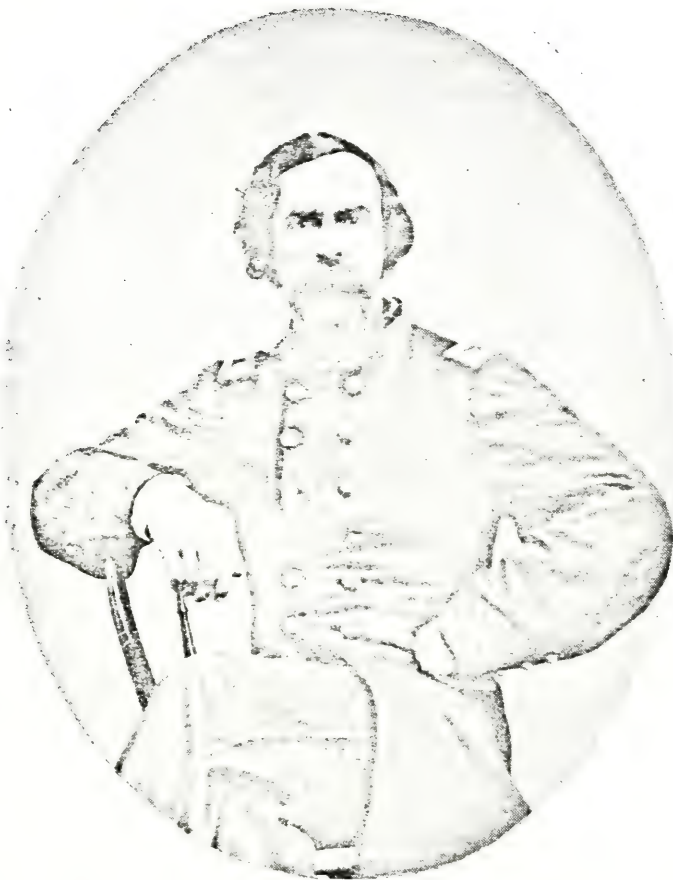


which the wheels sank to their hubs. Camping on such a spot was bad enough under the most favorable conditions. While waiting for our wagons we were wholly without shelter, except such as was afforded by rude huts made of poles and the boughs of trees. These were little protection against the showers which continued to visit us with the most preposterous frequency. We had no change of clothing, and actually did not get dry for ten days. It is a wonder that we were not required to tramp around in the mud three or four hours a day, in the invigorating exercise of company and battalion drill, but this was saved up for us until the weather got real hot.

Two or three times during these days rations of whisky, or "commissary" as it became more familiarly known, were issued to all hands, from colonel to cook. The opinion quite generally prevailed that at such times a judicious use of stimulating beverages was a good thing. It is almost needless to say that this idea was enthusiastically shared by the great majority of the soldiers. The ration was not large enough to produce very hilarious results. Nobody got drunk except here and there one who contrived to get an extra supply. Some secured double doses by negotiating for the rations of the few who did not drink. There were men in every regiment whose canteens were seldom empty of whisky. How they managed to get it was one of those things nobody could find out. But they got it, at all times and places, even under the most adverse conditions, with an ingenuity in devising ways and means that challenged admiration. If there be any virtue in whisky, as an elixir to alleviate human suffering, it is not often more needed than it was during our first ten days at Shiloh.

The lines of the army had been by this time fully established. Our first position was about three miles from Pittsburg Landing, and a short distance to the eastward of the direct road to Corinth. Each company had its regular "trick" of picket duty, but this was decidedly more comfortable than sloshing around in the mud that was everywhere within the lines. One of our periodical diversions was to trudge to the Landing after rations. All the roads leading from the river to the numerous camps were absolutely impassable for teams. The goaded mules, floundering in





ORLOW SMITH,  
MAJOR SIXTY-FIFTH, AND  
BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL.





the mire; could scarcely pull an empty wagon, while to move a loaded one was not to be thought of. April 13th five companies were detailed from each regiment to "tote" three days' rations out to our bivouac. We made a grotesque procession, as we plodded along through the mud with our burdens. Here were two men with a box of hardtack which they carried by turns upon their shoulders, or suspended from a pole with a piece of rope. Yonder were two more, staggering and stumbling along with a load of bacon. Others carried sacks of coffee or sugar. These four articles were our staples; beans and rice came in handy for a change now and then. But nothing could supply a lack of the former; when we had plenty of them in our haversacks we were thankful and content.

The three miles tramp was a most wearisome one. Frequently a man would get hopelessly stuck in the mire, from which he could only extricate himself by calling assistance to relieve him of his burden. We reached camp about dark, tired and covered with mud. Those who had remained were anxiously awaiting our arrival, for their stomachs were as empty as our own, and "the cupboard" was as "bare" as that of Mother Hubbard in the nursery rhyme. The rations were issued at once, and in a few minutes coffee was boiling and bacon "sizzling." We were glad enough to get rations even at the cost of so much fatigue, but we still had a preference for mules and wagons as a means of transportation.

On the evening of April 16th our eyes were gladdened by the sight of our wagons, and our ears by the familiar yells of the mule drivers. For eleven days we had been without tents, overcoats or blankets, exposed to storm and sun, and not having in that time changed a single article of our clothing. Our baggage was in bad condition. A considerable portion of it had been lost or stolen, and what remained was damp and mouldy. But by this time we had learned to make the best of everything. We pitched tents, unpacked our "traps," and felt that at last we had a home again, such as it was. It was certainly "humble" enough.

The weather began to improve and the mud to dry up. There was a corresponding improvement in our health and spirits. The daily sick-call was, however, still a regular matinee, attended



by large numbers who went for their doses of quinine and blue-mass. These articles were the "stand-bys" of the doctors. In fact there did not seem to be much else in the regimental pharmacy. It didn't seem to make any difference what ailed the men—the doctors just filled them up with blue-mass or quinine, or both. If there was irksome fatigue duty in prospect, the men had a way of putting on doleful faces, wabbling up to the doctor's "shebang" at sick call, receiving rations of medicine and getting excused from duty for the day. Then they would go back to their tents, throw the medicine into the fire, and spend the day in playing seven-up. This worked nicely for a time, but when the doctors "caught on" they would prescribe doses of castor-oil or ipecac and compel the groaning invalids to swallow them then and there. This proved something of a dampener on the "playing off" scheme. Since we left Savannah more than a hundred men from each regiment had been sent to hospital. Many of them, whose condition was such as to unfit them for duty for days or weeks, had been sent north by steamboats. Of these, scores died, others were discharged, and but few ever rejoined their regiments.

On April 18th there was a general advance of the Union lines. We struck tents and moved some three miles to the front. As we might have expected, it rained all day and we had another thorough soaking—but we were getting used to that. The air was raw and chilly and the day and night were most dismal and uncomfortable. The pleasant weather of the week previous was followed by three or four days of wetness, with an amount of rain that seemed to us wholly unnecessary. Our camp was badly located. There was no spring within reach, and our only water supply was a small, sluggish stream that crept lazily over the battlefield, and pools made by the rain. The water of both was villainous. The ground everywhere was covered with the foul debris of great armies, and the earth was poisoned by the decaying bodies of thousands of men and animals. Most of the country between the river and Corinth is flat and marshy, affording little water suitable for use. It is probable that impure water was the chief cause of the sickness that prevailed among the troops there. After a brief experience with it we rarely



used it for drinking purposes, except when made into coffee.

The day after we moved camp, Garfield's brigade was ordered out, with two days' rations, to take a turn of duty at an advanced post, which it was desired to hold in force. Leaving the sick in camp, we took only our arms, haversacks and blankets. We started about nine o'clock and moved rapidly two and a half miles toward Corinth. Here we halted, threw out a line of sentinels, and sat down to await developments. Every man was required to keep his accouterments on and remain within instant reach of the stacked arms. But the only thing that developed was another preposterous rain storm, which began soon after noon and continued without cessation through the whole night. Without shelter, our clothing and blankets became saturated and sleep or comfort was impossible. We could only huddle together under the dripping trees and sit, shivering and benumbed, watching for the dawn. No fires were allowed till daylight. As soon as morning broke we succeeded, after much tribulation, in getting fires started, for there were no fences or old buildings at hand, and it was not easy to find anything combustible.

Shortly after daylight the tinkling of a cow-bell was heard a short distance in our front. There was a current tradition that this means had more than once been used to decoy soldiers into an ambush. There were men, however, who would run almost any risk for the sake of getting a little milk to flavor a flagon of coffee. So an armed reconnoissance of a dozen men was sent out



CHRISTIAN M. GOWING,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



to investigate. They returned after a short absence and reported that there was no fraud about that cow-bell. A couple of canteens full of milk proved the truth of the assertion. We remained quietly at our post, without shooting or being shot at, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we were relieved by a brigade of Thomas's division, and returned to camp.

In moving about over the field, days and weeks after the battle, revolting scenes were witnessed. Many of the rebel dead were placed in very shallow graves. Indeed, some of them could hardly be said to have been buried at all. It seemed as if only a few shovelfuls of earth had been thrown over them as they lay upon the ground. The beating rains washed many of them partially bare, and it was by no means an uncommon thing to see a ghastly head or limb protruding from the mire. In many instances the unmarked graves had become indistinguishable and wagons had passed repeatedly over them, sinking deep in the soft earth, crushing and mangling the corpses in a shocking manner. Few men can ever become so steeled as to look upon such things without a shudder.

About this time an order was issued requiring all the troops to stand in line of battle every morning, from half past three o'clock until the day had fully dawned. This cheerful morning exercise was continued for five or six weeks, until the "siege" was over. It caused a vast amount of grumbling, but the boys turned out at the call of the orderly, just the same. It was either a determined attempt to force us into habits of very early rising, or a precaution against a recurrence of the scenes of that Sunday morning at Shiloh, when some of the regiments were aroused from their slumbers by the sweep of the rebel line through their camps. It is certain that at no time after the 20th of April would the army have been caught napping. But Beauregard did not repeat the attack of the 6th, and the only advantage we derived from this order was the practice which seemed likely to fully confirm us in the habit of getting up early.

On April 22d we moved our camp a short distance, to higher ground. It is worthy of note that for some reason it forgot to rain. For a long time it had appeared that we always moved because it rained, or it rained because we moved. We were not





quite clear which was the cause and which the effect, but it was none the less true that the two events rarely failed to connect. We occupied our new camp but a few days, for on the 29th we pulled up stakes again and hitched along nearly five miles toward Corinth. At this time there was a general advance of our wing of the army and a complete readjustment of the lines. Our march was through a most desolate section of country and over execrable roads. It rained again during the entire movement. Just before going into camp in our new position we emerged into a pretty spot, fertile and cultivated. As we halted the band played:

"Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness,"

the boys cheering heartily in response. When we left our old camp a large number of sick from the two regiments and the Sixth Battery—which had joined us a few days before—were sent to hospital, still further reducing our already much depleted ranks.

The siege of Corinth afforded but meager opportunity for foraging. There were altogether too many men in that neighborhood for the very limited product of the country. There were not nearly enough pigs and chickens to go round. In fact, the rebels had evidently eaten up pretty much everything there was. But our company struck it rich on the last day of April. We were on picket. For some unknown reason our meat rations had been short for several days. When three or four fine hogs deliberately approached our post that afternoon, what did we do? What would General Wood or General Buell have done had either or both of them been in our places? We could not, of course, discharge our pieces, but bayonets had been thoughtfully provided for such occasions. We flanked and surrounded those pigs and bayoneted two of them. They supplied the company with meat for three or four days. A section was quietly sent to regimental headquarters, for Colonel Harker's mess. His cook privately informed the boys that the colonel never asked where the fresh pork came from, but said it was excellent. His verdict fully justified our own.

As we drew closer to Corinth the probability of a general engagement increased daily. There were occasional collisions, when heavy firing broke out at the points of contact, and almost in a moment the whole army would be in line ready for action. Hitherto the spade had been considered an ignoble weapon. The



want of intrenchments had been sorely felt at Shiloh. A new policy was adopted in this respect, and miles of works were built. At first our men did not take kindly to the shovel, but it was observed that all those who had faced that rebel cyclone on Sunday morning at Pittsburg Landing, unprotected, dug and chopped with alacrity and enthusiasm. They had learned by bitter experience the value of such defences. So it was that after the soldiers of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had been promiscuously shot at a few times, they, too, began to scratch gravel on every occasion, with great ardor. If they couldn't get shovels they would make use of bayonets, sticks, and even their hands in digging rifle pits. It was always a wise thing to do, and not in the least inconsistent with the highest development of personal courage. We had to do our share of the digging before Corinth. During the latter part of the siege an almost unbroken line of intrenchments extended for a distance of eight or ten miles. The rebels had no delicacy about throwing up heaps of logs and earth to get behind. We found after the evacuation that their lines of rifle-pits were fully equal to our own. The battle of Shiloh promoted the shovel from a menial implement of toil to an honorable and indispensable weapon of warfare.

Adjutant Chauncey Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, relates this good story: "A few days after the battle of Shiloh I was placed on the picket line, about three miles to the front of that famous battlefield. The day was cold and stormy and there was an utter absence of anything to awaken interest, save the wit and stories indulged in by a few whose spirits were never dampened by the weather. A member of the Fifty-first Indiana was one of this kind. I heard him relate his experience to a much older member of his regiment whom he called 'Jim.'

" 'Jim' said he, 'do you know that I was the meanest boy ever raised in Indiana?'

" 'Why, no,' said Jim, 'how is that?'

" 'Waal,' said he, 'I'll tell you how it was. My father was a Presbyterian minister, and my mother—if there ever was a Christian she was one. When I was twelve years old my father died and left us poor. I went around town picking up small jobs to help a little. One cold, wet day, just like this, when I started out



I told my mother I wished she would make some nice warm biscuit for dinner. She could make good biscuit, too. She replied that she would. I tramped all over town and didn't strike a job, and went home cross and crabbed. There, sure enough, on the table was a nice plate of biscuit. The table stood near the window. I sat down, took one and bit a mouthful out of it. There was a piece of soda in it which made my mouth smart, and I threw the biscuit out of the window. I looked at mother, but she never said a word, and that made me still madder. I just took the plate and threw the whole lot out upon the ground. Jim, what do you think she done?"

"'I think,' said Jim, 'she ought to have throwed you out, too.'

"'Waal, all she said was, 'William, I hope the time will come when you will be glad to eat such bread as that.' Taking from his haversack a section of the hardest kind of hardtack, he exclaimed in a solemn tone, as he held it out :

"'Jim, that mother's prayer has been answered!'"

Here is another that Woodruff tells, on himself: "While the regiment was enjoying a temporary rest behind its first constructed breastworks, a few miles from Corinth, our attention was attracted by rapid artillery firing some distance to the left, which continued only for a short time. This noisy spurt occasioned considerable anxiety to ascertain what occasioned it. Being a little ambitious to develop the mystery upon my own responsibility, I undertook a pilgrimage for a mile along the line of breastworks.



JOHN KANEL,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



Coming to a battery that showed evidence of having been recently used, I halted and interviewed a sergeant, the only person in sight: I asked him if his guns had done the firing we had heard. He replied that they had fired a few shots: I inquired of him what they were shooting at. He answered by asking me what in sheol I *supposed* they were shooting at! I told him artillery was sometimes used against the enemy, sometimes for practice, and probably sometimes without any definite object. His lip curled up, and without making any reply he left, but shortly returned in company with a corporal who carried his bayonet on the end of his musket, and who was kind enough to inform me that the officer at headquarters would like to see me.

"The headquarters were about twenty rods to the rear around a small fire, where the officer, a lieutenant-colonel of a Kentucky regiment, and a half dozen others, were trying to adjust the temperature of their extremities to their comfort. My prospect of reporting discoveries that day to the Sixty-fourth was not inspiring. I tried, however, to maintain a cheerful attitude by inquiring of the colonel if I could do anything for him. He asked me if I had a pass; as I had none, I told him where I belonged, and that it was curiosity only that prompted me to that visit. He appeared to discredit my statements and tried to entangle me by cross questions, such as: 'Whose division is your regiment in?' 'Wood's.' 'Whose division is on your right?' 'Sherman's,' 'Who raised your regiment?' 'John Sherman.' Thinking he had cornered me, he exultingly inquired if I undertook to say that General Sherman didn't command his own regiment. I replied that there was not a private in our regiment who did not know that John Sherman was not General Sherman. Seeing his own mistake, he tried to be a little more personal, by asking what business I had so far from my own quarters. Looking at the sergeant who had caused my arrest, I replied that I had sometimes been taken for a fool, but never before for a spy; that I had been seeking information to impart to my friends, and I would be glad to include him with the rest. He said I need not be at the trouble of coming so far to do it, and told me that I was at liberty to report my observations to my own regiment at once. Thanking him for his courtesy, I told him that the next time that battery





made so much noise I hoped they would have something to show for it."

The adjutant, who is full of reminiscences, also relates this incident: "General Garfield one evening ordered a detail of a lieutenant and ten men of the Sixty-fourth, to report to his headquarters at sunrise the next morning, for instruction relative to some duty on the picket line. The detail was there on time and found the general in bed, sleeping soundly, and his servant out getting breakfast. While waiting, some of the boys discovered a healthy female 'possum in a ravine a few yards away and one of them brought it in front of the general's quarters. She had a full litter of young, clinging to her like links in a chain. The captor held up the entire family as our commander emerged from his tent. The general began giving his instructions, when his eyes caught sight of this novel equipment. Apparently with the deepest interest, he stood for ten minutes in his night clothes, discussing the Divine wisdom in the adaptation of animal life to its condition, stating that the kangaroo and opossum were the only species of animals having a safe or pouch provided to store for a season their helpless offspring. Being reminded that we were awaiting orders, he apologized for his unmilitary talk and appearance, and closed the interview by telling us in a few words what to do."

One more incident of the field of Shiloh is also from Woodruff's pen. It illustrates one of the sad features of war—the unknown dead: "Some days after the battle a part of the Sixty-fourth was on the picket-line, where a victim of that memorable engagement had been left to die under a hastily constructed booth of bushes. Decomposition was far advanced, and we were compelled to remove or bury the body to protect ourselves, as the weather was hot, and the ground in that locality was saturated with water. Sending back to camp we got two shovels and dug a grave as deep as the water which rushed in from all sides would permit, and covered the remains from sight. The body was dressed in the regulation butternut, except the under clothes, which were of the finest cashmere. The boots were of the most stylish pattern, fit for a dancing party. The pockets were empty, having been turned out, and the only clue to the man's name or



history was the letters "J. B." cut on his gun-stock and cartridge-box. We called him "James Buchanan," and hunting up a board from a crackerbox, cut the initials on it and set it up for a head stone. Evidently he came from a family of refinement and luxury. He was quite small in stature and young in years, and probably had relatives who were deeply anxious then, and may be yet, to know how and when he died and where lies his dust."

## CHAPTER XV.

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### THE SIEGE CONTINUED.

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DRILLING 'NEATH A BLAZING SUN—CAPTURING UNSEEN BATTERIES—  
PRODIGIOUS FEATS OF VALOR—CAPTAIN ORLOW SMITH'S WIG—  
PAID OFF AGAIN—"THE ACCEPTED TIME" FOR THE SUTLERS—  
ADVANCING THE LINES—SOME EXCITING DAYS—OUR FIRST WOUND-  
ED—LAST NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES.

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THE Union army was generally well supplied with food, clothing, and everything needful. No effort was spared to bring it up to the highest point of efficiency. Frequent and careful inspection by company, regimental and brigade officers required the men to keep their arms, clothing and accouterments in good condition. Toward the end of April, when the sun began to beat down his merciless rays, daily drills were prescribed for all the troops, when not engaged in picket or other duty. Each day there was company and battalion drill, with an occasional brigade drill thrown in as something majestic.

Colonel Harker seemed to be deeply impressed with the be-



lief that in the economy of Providence the members of the Sixty-fifth were created for the especial purpose of capturing forts and batteries situated on the summits of hills. Believing that a glorious future was before us in this particular line of warfare, he felt that all we needed was a little practice. Fortunately there were two or three hills in a piece of open woods near our camp which made all the conditions perfect. Usually choosing the hottest days for these exploits, he would march the regiment out, divide it by wings, give the command, "Take a battery!" and then, with a look of joyful pride in his flashing eye, watch the result. Dashing off at double quick, with a wild shout of enthusiasm, we would charge madly through the brush and up the hill, the wings meeting at the top, covered with glory and perspiration. We never failed to get the battery. Everybody displayed the greatest bravery, rushing forward with prodigious yells, wholly indifferent to the grape and canister that those imaginary guns were supposed to be pouring into us by bucketfuls. Then Colo-



JOHN BODY,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

nel Harker would tell us how well we had done it, and we would sit down on the scene of our valor to rest and pant and wipe our streaming faces. Day after day we charged these invisible batteries; now and then, for a change, sweeping over an imperceptible line of rifle-pits, routing the enemy with awful slaughter, while the officers brandished on high their reeking swords and waded around through seas of imaginary gore. Like the



schoolboys in the rhyme who charged upon the flock of geese :

"We routed 'em, we scouted 'em,  
Nor lost a single man !"

Had the rebels heard of our exploits it would be little wonder that they evacuated Corinth.

Captain Orlow Smith, of Company G, Sixty-fifth, is occasionally mentioned in these pages. This is because he unconsciously furnished us so much amusement. He had a fine head of hair, swelling into a beautiful roll at the bottom, of which he was very proud. One day while we were "taking a battery," charging like mad through a dense thicket of brambles, Captain Smith's hat flew off and a brier snatched from his head—a wig ! It landed on the ground several yards away. His head was as bare and smooth as a door-knob, and glistened in the sun like the gilded ball on Drum-major Critchfield's staff. There wasn't a sign of hair except a little *cheval-de-frise* around the back of his neck. How the boys screamed with delight as they saw him scratching to recover his wig ! I doubt if a man in the regiment knew before that he wore one. We all supposed that his beautiful hair grew there.

With our gradual approach to the enemy's lines, matters looked more and more serious. There were frequent alarms by day and by night. Each of these was the signal for the immediate "fall in" of a hundred thousand men. Indeed, it may be presumed that our neighbors on the other side were similarly affected by these spasmodic fusillades. With two great armies lying so near to each other, a general action was liable to be brought on at any moment. On May 1st the Union army was ordered to have three days' cooked rations constantly in haversacks, and to keep everything in readiness for sudden and rapid movements. This certainly had an appearance of business, and we lived in hourly expectation of a mighty conflict.

May 2nd was pay-day. The visit of the paymaster was always an interesting and important event. Major Lowrey and his packages of crisp new greenbacks were received with great enthusiasm. For some time the boys had been short of money, most of them entirely out, in fact, and the various sinful games by which money is transferred from the pocket of one to that of





some other fellow, had languished. Now they were all in full blast again. Wherever two or three were gathered together were heard eager discussions concerning "pairs," and "flushes" and "jack-pots"; and out under the trees, day after day, were scores of "lay-outs" for the seductive but exceedingly uncertain games of "chuck-a-luck" and "Honest John." Great activity in this branch of industry always followed in the wake of the paymaster. You could always tell when a regiment had been recently paid.

Most of the money that was not disposed of in this way went to the sutlers. Drennan and Horner, the "skinner"—as the boys affectionately called them—of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth, always came up smiling at the paymaster's tent, to collect the amounts due them for "checks" issued to the boys during seasons of financial famine. As soon as they received their pay the soldiers rushed to the big tents of the sutlers and laid in a stock of canned fruit, pickles, cheese, sardines, etc., at prices which took away one's breath as well as his cash. For a few days they abandoned themselves to riotous living. The money didn't last long and when it was gone they would settle down, go to buying checks again "on tick" and wait for the next pay-day. The sutlers had to look out for themselves. When there was danger ahead they hugged the rear, but when it was over they would gear up their mules, drive to the front, and open up their seductive stock. Now and then an outfit would be captured and looted by the "Johnnies," who reveled in the spoil. Then the sutler would get a fresh load, put up the prices, and thus recoup his loss.

On May 3rd there was another general advance. Reveille sounded at three o'clock and we were ordered to be ready to move at daylight. We marched four miles and encamped in a beautiful sassafras grove. It was the most pleasant camp we had seen for many a day. Soon after noon there was heavy firing on the left which called us into line for an hour. On account of the bad condition of the roads our wagons did not reach us till dark. As usual it rained all the afternoon, and we were thoroughly drenched.

A somewhat singular order was promulgated at this time, to





AARON P. BALDWIN.  
CAPTAIN, SIXTH-BATTERY.



the effect that until further notice no mail matter would be permitted to leave the army. We were quite at a loss to understand the object of such an order, but it was strictly enforced for two weeks.

May 6th our brigade was ordered two miles to the front to repair a road, probably on account of the experience we had had in such work at Hall's Gap. We left our camp standing, in charge of a few invalids, taking with us arms, implements, blankets and haversacks. The road was an old corduroy, in a sadly demoralized condition, requiring much labor to make it passable for artillery and wagons. Muskets were loaded and stacked near by, and pickets were carefully posted to give warning should anybody come that way with a design to molest us. Then we fell to with axes and shovels, wearing our accouterments that we might be ready to spring to our arms at a moment's notice. We toiled diligently till nearly night without an alarm. Once a picket shot caused a sudden dropping of tools and seizing of arms, but it proved to be only a scare. We did not return to our camp as we expected, but fell back half a mile, posted a strong picket and bivouacked for the night.

A notable incident next morning was the slaughter of a dozen hogs which made their appearance near our bivouac. It was strange enough that they had thus far escaped the ravage of war. Probably their continued existence was due to the fact that they were midway between the two armies. But now their time had come. Not less than two hundred men instantly surrounded them. No attempt was made to check the onslaught, and they were bayoneted, to the last pig.

We did not resume our work on the road, but were ordered to police a camping ground where we were, being informed that the wagons would soon bring up our tents and baggage. The day was excessively warm, but after we had worked and perspired for a couple of hours it was discovered that we were too far to the front. We marched back a mile and did our work all over again.

Two days later we were thrown into excitement by the sound of heavy artillery and musketry firing at Farmington, a few miles east of Corinth. It sounded more like a battle than any-



thing we had heard since Shiloh. It proved to be a severe engagement between one of General Pope's divisions and a strong column of the enemy.

At dress-parade that evening orders were read announcing the capture of New Orleans by Admiral Farragut, which threw the whole army into a paroxysm of cheering. It was also stated that McClellan was making good headway toward Richmond and the speedy capture of the Confederate capital was confidently expected. The bands played all the patriotic tunes they knew, and everybody yelled himself hoarse. Captain Smith, of the Sixty-fifth, told Company G that he believed the war would soon be over and they could all go home in a few days; which called forth an extra vocal effort from the boys of that company, who were overjoyed at the prospect of a speedy return to their homes, even though they hadn't killed any rebels yet! There was no mistake about New Orleans, but it was three years before, in the wilds of East Tennessee, we shouted and screamed like lunatics over the fall of Richmond; and nearly four years passed before the few that were left of Company G, or any other company of the Sherman brigade, stacked arms for the last time.

We moved again May 10th, this time four miles in the direction of Farmington. We spent that day and most of the next in wandering about, in a vague sort of way, trying to find where we were wanted. Half a dozen times we moved after having been ordered to fix our camp. We finally came to anchor during the afternoon of the 11th. On the 15th the Sixty-fifth was ordered on picket, after tearing through the brush under a burning sun from seven to nine on brigade drill. We marched rapidly two miles to the picket-line, which we reached in a melting condition. We relieved the Sixty-fourth, from members of which we learned that some of the videttes had been exchanging compliments with the rebel pickets. The day passed quietly, however, and we felt that so long as they didn't shoot we would rather be on picket than drilling in camp. But soon after midnight a very spirited firing suddenly broke out a short distance to our right, which brought everybody up standing. The firing continued, and in a few minutes we heard the drums and bugles far in the rear, arousing the whole army from slumber. The camps of the enemy





were also astir. A scattering fire was kept up till daylight, but nothing came of it except to scare the two armies. During the morning a fine deer ran past our line. Yielding to the impulse, several men fired but without bringing down the game. He dashed off toward the enemy's lines and directly we heard shots which indicated that the rebel videttes were practicing on him. Toward noon we were relieved by the Fifty-first Indiana.

May 17th was an exciting day. We arose at three, and after standing in line till daylight were dismissed with orders to prepare breakfast at once, strike tents, and be ready to march at six. When the drums beat to the color line Colonel Harker made a speech to the Sixty-fifth beginning with: "If we get into action today," which caused a general pricking up of ears. He expressed the hope, and the belief, that every man would do his duty and the regiment acquit itself with honor. Pending the arrival of orders to move, he put us through three hours of battalion drill. We captured several batteries and lines of intrenchments, and went through all the evolutions that Hardee or any other man ever conceived. About ten o'clock we were marched back to camp and ordered to unload wagons and pitch our tents again on the same old spot. We learned that we had been directed to be in readiness to support the planting of some heavy siege guns, in case the enemy should seem disposed to argue the question.

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon there was a loud burst of cannonading directly in our front. Almost in a moment we had formed and were on our way at double-quick. The narrow road through the woods and swamps was literally choked with regiments eagerly pressing forward and batteries dashing off at a gallop. Before we could reach the scene of action the firing had ceased, but we pushed on and at length brought up in a dense thicket of oak bushes, panting, breathless, reeking with perspiration, and almost suffocated with the heat and dust. After loading our pieces we were directed to rest till further orders. Shortly after dark we "boxed the compass" for an hour, crashing through the dense brush in every direction until we appeared to have reached the right spot. Then we were told to lie down in our tracks, sleep on our arms, and be ready to spring at any moment. We lay there that night, the following day, and the next



night. On the morning of the 19th we were moved half a mile and set to building breastworks. We spent the day hard at work, and pitched our camp two hundred yards in rear of the line.

We were now getting at close quarters with the enemy. One more advance, such as we had made from time to time, would bring us squarely against his intrenchments. Picket firing and skirmishing became an everyday matter. We began to get accustomed to the whistle of bullets, but as scarcely anybody seemed to be getting hurt we did not mind it. May 20th we lay all day in the trenches, the men only being permitted to go to camp by reliefs for their meals. During the afternoon the rebel pickets made themselves somewhat too numerous. They kept up a steady fire and wounded several of the Thirteenth Michigan, which was on the outposts. General Wood rode up, took a survey of the situation and quietly remarked that he would show them a thing or two. Ordering up the Sixth Ohio battery, he posted it on an eminence a short distance in rear of the works and directed the gunners to shell the woods through which ran the rebel picket line. They responded noisily, and for a time there was a liberal distribution of explosive hardware which gave the Johnnies something to attend to besides peppering our videttes. A rebel battery feebly returned the fire for a few minutes but it was soon silenced. The rebels disappeared in our front and gave us no further trouble that day. May 21st the Sixty-fifth was on picket again. The line was advanced half a mile, to secure a better position. The pressure upon the enemy elicited a spirited protest. During all the afternoon there was very active skirmishing. No man on either side could show himself without being the instant target for a dozen bullets. Richard and John Wolfe, brothers, of Company K, were wounded, the former in the arm, and the latter severely in the body.

During the next three or four days comparative quiet reigned along the lines. There were occasional picket firing and, now and then, a few artillery shots, which kept us constantly on the alert, but no aggressive movements were attempted on either side, in our immediate vicinity. One regiment from the brigade was detailed each day for picket duty, the others alternately occupying the trenches, night and day. One evening a forlorn squad of half



a dozen deserters entered our lines. They said Beauregard was showing signs of weakening, and expressed the belief that he was intending to evacuate Corinth. Events a few days later showed that they were correct in their opinion.

May 24th another paymaster appeared in our midst. He distributed two months pay, squaring accounts to the first of May. Two days later the chaplains of both the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth went to Ohio, carrying with them several thousands of dollars for the families and friends of the soldiers. During the 27th, 28th and 29th the rebels showed unusual activity all along the line. The pickets skirmished continually, and heavy firing at various points kept us in a constant state of alarm. We slept but little, and half a dozen times during each twenty-four hours we were called into line at the intrenchments. It was a good deal like keeping a railroad hotel, with "warm meals at all hours" for the wayfaring public. It turned out that all this extraordinary fuss on the part of the enemy was only a ruse to divert



ROBERT S. CHAMBERLIN,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

General Halleck's attention while Corinth was being evacuated; for during these days and nights of constant skirmishing and standing at arms in the trenches, Beauregard was fast making his preparations to "jump the town." Train after train bore south by railroad the heavy artillery, munitions and baggage. During the night of May 29th the rebels quietly folded their tents, or left their huts, and "silently stole away." In the evening of that day, and up to midnight, while the evacuation was in progress,



their pickets were very noisy, keeping us in a constant stew. But that was the last night we spent in the trenches before Corinth.

Soon after we left Nashville both regiments were bereft of officers by death from disease. On March 30th Lieutenant Thomas McGill, of Company I, Sixty-fourth, died at Nashville. He was a worthy man, ardent and zealous in the discharge of his duties, but physically delicate and unable to endure the hardships of the field. The same may be said of Lieutenant George N. Huckins, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, who died at Nashville April 2nd. He was born and raised in Canada. At the time he entered the service he was near graduation, in the college at Berea, Ohio, where Company E was raised. Huckins intended to become a citizen of the United States and believed the country worth fighting for. Blessed with a singularly sunny and lovable disposition, he was a favorite at college and in his company and regiment. Lieutenant Clark S. Gregg, of Company G, Sixty-fifth, was stricken with typhoid fever on the field of Shiloh. He died May 11th on a steamboat while being conveyed north. He was a young man of education and culture, whose future was bright with promise. His home was at Sandusky, whither his body was taken for interment.

None of the old soldiers have forgotten how much unpleasant "fatigue duty" they had to do, and the remarks, full of ginger and pepper and mustard, they used to make about it. Details of this kind were always made by the orderly sergeant, and he kept a list to show who came next; for details were made alphabetically through the roll, and every man, unless he was sick, had to take his turn. The orderly was presumed to show no partiality in these matters. While some of the boys always responded without a murmur, there were others who were chronic and constitutional kickers. They couldn't help it. If they happened to be detailed for some particularly obnoxious duty, or at night, or when the weather was bad, they rarely failed to question the correctness of the orderly's book, declaring in sulphurous language that it wasn't their turn. Now and then one became so obstreperous that he landed in the guard-house.

Everybody remembers "Joe" Weir, of Company B, Sixty-





fifth. He was a prime soldier. There was not a man in the regiment who did better or more faithful service, nor was there one who kicked harder about doing it. Joe was a master in the use of language. He had a wonderful vocabulary of expressive words, and could use them on every occasion with a fluency and emphasis that were the envy of many of his comrades, who wished they could talk as he could. Late one night an order came to the Sixty-fifth from brigade headquarters for a detail of a dozen men to guard a lot of rations and forage. The weather was cold, raw and rainy, and it was almost impossible to step anywhere without going over shoe top in mud. Joe Weir, from Company B, was aroused from sleep and ordered to turn out. He kicked off the blanket and began to pour out a stream of his pet words, with a vehemence that aroused the whole mess. He declared that he wouldn't budge an inch, launching all the maledictions in the calendar upon everybody, from the president down to the colonel and the orderly. But all the time Joe was scratching around to get his traps on, and he was the first man to step into his place when the corporal in command of the squad ordered the men into ranks. Joe kept his tongue going all night.

At another time Joe was one of a large detail sent to the Landing after rations. The men had to assist in unloading the supplies from a steamboat. The captain of the boat was something of a talker, himself. He was fully equal to the average mule driver, and that is saying a good deal. After listening to him with admiration for a few minutes, Joe went up to the captain and offered him his cap.

"Take this, captain," he said, "I've found a man at last who can beat me!"

In a towering rage, the captain poured upon Joe a torrent of epithets and expletives, and told him that if he didn't get off the boat he would throw him into the river. Joe went ashore and stayed there.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE SIXTH BATTERY.

ITS SERVICE BEFORE JOINING THE TWENTIETH BRIGADE—BLOCKADING THE CUMBERLAND RIVER—LIFE IN CAMP GREEN—MUD AND MISERY—NEW WAY TO ROAST TURKEY—ORDERED TO NASHVILLE; THEN TO SHILOH—THE BATTERY COMPLIMENTED—ASSIGNED TO WOOD'S DIVISION—AN AKRON JUDGE AT THE FRONT.

**A**BOUT the 1st of May we were rejoiced to greet our old friends of the Sixth battery, whom we had not seen since leaving Louisville. The battery had served in another part of the field but was now permanently assigned to our brigade. In this chapter will be given a sketch of its haps and mishaps while separated from us, written by Captain Aaron P. Baldwin :

“The Sixth battery was the last of the Sherman brigade to leave Mansfield, taking its departure on the 19th of December and reaching Cincinnati soon after midnight. The men embarked on the steamer General Buell. The guns, caissons and horses were loaded upon barges which were taken in tow by the steamer. The men having been supplied with three days' rations at Mansfield, they only required hot water for coffee. This was supplied by the steamer's steward, and all settled down to what seemed a picnic excursion. We soon left Cincinnati and during daylight all were engrossed with the changing scenery. We looked over Kentucky's hills, and the general remark was ‘Well, that is cer-



tainly a tough looking country and hardly worth the sacrifice probably in store for us to reclaim.' We landed in Louisville on the morning of the 21st of December and with wonderful promptness the battery was disembarked. Noon found us in Camp Gilbert, located on the fair grounds, some three miles northeast of the city, and known as the artillery camp. The Sherman brigade was speedily broken up by General Buell. The infantry went to the infantry camp and the cavalry into eastern Kentucky. The latter was seen no more by the battery during the war. Our hope of serving as a brigade under the eye of General Sherman, brother of Senator John Sherman, was dashed to pieces.

"Three weeks were occupied with daily drills, foot and mounted, and in completing our outfit for the field. We drew a forge, wagons and teams and a full supply of ammunition for the battery. This consisted of percussion shells, case shot—which were fired with a paper fuse—and canister for the Parrott guns.

For the bronze guns we received solid shot, shells and canister. The battery was



THOMAS POWELL,  
CAPTAIN, AND AFTERWARD  
CHAPLAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH,

inspected by General Gillman, General Buell's chief of artillery, and was selected by that officer to proceed south to the Cumberland river for the purpose of blockading the river and preventing supplies from passing up from Nashville to the rebel General Crittenden's command, then encamped near Mill Springs, Kentucky. Having received orders to proceed by rail to Lebanon, Sunday, January 16th, 1862, found us at the depot, and in a drizzling rain we commenced our first movement with prom-



ises of glory and all the accompaniments that active service and the field of battle furnish. At eleven o'clock we left the depot, the train pulling away slowly, giving us time to note the difference in the people and to contrast it with our departure from Mansfield. We had been led to believe through the press that Kentucky was largely loyal to the government, and we expected to be received in Louisville with something of an ovation. As we saw none, and the depot and grounds on that Sunday were deserted, we concluded that we or the newspapers had drawn largely upon imagination. We found that there was a big difference in managing railroads between the north and the south, as it took thirteen hours to reach Lebanon, scarcely sixty miles distant.

"As the day passed away the drizzling rain turned to sleet and by night everything was covered with a coating of ice. We reached Lebanon at midnight, and then we saw for the first time what we might expect from service in the field. The night was dark and cold, mud and sleet were everywhere; by persistent effort, however, we got matters in shape for the night. Daylight and reveille turned out the command. Breakfast over, the battery was put into marching order, and with an escort of the famous Wolford's cavalry we proceeded southward toward Columbia, Kentucky.

"Just as we were ready to move, a medical officer called Captain Bradley's attention to the fact that he missed several cases of 'medical stores' from his stock in the depot and was afraid that some of the battery men had been drawing supplies without the usual requisition. Captain Bradley assured the doctor that his men were all temperance men and consequently some other command had done the irregular drawing. We immediately moved forward. The road that we followed led directly south to Columbia and then on to the Cumberland river. As we went south the country became more hilly. When we reached the river we found that the bluffs upon the northern shore were three hundred feet above the water. Before reaching camp on our first day's march a part of the supplies that had been drawn from the medical department at Lebanon began to show up. It was found that to properly cover the same it had been put into the guns; in other words the guns were loaded with the 'wet ammu-





dition' drawn in the morning, and slyly issued on the march.

"The battery was supplied with Sibley tents, one to twelve men, and wall tents for the officers. Our horses being unused to the new life, the width of Kentucky roads and the depth and quality of the mud, our progress for a day or two was very slow and tedious. Reaching Columbia, Captain Bradley reported to General Boyle, a Kentucky officer, from whom we received our final orders. One section, the bronze guns, under the command of Lieutenant McElroy, was detained at General Boyle's headquarters. The remainder of the battery, the four Parrott guns, was ordered to the Cumberland river, with directions to report to Colonel Thomas E. Bramlette, Third Kentucky infantry, which with the Nineteenth Ohio, Colonel Sam Beatty, and the battery, was to blockade the river. We reached the hills overlooking the stream about two o'clock. The road made a sharp turn close to the river and until the bend was reached the stream was under cover. On rounding the point several horsemen were seen on the opposite bank, who proceeded to mount and leave southward at a lively gait. We afterward learned that they were a rebel cavalry picket belonging to General Crittenden's command at Mill Springs.

"The battle at Mill Springs was at that moment being fought. Intelligence of our appearance at the river was carried to General Crittenden, and he, understanding that we were crossing with artillery and infantry, expected we would reach Somerset and cut off his line of retreat. He at once ordered a retreat of his forces from Mill Springs, leaving General George H. Thomas master of the battlefield. We always believed that our appearance at the river gave the turning point to General Thomas, and that we should have the credit due us, although we did not hear a gun or fire a shot. The battlefield was visited by Lieutenant Ayres and others of the battery, and our entire command got the benefit of their visit, which furnished material for talk for weeks.

"The success of General Thomas at Mill Springs left us nothing to do. The rainy season set in and for several weeks it seemed to rain day and night. We found drilling impossible, and it was very difficult to keep up a supply of forage for our horses. The few people living among the hills around us claimed to be loyal, but we secured corn blades and other supplies by hard



work. Soon came the glad news of the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, below Nashville, and it was generally believed that our occupation was gone; the war would be ended and we would not have a chance to fire a gun.

"Camp life began to tell; the radical change of living and the continuous wet weather, brought on much sickness. A log hospital was built and was soon filled with the sick. Here we lost our first men by death, Corporal James M. Walton and Private George Neir. The battery was not supplied with a surgeon and we depended upon the surgeon of the Third Kentucky. The medicine issued was apparently all of a kind, and it depended upon a man's feelings whether he got one powder or ten powders, for they all came out of the same box.

"The six weeks that we spent in Camp Green were the most tedious of our entire military history. It rained constantly. The infantry was unable to drill, to any great extent, but as usual, when in quarters for a long time, the men found something with which to while away the time. They started laurel root pipe factories and visited the river and gathered up mussel shells, making finger rings and other articles which they sent to their friends at home. There was a good deal of visiting between the battery and the infantry regiments. Captain Bradley invited Colonel Bramlette and staff to dine with the officers of the battery. The writer was caterer of the officers' mess and it was proposed to have a northern dinner. The camp was daily visited by hucksters, to one of whom was given an order for a turkey, to be roasted, and it was delivered in due time. When all the party were gathered for dinner it was discovered that the turkey had simply been bereft of its feathers and roasted in that condition; and when brought to the table, although wingless, it soon found its way to the rear. The incident, although undiscovered by Colonel Bramlette and staff, was a standing joke in the battery.

"On March 15th we were ordered to Nashville. Boats were sent up the river for the battery, the infantry, in part, marching overland. Every eye was on the watch for the steamboats, and the first intimation we had of their coming was the familiar tune of "Hail Columbia," played by a steam calliope. Immediately everything was in commotion. Soon the boats came around the



bend in the river and we at once broke camp and proceeded to embark, having a detail from the Third Kentucky for an escort. We reached Nashville on the 18th of March, and were ordered to report to Colonel James Barnett, commanding artillery. We had a splendid camp, and the rain having ceased the weather was as fine as could be wished for. Everybody was pleased with the change of climate and our ten days stay in Nashville was enjoyed by all.

"General Buell's army took up its line of march for Pittsburg Landing the latter part of March. The battery moved with the reserve artillery under the command of Colonel Barnett, going out on the Columbia pike, which was in strong contrast with the muddy roads along which we had struggled in Kentucky. The country through which we passed was a rich farming region and there were evidences of prosperity on every hand. We passed many a planter's home, which as a rule was some distance from the pike, and in the rear could be seen the negro quarters, neatly whitewashed, and all seemed contented with their condition in life. So long as we had the pike to travel on, all went well. After leaving Columbia, we traveled on dirt roads to the Tennessee river.

"The 6th of April came and the battle of Shiloh was being fought, but the battery was still many miles from Savannah. Orders came to push forward with all possible dispatch, but toward night rain set in and continued several days in succession; con-



ERBEN BINGHAM,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Killed on Atlanta Campaign, June 18,  
1864.



sequently instead of being able to quicken our movement, we were going slower and slower. We reached Savannah on the evening of the 7th of April. Steamboats were rushing the infantry up the river with the greatest possible speed all night long.

"On the following morning everything was in confusion—wagon trains with swearing drivers, mules braying, infantry and artillery very badly mixed up and all pushing for the steamboat landing. The emergencies on the field of Shiloh required infantry and they were pushed forward while everything else had to wait. This gave us time to canvass our chances as to having a hand in the battle. About midday a general movement by every one was made toward the landing. No one seemed to know why, but all were going to see what was up. Soon we saw a large arrival of the enemy. As they were under guard none seemed to be afraid of accidents and pressed close up to see what a 'reb' looked like when a prisoner of war. They were a sorry looking crowd, with all kinds of uniforms, apparently no two alike, yet they in a measure stood up under difficulties and urged us to hurry over, as Beauregard had enough men to 'chaw us up' as fast as we landed. Many retained their side arms, but as they consisted of home-made butcher knives, of every conceivable style and length, they were not thought very dangerous. The provost guard considered differently and they were relieved of their weapons. The night was passed in comparative quiet; scarcely a shot was heard. The following day we moved to the landing, embarked on a steamer, and soon found ourselves on the famous field of Shiloh, camping on the hills near the river.

"The following morning, April 9th, we moved forward. Although we had been impressed with the idea that no mud could equal the mud of Tennessee, we found that Mississippi was ahead. We toiled slowly along and finally passed Shiloh church, a log structure built in the woods, and here we began to see evidences of the battle—abandoned guns, wagons and other debris, trees shattered and torn, or scarred by hundreds of bullets.

"We went into the reserve artillery camp and the following day was given over to a general reconnoissance by the battery, each man on his own hook going over the battlefield. A few





days afterward, owing to the imperfect burial of the enemy's dead and the fact that continued rains had washed off what little covering of earth had been put over them, the stench of the putrefaction filled the air. It became unbearable, and a detail from the reserve artillery was ordered to re-bury the dead. The bodies were found in every conceivable condition. In some instances men had fallen near logs and an attempt had been made to cover them where they lay. This duty was exceedingly unpleasant and will never be forgotten by any of the detail.

"A few days passed, when the battery was inspected by General Gillman, General Buell's chief of artillery, and a report was made to army headquarters that one of the best organized, equipped and drilled batteries in the army was in the reserve. General Thomas J. Wood, commanding the Sixth division, being at headquarters, overheard the report and he immediately applied to General Buell to have the battery assigned to his division. This he succeeded in accomplishing and the following day found us enroute to Wood's command. Upon our reporting to him he stated that from what he had heard, he felt that he was very fortunate in securing the battery, and that he had no doubt we would see that the report was warranted. We trust that we never disappointed General Wood in his estimate or his confidence. We served through the entire war either directly or indirectly under his command. We were assigned to the Twentieth brigade, General James A. Garfield commanding, and were heartily glad to be once more with our cherished comrades of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio."

During the siege of Corinth the battery was frequently engaged—or rather did its full share of the desultory and often purposeless firing which was so conspicuous a feature of Halleck's alleged "campaign" against Corinth. Bradley's guns may or may not have hurt anybody, but they made a deal of noise. The effective strength of the battery became so reduced by sickness that some twenty-five men were detailed from the Sixty-fourth Ohio and Fortieth Indiana for temporary service as artillerymen. An infantry soldier was complete in himself. If he were the only one left of his regiment he could still blaze away on his own account. It was not so with the artillery. A certain number of



men were indispensable to work the guns, and it was no uncommon thing for a decimated battery to be reinforced by a detail from the infantry.

Captain Baldwin tells this story on a judge who went down to see the boys: "One day when on the line of battle and under fire, we received a visit from a member of the sanitary commission, the Honorable E. P. Green, of Akron, who brought some of the members of the battery souvenirs from friends at home. The judge was anxious to see the enemy, and no sooner were their earthworks pointed out to him, than a rebel battery opened. As a shell came whizzing over toward our position, singing 'Whar is ye? Whar is ye?' the judge mounted his steed, and we afterward learned that the horse was kept on a gallop nine long miles until it reached the steamboat landing. This was the last we saw of the judge. We heard that he returned home and was the observed of all observers, being full of news 'from the front.'"

The captain writes as follows of a gentlemen who for several months was associated with the battery: "Early in May we were visited by a young man in citizen's attire who said he was an artist and had joined the army in the interest of 'Harper's Weekly' and, showing proper vouchers, stated that he desired to become a member of our officers' mess. This arrangement was easily and speedily consummated and Henry Mosler became a member of our headquarters mess. He sketched the battery in camp, on the field of Shiloh, sent the sketch to Cincinnati and had it lithographed, and nearly every member of the battery secured a copy. These lithographs are highly prized to recall the faithful reproduction of the command. Mr. Mosler remained with the battery during the summer and was a great addition to our mess. The sketches he sent to 'Harper's Weekly', when we had a chance to see them, had at least a hundred or more witnesses to their faithfulness. Mr. Mosler left us at Stevenson, Alabama, when we started on the Bragg campaign, and while the war lasted we never had the pleasure of again meeting him."



## CHAPTER XVII.

## SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

WHICH THE SOLDIERS NEVER CAN FORGET—THE PEDICULUS, OR  
 "GRAYBACK"—HE "TOOK THE CAKE" AMONG THE PESTS—THE  
 MUSICAL AND BLOODTHIRSTY MOSQUITO—THE QUIET BUT IN-  
 DUSTRIOUS WOODTICK—THE NIMBLE FLEA—THE EXASPERATING  
 "JIGGER"—THE BLACK FLY.

**B**EFORE entering Corinth, and bidding adieu to the field of Shiloh, where we spent two such uncomfortable months, I deem it not out of place to pause in the narrative, and devote a chapter to some of the numerous little pests which, of one kind or another, year in and year out, foraged upon the body of the soldier. In every new locality, wherever we went, there appeared to be a fresh assortment of ravenous bugs and insects, to cause bodily misery and drive away sleep. There was one species in particular which stayed by the soldier continually and under all circumstances—his close and intimate companion, through summer's heat and winter's cold, in camp and hospital and prison, on the march and the battlefield. Bullets and screaming shell were not pleasant to any of the senses, but as a rule they came to us only now and then, while the bugs and insects, in every form that creeps or flies, were with us always, and were a very considerable factor in making up the sum of life in the army. Many of them, though annoying, were harmless, while others seemed to have been created for the express purpose



of spoiling men's tempers, and getting them into the habit of using bad language. It is my purpose in this chapter to recall a few of those which were most obnoxious to the soldiers. I am persuaded that a familiar sketch of these old acquaintances, with brief mention of their leading characteristics, will not be devoid of interest. It was before Corinth that we first seriously experienced their ravages.

There can be no question as to which is entitled to first place on the list. Every soldier who marched and scratched will cheerfully accord the post of honor to an insect that the scientific men call *pediculus vestimenti*. To speak in the phrase of the present day, it was the "boss." It may fairly be presumed that few of the old soldiers will recognize it by this high-sounding name, for that is not what we used to call it in the army. The scientific people gave it this big Latin title probably because it may be used in any company of polite people with comparative safety, as not one person in a hundred can have any idea what it means. To call it by its other name, which is spelled l-o-u-s-e, would be shocking to sensitive ears.

The savants have the classification down to a fine point and designate this variety of the louse as the *pediculus vestimenti*, thereby indicating its habit of browsing around upon the body and making its home in the clothing of its victim; while the other fellow, that lives in the jungle of hair upon the head, and is only exterminated through the persuasive efforts of a fine-tooth comb,



EZEKIEL MOORES,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.





is called the *pediculus capitis*. If doubt exists in the mind of any respecting the identity of the *pediculus vestimenti*, it will be removed by the following extract from an article on this cheerful theme in the American Entomologist—a magazine in which the wise men tell all they know or can guess at, about bugs and insects. It says:

"This is the species which, during the late war, infested so grievously both Union and rebel soldiers, from whom it received the characteristic name of grayback."

*This* is the name that strikes the ear of the veteran. It has the old familiar sound and there can be no mistake about it. The learned writer just quoted goes on to discuss the subject in this way:

"The reason that it was so prevalent in the late war was that the soldiers, from the necessities of the service, were unable to wash their clothing as often as they would have done at home, and nineteen out of twenty had nothing but cold water to wash it in. Now, almost every species of insect will revive after an immersion of several hours in cold water, whereas water of such a temperature that you cannot bear your finger in it for one second, will immediately destroy any insect whatever that is immersed in it."

A million or two of men in this country who have had more or less experience—generally more—with the *pediculus*, will agree that this is a true and logical statement of the case. It makes us think that the person who wrote it must have "been there." We always found it useless to try to drown the grayback. A cold bath, even prolonged for hours, seemed only to invigorate and give him a fresh start. In fact he rather liked it, and always came up smiling after it, with an appetite sharpened by his abstinence. The boiling scheme was the only thorough and effective means of putting the *pediculus* in such a condition that he would cease from troubling. It not only disposed of him, together with all "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," but it also brought to an untimely end all the eggs or "nits," thus preventing the birth of a new generation to join the devastating forces. Herein lay the great advantage of very hot water over that sanguinary and universal but less effective weapon, the thumb-nail. Although the latter slew its hundreds of millions, and was a good deal better than nothing, the process was slower than the boiling, requiring much time, zeal and perseverance. You always had to hunt for



your *pediculus* and catch him first. It is true that there was generally little difficulty in finding plenty of game without a long hunt. When you really had him sandwiched between the thumb-nails you were pretty sure to "get the deadwood" on him. But one at a time, when there were so many, was a tedious method; and the thumb-nail could not, like the foaming camp-kettle, reach out into the future, as it were, and cut off myriads yet unborn. If you killed all in sight and left the nits, the new crop would be swarming in every seam in a week.

How to get rid of the grayback was one of the absorbing problems of the war. It was most decidedly a personal and practical question, and interested the soldier far more than those other questions of state sovereignty, confiscation, finance, and the negro, which put the statesmen at Washington to their best trumps. Indeed, the minds of the soldiers were exercised with far greater activity in planning campaigns against the *pediculus*, than in thinking about those which were directed against Lee, and Bragg, and Hood, and Joe Johnston.

This arch enemy of the soldier was no respecter of persons. Like the rain, which falls alike upon the just and the unjust, the *pediculus* preyed incessantly upon Union and rebel. But for this fact it might have been imagined that he was a diabolical invention of the enemy. As it was, he feasted and fattened, with equal enjoyment, upon those who wore the blue and the gray. Nor had he any reverence for rank. Those whose shoulders were decorated with bars, and leaves, and eagles, and stars, seemed to taste just as good to the *pediculus* as did the corporeal juices of the private soldier. It may not be an entirely pleasant circumstance to recall, but it is true that thousands of men who are now occupying high positions in law, theology, medicine, and politics, or in commercial life, ornaments to polite society, thirty odd years ago used to be sitting around under the trees in the south, "skirmishing" for the *pediculus*, or crowding the fires under the camp kettle to "get the bulge" on their tormentors. I may remark here that it is not easy to imagine a more picturesque and spirited scene than the army presented at certain times and places, when the conditions were favorable to the operations of the *pediculus*. I will not attempt to paint the picture. It will present itself to



the old soldier at the merest suggestion, while it might do violence to the sensibilities of some whose eyes may fall upon these pages.

We were introduced to the grayback before we had been a month in active service. At Bardstown, Lebanon, Hall's Gap, Green River and Nashville we became somewhat acquainted with him, but we never *knew* him, in all his length and breadth and height and depth, so to speak, until we joined the great army in front of Corinth. I well remember seeing, one day, a celebrated, robust brigadier-general, who was afterward President of the United States, engaged in chasing the *pediculus* along the seams of his nether garment, which was spread out upon his knees in regulation style. The general had wandered some distance back of his headquarters, and getting behind the largest tree he could find he applied his energies to the work of "skirmishing," while the setting sun cast a mellow glow over the touching scene. Not far away, behind other large trees, were two of his staff officers similarly engaged—cracking jokes and graybacks.



JOEL P. BROWN,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

But in all our experience I do not think we ever found the *pediculus* quite as numerous and active as during that terrible midsummer march from Bridgeport to Louisville, in August and September of 1862. For the grayback, that campaign was a continual picnic. For weeks not one man in ten had a change of clothing, or even two shirts. We tramped through the heat and dust, sometimes night and day, with but rare opportunities for washing either our clothes or our persons. Water, soap and leisure



time were all about equally scarce. We had no tents, and scarcely anything else—except graybacks. In spite of our utmost efforts to curtail his enjoyment, the pestiferous little insect had a prolonged season of riotous living. We had hardly a camp kettle to a regiment, and there was little chance to do any boiling. When a squad of afflicted men were fortunate enough to secure the use of a kettle they generally wandered about *in puris naturalibus* above the latitude of the waistband, while the boiling water was doing its perfect work. All have heard of the urchin whose shirt was drying upon a bush while he ran about without any. When a passer-by questioned him respecting his scanty apparel, he replied by asking: "What does a boy want of a thousand shirts?" The soldiers on this march might well have given a similar answer, although we did feel as though *two* of these intimate garments would not be an over-supply.

The experience of a fresh and tender recruit in forming the acquaintance of the *pediculus* was often amusing to the tough-hided old veterans. In the fall of 1862 there was a chap who joined our regiment soon after we left Louisville. He was one of your real nice young fellows, who, evidently, when a lad, had always been a good boy; whose mother had kept his face clean and his head well harrowed by the fine tooth comb. He had not been with us more than a week when one day his eye discovered a *pediculus* vaguely rambling about on the sleeve of his blouse, apparently on the lookout for an opening by which to reach the department of the interior. He had never seen one before in his life, and probably did not know till that moment that there was such a thing in the whole realm of animated nature.

"What sort of a bug is that?" he asked a tall, brown corporal who was famous as a grayback fighter.

"That's a grayback!" said the corporal.

"A what?"

"A grayback! Hain't ye never heerd tell of graybacks?"

"No, I never did!" said the recruit solemnly.

"Well," said the corporal, "ye'll know all about 'em pretty sudden, sure's ye're born. They're the darndest things ye ever saw. One o' these days ye'll take off yer clothes and lay 'em down and they'll just crawl right away before yer eyes! Man





alive, that's a louse! Ye'd better get behind a tree somewhere and peel yerself, and go to skirmishin'!"

No one who saw it can ever forget the look of supreme and unutterable disgust that spread over the face of that nice young man as he turned and walked sadly away. He went as far as he could get, where he thought nobody would witness his disgrace and humiliation, and there he spent an hour in communing with himself and examining the innermost recesses of his garments. When he returned he looked as if he were ready to sell his share in the old flag for a mess of pottage, or anything else he could get, and quit. But it may be said of him that he developed into a most excellent soldier. A year later he didn't make any fuss about shedding his clothes and boiling them whenever he had a chance, as the necessities of the case required. But we all felt as he did when we first met the *pediculus*, that was destined to stick to us "closer than a brother."

Perhaps too much space has already been given to this part of our theme, but I cannot pass to the next without mentioning two interesting facts, the first bearing upon the wonderfully rapid increase of the *pediculus*. It used to be a perpetual conundrum to the boys "where in thunder" they all came from. In a book now lying before me it is stated that a German naturalist—whose name nobody could pronounce if I should give it—has brought his mathematics to bear on the question and finds that two female *pediculi* will, in eight weeks, become the mothers and grandmothers of a posterity numbering not less than *ten thousand*! Some people might not believe this, but no old soldier will for a moment doubt the correctness of the statement. If there is any mistake in the figures he will say they are too small rather than too large. Indeed, if required to give his opinion under oath, remembering the multitudes that came like the plague of lice that was visited upon the Egyptians, he would place the product of eight weeks at nearer ten million than ten thousand.

It may be a source of satisfaction to some to know by what particular mechanical process the *pediculus* used to imbibe his nourishment from their bodies. The book to which I have alluded says that he inserts a little tube and then draws the blood and juices from the body by means of a perfect suction pump.



If this be true, the amount of pumping done during the four years of the war was prodigious. We may now consider these things calmly, and perhaps with some degree of interest, but then we knew little and cared less about the scientific questions involved. We only knew that, whether the *pediculus* satisfied his appetite by pumping or chewing, or some other process, he rarely failed to "get there."

Doubtless there will be very little difference of opinion as to what insect deserves to stand next to the head in this class of army pests. I am sure I will be justified in giving this place to the mosquito—more familiarly known as the "skeeter;" the scientific men call him *culex pipiens*, but we prefer the former. The other name of the grayback was only used for the sake of politeness. The mosquito was often quite as numerous as the *pediculus*, and nearly as universal. It was rarely that his song was not heard, during the greater portion of the year, on the march and around the camp-fire. In low, damp regions, when the weather was warm, swarms of these bloodthirsty insects drove the soldiers to the very borders of distraction. They sometimes came literally in clouds that filled the air, the hum of a million wings swelling in maddening chorus. The book says a mosquito's wings vibrate three thousand times a minute. The soldier who has heard them buzzing in and around his ears will certify that this is not an over-estimate. Time and again, he found sleep possible only by curling up under his blanket and covering every inch of his head, hands and feet, at the imminent risk of being smothered. Not always could the mosquitoes be baffled even in this way, for they would sometimes prod their bills through a thick blanket, and pierce their victim. Then the latter would rush madly out of his tent and heap on the fire something that would make a great smudge. Sitting down in the thickest of the smoke he would weep, and cough, and sneeze, and strangle, and swear—even this deplorable condition being preferable to the torments of the "skeeters." This picture is not overdrawn; such experiences were common in many localities, from the Chickahominy to the Rio Grande.

Nature does not make a mosquito all at once. It is hardly a thing to brag of to make him at all. He is the result of a gradual



process of development, or evolution, as the learned men say. The female lays her eggs on the water. It were a good thing if they would all drown, but they don't. From the eggs are hatched little "wrigglers" that grow and flop around in the water a few days, when they change to a wholly different form. They are then called *pupa*—whatever that means. For three or four days they lie around with their humped backs at the surface of the water, contriving to swim a little by quick jerks of the tail, like a shrimp or a lobster. Then they stretch themselves out and burst, and the mosquitoes come forth with sharpened beaks and wings attuned to melody. It would seem that the result of so much effort ought to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, but the fact is that the product is not worth the labor.

Professor Riley, the government entomologist, says it is only the female mosquito that bites, and that the same is true of all the tribe of insects. We must accept this statement

as true, for Professor Riley is paid his salary for finding out such things; but it

must be confessed it is a little hard on the gentle sex. If it is not true, Mr. Riley should be sued for libel. We usually look for beauty and perfection and all that in the female sex, and it is not pleasant to have our ideal so rudely destroyed. It is strictly orthodox, however, to fix upon the original woman in the Garden of Eden a large part of the responsibility for all our woes in this world, and the female mosquitoes appear properly to share this odium. The males just fly around and sing and buzz, but never bite



MOSES H. QUINN,  
ASSISTANT SURGEON, SIXTY-FOURTH.



anybody. In accepting this theory as correct we are forced to believe that Mormonism prevails largely among them. Judging from our experience, each of the males must have a very large family of wives, who are always hungry. The long black mark which we are unwillingly compelled to score against the tender sex is made still longer and blacker by the fact that the female mosquitoes not only do all the biting, but they produce all the eggs to keep up the supply of wrigglers, which in the fullness of time are developed into a new generation. The following extract from Professor Riley will be appreciated:

"Those who have traveled in summer on the lower Mississippi, or in the northwest, have experienced the torments which these frail flies can inflict; at times they drive everyone from the boat, and on the Northern Pacific, railroad trains can sometimes only be run with any degree of comfort by keeping a smudge in the baggage car, and the doors of all the coaches open to the fumes. The bravest man on the fleetest horse dares not cross some of the more rank and dank prairies of northern Minnesota in June. It is well known that Father De Smet once nearly died from mosquito bites, his flesh being so swollen around the arms and legs that it literally burst. Mosquitoes have caused the rout of armies and the desertion of cities."

The gnat is simply an abridged edition of the mosquito. They are almost identical, except as to size, and it is the female gnat that makes all the trouble. She does the best she can to equal the mosquito, and our experience tells us that she comes as near to it as could possibly be expected of her. If her bill isn't quite so long, she can't help it.

The flea is a very nimble insect. He is sometimes called, by a slight paraphrase of scripture, "the wicked flea," as will be seen by reference to Proverbs, chapter XXVIII, verse 1. The peculiarity of the flea is his marvelous jumping ability, and the consequent difficulty of catching him. He can jump quicker and farther in proportion to his size than any other created being. Sometimes you want him, and want him *bad*, but like the Irishman, you "put your finger on him and he isn't there." In this respect the flea is wiser and smarter than his fellows. Most of the bugs and insects that pester the human family are so intent upon their biting and blood-sucking that they are wholly oblivious to personal safety. While they are gorging themselves they





think of nothing else, until there comes a well-directed blow, and they go to join the innumerable caravan. But it isn't so with the flea. He is a believer in the Hudibrastic theory that:

He who bites and jumps away

May live to bite another day.

He keeps the danger flag flying when upon his forays, and whenever his quick eye detects a hostile demonstration he takes one of those jumps that have made his name a proverb. The trouble of catching a flea appears to have been recognized in the ancient days. Let the reader refer again to his Bible—I suppose every old soldier has one—and read 1 Samuel, chapter XXIV, verse 14, and chapter XXVI, verse 20.

Referring to our scientific book we find that there are ten distinct varieties of fleas. We have to do with the one known as the "human flea," which is very fastidious in his tastes, and preys only upon the human race. The flea that was such a close companion of the army mule was altogether a different species. We need not trouble ourselves about him, for we can trust the mule to do his own kicking. It is not often that the human flea gets so good a chance as the war afforded him. At some times and places the fleas were exceedingly annoying, infesting clothing, blankets and straw, and biting and hopping around in a way that effectually prevented sleep, and was most trying to the temper. It was their agility in always getting away that made a fellow mad in spite of himself. Even after the lapse of all these years, it is hardly possible for any old soldier to think of the pestiferous army flea with any degree of calmness.

Now let us address ourselves for a moment to that industrious bug, the woodtick. He will be vividly remembered by all who slept in the leaves before Corinth. We found him occasionally at other points in our devious wanderings, but nowhere so numerous and robust as on the field of Shiloh. The woodtick never made any noise or fuss. In the most quiet way imaginable he carried out the purposes for which, in the economy of nature, he was designed. You could always tell when there was a mosquito around, but it was not so with the woodtick. He had a most exasperating way of getting under our clothes when we were asleep. The woodtick never slept, and access to our bodies was



not difficult through the holes in our garments—either those that belonged there or those resulting from the wear and tear of the service. Then he would look around to find some tender spot and settle down to his work. As a general rule you didn't know he was there until he had burrowed nearly or quite under the skin. He could do this in a very short time. On getting up in the morning you would feel, perhaps on the arm, or the succulent part of the leg, an itching sensation, something like that which was excited by the *pediculus*, only a good deal more so. Applying the hand to the spot, your touch, if at all sensitive, would detect a small lump which was not there before. After a little experience you would know right away that you had a woodtick, or that he had *you*, according to the view you took of the matter. So you would at once prepare for inspection by taking off such portion of your clothing as the case might require, depending on the location of the lump. If it happened to be around where you couldn't get at it, you would ask a comrade to diagnose the case and apply the remedy.

The industry and persistence of the woodtick rendered it desirable to dispose of him as soon as possible, for there was no telling where his travels would end if you let him have his own way and carry out his little campaign. If the tick had only his head under the skin it was not a difficult matter. A grasp with thumb and finger, and a quick jerk would separate the blood-distended body from the head, leaving the latter to be removed by a little heroic treatment with a jack-knife. The woodtick never let go, and you couldn't draw him out whole any more than you can a fish-hook after it has entered your finger past the barb. It seemed as though he had a perfect screw in his head, and sometimes he was removed by a regular unscrewing motion. The more frequent method, however, was by pulling him in two and getting rid of him in sections. I remember one morning finding three of them boring into the juicy parts of my system. One of them had made such progress that the knife of a surgeon was found necessary for its removal, and I wore a plaster on the spot for a month. As I have said, the most troublesome ticks we ever found, lived—and a good many of them died—in the woods between Pittsburg Landing and Corinth. The woodtick is not



venomous. It is not likely that he ever killed anybody, but he was responsible for a very large amount of profanity. In size and appearance he was not unlike the bedbug.

The "jigger" was as great a nuisance considering his size, or rather lack of size, as any of the pests that disturbed the peace of mind and body of the American soldier. The jigger is very small, often not more than half as large as the head of a pin. But when we remember how much he could do, small as he was toward making life a burden, our hearts are filled with gratitude that nature didn't make the jigger any bigger. The only redeeming feature about him was that he was confined to certain localities, and was content with what he could do to annoy us while we were there. He did not insist on sticking by and traveling right along with us, like the *pediculus*. When we rolled up our blankets and moved away he stayed behind and patiently lay in wait for the next soldiers who might come that way.



MELVILLE C. PORTER,  
MUSICIAN AND SECOND LIEUTENANT,  
SIXTY-FIFTH.

The jigger lived chiefly among the leaves and in the bark of old logs. If the camp was kept thoroughly policed there was comparatively little trouble from this source. If we lay upon the leaves, the annoyance from both jiggers and woodticks was sometimes insufferable. The truth is, there were two or three wholly different species of insects which we were accustomed to group under the convenient name of jiggers. One of them was of a bright red color and so small that you had to look twice before you could see him. But you had no difficulty in feeling him



after he had made his way under the skin, causing a keen, smarting sensation. If you had half a dozen of them at once, distributed over your body, the pain would almost drive you frantic. The boys often got up in the night and lighted a candle or a torch to hunt jiggers.

The scientists say the correct orthography of the word is "chigoe." The dictionaries also give it in that way, but allow "jigger;" into which, by common use, the word has degenerated. Our book on entomology says that in Cuba and other tropical countries the chigoe is venomous and exceedingly troublesome to man and beast. It burrows under the nails of the toes and fingers, often producing ulcers, with very serious results. The female lays her eggs there, fifty or sixty at a time, and in a few days has a large family ready for business.

The "black fly" is very small, not a quarter of an inch in length, but gifted with great ability as a pest. These flies were rarely found in the open country, but in the swamps and canebrakes of Mississippi and Alabama they were terrible. Their peculiar method of torture was to get into the ears and nose, and the mouth, if it was not kept tightly closed, and bite and buzz until the victim was well nigh crazed. Horses and mules were sometimes so beset by countless thousands of these tiny insects that they became almost unmanageable in their desperate efforts to escape from their tormentors. A few times, circumstances compelled us to bivouac for the night among the black flies, but nobody slept any to speak of. They were, if possible, worse than mosquitoes. We did not find them often, but when we did, they made the most of their opportunity.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### A BLOODLESS VICTORY.

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THE UNION ARMY OCCUPIES CORINTH—AFTER A TRICK ON PICKET  
WE MARCH, MARCH AWAY—OUR TOES TURNED EASTWARD—  
MUD, MALARIA AND MOSQUITOES—THE TRAIN STALLED—"I-U-KY-  
SAH!"—GENERAL WOOD'S "SHIRT ORDER"—HOW TOM KELLEY  
OBEYED IT—A BATH IN BEAR CREEK—CAPTAIN BROWN CATCHES  
A TARTAR.

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“D EY’S all gone, boss, shuah! Ole Burygard and his  
army done lef’ las’ night. If dey hadn’t I couldn’t  
neber hab come heah! You-uns can jess walk right  
into de town ef yer wants to!”

This was the form in which we received our first tidings of the evacuation of Corinth. The information was given by a jubilant old darkey, who, in a high state of excitement, had made his way to one of our picket posts before it was yet fairly light, on the morning of May 30th. He had seen enough of war to have a vague idea about a flag of truce, and as he approached the lines he vigorously waved a large white cloth, in token of the pacific nature of his errand. A soldier escorted him back to the main line, and thence to brigade headquarters.

We were not surprised, however, to learn that Corinth had been abandoned by the enemy, and we heard the news from official sources very soon after the arrival of the negro. General



Beauregard managed the evacuation well and succeeded in getting away in good shape, leaving behind little that was any loss to him or of value to us. For several days uncertain rumors that the rebels were preparing to retreat had been current in the Union army, but a most emphatic denial seemed to be found in the unusual activity, all along their front, during the last days and nights of their occupancy. The thin veil of smoke that arose from their picket line effectually concealed from General Halleck the activity of a different sort that was going on behind it. Unquestionably Halleck's force largely outnumbered that of his adversary, and it is in the highest degree probable that a more active and aggressive policy on the part of the former would have resulted in a very important victory for the Union arms. Corinth, itself, was nothing. It had positively no military value save in its railroad connections. The rebel army, the real and only objective point of the campaign, remained intact. But the tidings of a "great triumph" were flashed northward over the wires, and while the Union soldiers were marching into the fortifications of Corinth, the people of the north were firing cannon, ringing bells, and shouting themselves hoarse.

During the latter part of the night of the 29th the firing had ceased, as the enemy had withdrawn his outposts. The unusual sounds in and around the city aroused the suspicion that an evacuation or movement of some kind was in progress. At three o'clock in the morning, as had long been our habit, we were in the trenches. Before daybreak the sky was illumined by the glare of fires; and frequent explosions, as of bursting shells, told that the work of destruction was going on. With the earliest dawn we saw dense volumes of smoke arising from numerous points within the enemy's lines. So it was that we were not wholly unprepared for the news brought by the contraband. It was yet early in the morning when General Garfield rode up and informed us that Nelson's division occupied the rebel intrenchments. There was no reason for our remaining longer in the trenches and we were at once relieved from duty for the day.

In our simplicity we all supposed that it must, of course, be a great victory, and the army spent the major part of the day in making as much noise as possible, the occasion being in the na-



ture of a jubilee. We did our full share of yelling and prancing around. Some of us congratulated each other upon the unquestioned fact that now the war *was* about over, and there was little more to do except to pack up and go home.

Toward evening we received orders to prepare to march at daylight next morning, with three days rations in haversacks. A few of the boys seemed really to believe we were going to start for Ohio—but we traveled a very long and tedious route before we got there. Whatever the future might have in store for us, it was a relief to lie down to sleep, for the first time in nearly two months, without fear that our slumbers would be disturbed by whistling bullet, braying horn or rolling drum.

There was a prompt response to the reveille. Almost before it was fully light, Wood's division was on the march toward Corinth. A mile and a half brought us to the intrenchments of the enemy. Far and near the ground which had been occupied by the troops was covered with the debris of the deserted camps. They had lived chiefly in huts, which the men had wholly or partially destroyed on leaving, and the ruins of these rude habitations were strewn upon the ground for miles. One feature, not seen later in the war, was the large number of patchwork quilts, which had been sent to the soldiers from southern homes, and which they were unable to carry with them. We had no use for them, being comfortably supplied with blankets, and, besides, we had serious doubts as to their condition.

While walking through the deserted rebel camp I picked up three or four letters. One of them was an unfinished epistle from a Confederate soldier to his wife. The zeal and warlike ardor of its author were evidently far in excess of his knowledge of orthography. This extract found its way into my diary: "Weel fite the yangkies as long as goddlemity gives us breth!" "Johnny's" struggle with the name of the divine being must have been heart-rending.

Corinth may have improved since 1862, but it did not then deserve to be called a city. It contained scarcely half a dozen buildings that were in any way attractive to northern eyes. In Ohio it would have been no more than a straggling village. It was made suddenly populous by the presence of Beauregard's





ALEXANDER M'ILVAINE,  
COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.  
Killed at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., May 9th, 1864.





army, but its residents did not exceed twelve hundred in number. The Tishomingo Hotel had been badly splintered by our artillery shots, and many other buildings showed marks of the siege. The fires which our troops found burning when they entered the town the previous day had been extinguished. The buildings to which the retreating rebels applied the torch were such as contained provisions and other stores which they were not able to remove. Churches and other buildings had been used as hospitals for the sick and the wounded from Shiloh. A considerable number of the latter yet remained, it having been found necessary to leave them behind in the haste of departure. During the evacuation the rebels were in great trepidation lest they should be attacked while in the confusion of retreat. Most of the Corinthians of the better class packed up their household goods and goods and went south with the army, preferring to take their chances by following the wandering flag of the Confederacy, rather than pass again under the stars and stripes. Many of the colored people and nearly all the poorer class of whites remained, because they had not the means to get away. These people regarded the "Yankee" army with curiosity and amazement. Children, in particular, were at first in mortal terror of the fate which they expected at the hands of the invaders.

"I thought from what our soldiers told us," said a boy of eight or nine years, "that you-all were great beasts that would eat us up, but you look just like we-uns!"

After resting for an hour with arms stacked in the main square of the town, the Sixty-fifth was ordered on picket, a mile out on the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Near our post was the house of a planter, left in charge of a miscellaneous company of negroes—still slaves at that time. "Mars'r" had removed his family south. These negroes, like all the rest we met, were overjoyed at the success of the Federal army. They appeared to have a somewhat foggy idea that they were the bone of contention between the north and the south, and that the Union soldiers were their friends. Many of them were fully possessed of the belief that in some way they would be liberated from bondage, as a direct result of the war.

A white-haired patriarch, told us that when the rebels came



hurrying back from Pittsburg Landing they all declared they had given the Yankees a sound whipping.

"Why did they come back if they had defeated us?" we asked.

"Dat's jess what I'd like fer to know!" said the old darkey, who seemed to have a fair idea of the proper relation of cause and effect.

Half of Company E was stationed on one of the principal roads leading out of Corinth. All was quiet till about midnight, when we heard the sound of a horseman approaching from the westward, at full gallop. At the word "Halt!" he reined up so suddenly as to throw the horse back upon its haunches. To the inquiry, "Who comes there?" he answered, "A friend." He proved to be a deserter from the Sixth Tennessee cavalry, and said he had ridden twenty-five miles that night to reach the Union lines and give himself up. Disarming him of a double-barreled blunderbuss and an enormous revolver, we sent him under guard to Colonel Harker's headquarters.

Toward noon the Sixty-fifth was relieved by the Tenth Ohio. We marched into town and stacked arms to await orders. Nobody seemed to have any very definite idea of what was going to be done next, or who was going to do it, or how, or why, or where, or when, or anything else. General Pope, with the left wing of Halleck's army, forty thousand strong, had been sent in pursuit of the enemy as soon as his flight was discovered. His windy reports of enormous captures of prisoners and guns come floating back through the air, which was filled with the most wild and improbable rumors. The shrinkage of Pope's prisoners was as marked as in the celebrated case of "the three black crows." The ten thousand he reported dwindled to a bedraggled squad of a few hundred stragglers and deserters, ragged and lousy. We judged from the appearance of some of them that Beauregard was glad to get rid of them.

In the afternoon, having nothing else to do, we marched back to our old camp behind the intrenchments. Some plan of future operations having been apparently decided upon, we were ordered to march early next morning.

We were astir betimes—June 2nd—and by eight o'clock the



long column was trailing through the woods and fields and swamps around Corinth by the left, and then off to the eastward. Our route took us along the whole line of General Pope's strong position at Farmington—a village only in name—during the last days of the "siege." The works were very heavy and before the evacuation were being daily extended for the envelopment of Beauregard's right flank. Near Pope's headquarters, in the top of a tall tree, accessible by ladders, was a well-constructed, bullet-proof observatory, from which to view the position and movements of the enemy. It had been a favorite target for the rebel cannoneers, who managed to hit it several times.

Bearing still more to the east, our march was through a wild and desolate region, forsaken of God and man. There were only barren sand-hills, with a few lonely, stunted pines, and bogs and marshes, full of stagnant water and infested with reptiles; while myriads of insects swarmed about us, and the hot, stifling air was heavy with foul, miasmatic odors. Through these swamps the

road was of the corduroy style, but in some places the logs were swimming about, and men and horses plunged into unmeasured depths. We were glad enough to find a passably good camping ground, after a jaunt of eleven miles. Long and vainly we waited for the wagons. Darkness settled down over the bivouac, and no tidings of the train had reached us. Those who had carried their blankets were fortunate. The many who, with a lack of foresight, and thinking only of present comfort, had piled



THOMAS CLAGUE,  
SERGEANT COMPANY E, AND SECOND  
LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.



them on the wagons, spent the night in shivering and almost sleepless repentance. For we everywhere found it peculiar to the climate of the south that, however warm the days might be, the nights were always cool, with heavy, chilling dews that often completely saturated clothing and blankets.

Daylight came, and still the sound of the mule driver had not been heard in the camp. A detail of eight men from each company was sent back to pry the wagons out of the mud, while the brigade waited. The wagons were found four or five miles in the rear, stuck fast in mire. Teamsters and mules had given up in despair. Covered with mud, they were strung along the road for miles, waiting for assistance. Some of the wagons had to be unloaded before they could be extricated. At length, after several hours of lifting and tugging and yelling and swearing at the mules, the forlorn procession reached us, and at noon we resumed the march. Then for eight miles we had the other extreme—a dry, sandy desert, without a stream or spring of fresh water in the entire distance. The air was like the scorching breath of a furnace. The suffering from thirst became frightful. Many sank by the wayside, parched and panting, to be gathered up by the wagons and ambulances. These were not sufficient for the exhausted men, and scores were left behind. Immediately upon reaching camp, vehicles, with supplies of water, were hurried back to gather up those who lay here and there for miles, more dead than alive.

Owing to the straggling, on account of the extreme heat, soon after we left Corinth an order came down from General Wood's headquarters which created no end of amusement. It was intended to ease the fatigue of a long march, and directed that the men should get rid of all surplus incumbrances. Its author intended to say that each man would be allowed but one extra shirt. The staff officer who wrote it omitted the word "extra" and the order was read to every regiment:

"Each man will be allowed but one shirt, *which shall be carried in the knapsack!*"

Of course it was known to be a mistake, and the intent of the order was explained to the men. Tom Kelly, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, who had an Irishman's love for a joke, the next morn-





ing started out without any shirt, having only a ragged blouse to cover his nakedness above the top of his trousers. General Wood often rode along the flank of the column, and Tom thought he might do so that day. Sure enough, the general came trotting along while the troops were resting, his staff trailing behind, a procession of brass buttons. Kelley took a position where the general would be sure to see him and carelessly threw open his blouse, rendering the absence of his under-garment so obvious that "a wayfaring man though a fool could not err therein." He caught the eye of the general and the latter instantly reined up his charger.

"See here," he thundered, "haven't you got a shirt?"

"Yessir!" answered Kelley, saluting, "but I've got it in my knapsack, 'cordin' to order!"

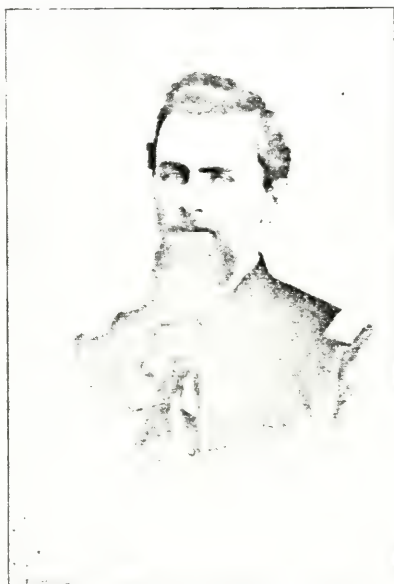
The general opened the floodgate and let out a freset of words which, according to the Articles of War, cost a dollar apiece. Then, addressing the orderly sergeant of Tom's company, who was standing near, he said:

"Sergeant, does this man belong to your company?"

"He does, sir."

"Well, when you get to camp have him carry a rail for two hours!"

The general rode on, but when his wrath was abated he concluded it wasn't a bad joke, and sent back an orderly with a message revoking the order for Tom's punishment. It was a long time before the "shirt order" was forgotten.



BENJAMIN F. TRESCOTT,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



The rear-guard was ordered to prod up the stragglers and to search the knapsacks of any who seemed to be carrying more than their proper allowance. Captain Baldwin, of the battery, tells of hearing an argument between a guard and one of the stragglers, who was of German extraction. The guard said:

"What have you got in your knapsack?"

"The infantryman replied: "Vell, dot is none of your pizness. I guess I know vat I got. You shust go 'long. I komes to camp pretty soon after a v'ile."

The guard insisted upon knowing, and proceeded to examine the knapsack, when out rolled a twelve pound solid shot.

"What is this?"

"Vell, I guess you can see for yourself vat it is. If you don't know I can dell you; dat is a drophy, a relic you calls him. I dakes him home to show mine shildren."

The shot had to go overboard and the soldier finally moved on, vowing vengeance on the rear-guard.

Next day, soon after noon, we approached the prettiest village we had seen for months. Standing by the roadside, with shining faces and arms akimbo, were several neatly dressed, smart looking wenches, of all ages.

"What's the name o' this town?" asked one of the boys.

"I-u-ky-sah!" replied a very black woman, with a curtsy.

"I didn't catch it! Will you be kind enough to say it again?" said the soldier, with solemn politeness.

"I-u-ky-sah!" curtsying lower than before.

"Boys, what the d—l did she say?" remarked the questioner, as he turned to his comrades. Somebody who had learned the name of the village told him it was Iuka.

"But she said something besides that!"

"The woman was trying to answer you very politely, 'Iuka, sir!'" said his comrade.

"Oh!" Mebbe that was it. Why didn't she say so?"

This was an exceedingly trivial circumstance, but the "I-u-ky-sah!" of that plump wench was never forgotten, to the last day of our service.

We were told that there were mineral springs at Iuka, possessing medicinal virtue, and that it was quite famous as a



pleasure resort for the southern people. There was a young ladies' academy that was still running, and a bevy of pretty girls tripped down to the front gate and watched us as we passed. Some of them smiled and waved their handkerchiefs. The boys responded with hearty cheers, the color-bearer saluted them with the flag, and the band struck up "The Girl I left behind Me." We hadn't seen the face of a young woman handsome enough to look at for three months, and the smiles of those girls fell upon us like a benison. The boys talked about them for a month, and often, in later years, they recalled that vision of beauty at Iuka.

Distances in the south were peculiar in their elasticity. They stretched and contracted like a piece of India rubber. When we inquired of a man or woman how far it was to some place ahead the answer would be, for instance: "'Bout five mile, I reck'n!" After traveling for an hour another question would elicit the answer: "Jest seven miles f'm that thar corner!" The next one would say two miles and the next four, and so it went. We could never tell how far it was until we got there, and then half the time we would go through the "town" without knowing it until informed that we had passed it. Often there was scarcely anything of it except the name—perhaps one or two shanties and a tumble-down blacksmith shop. One day, during the march across northern Mississippi, an inquirer received the answer that the distance to a certain place was "'Bout two sights'n'a half!" This was a puzzler, but it was at length made out that a "sight" was as far as one could see. Somewhere in our wanderings another native said it was "four screeches" to a town which we were approaching, a "screech" being the distance that a yell could be heard. It may be easily imagined that such modes of measuring distance were extremely uncertain and confusing, the length of a "sight" depending upon the point of view and the contour of the ground, while that of a "screech" varied with the lung power and throat caliber of the screecher. But even these vague and grotesque measurements were about as satisfactory to us as when information was given in miles, about which those people knew no more than they did about the transit of Venus or the language of the ancient Chaldees.

We camped three miles beyond Iuka and rested several days,



affording an opportunity for a general washing and boiling. There was great need of the latter. On the 9th we were on the road with two days rations in haversacks, leaving our camp standing. Eight miles at a brisk gait brought us to Bear creek, where we were directed to stack arms and go to work upon the railroad bridge, which was being built to replace the one destroyed by the enemy. A number of the First Michigan Engineers and Mechanics were engaged in the work, but we were to expedite matters by giving them a lift. Some were put to cutting timber, others to removing the debris of the old bridge, and still others to gathering large quantities of stones and casting them into the stream, to make a foundation for a trestle. We worked by reliefs, half the men at a time. When off duty the soldiers were glad to avail themselves of the privilege of bathing in the clear waters of Bear creek. A private of Company I, Sixty-fifth, had a narrow escape from drowning. He was taken from the water insensible, by some of his comrades. On the previous day Lieutenant-colonel Kirkpatrick of the Fortieth Indiana, was drowned at the same place. We bivouacked near the stream, burned fence rails without hindrance, did some successful foraging in the neighborhood, and were happy.

We continued our bridge building the next day, but before noon were relieved by a regiment of Kentuckians and marched back to our camp. June 12th we resumed the journey. The sun was scorchingly hot and we groped along through clouds of dust. At Bear creek we found the bridge still unfinished, and were ordered to prepare to ford, the water being waist deep. Each soldier took off his clothes and tied them into a compact bundle, together with his accouterments, and carried them upon the muzzle of his gun, or by holding them above the water. It was a picturesque scene, and the boys cheered with great gusto as they carefully made their way through the swiftly running stream. When a luckless fellow missed his footing and plunged headlong into the water, with all his "traps," the performance was greeted with shouts of laughter. We thought it fine sport. We were greatly refreshed by the bath, and went upon our way with nimble feet, after stopping half an hour to resume our clothes.

Most of the people through this section we found to be bit-





terly rebellious, and none so hateful in their words and actions toward the blue-coated invaders as the women. Captain Brown, of Company H, Sixty-fifth, whom everybody knew and loved for his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner, rapped at the door of a large house near which we had halted for a brief rest. The knock was answered by a vinegar-faced woman, who looked as if she could bite a tenpenny nail in two. Captain Brown politely asked the loan of a cup, that he might get a drink of water from the spring.

"I have no favors for such as you!" she answered sharply.

The captain made no reply, but stepped within and took a cup from the table. After quenching his thirst he returned it, thanking the woman for its use, and bade her good day. With flashing eyes the irascible dame exclaimed:

"I wish I had a gun!"

"And pray what would you do with a gun if you had one?" said the officer in his blandest tones.

"I'd *kill* you!" was the sanguinary answer.

Taking a revolver from his belt he kindly offered it to her, but she turned aside, livid with rage, and the captain walked away.

Except for the discomfort arising from the extreme heat, our march along the northern edge of Alabama, after getting out of the deadly swamps around Corinth, was a pleasant one, speaking comparatively, for if there was any real enjoyment in marching at all we were never so fortunate as to find it. But there was no occasion for crowding matters, and we made the journey by easy



CHARLES O. TANNEHILL,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



stages. We generally had plenty of rations. The strict orders in respect to foraging were allowed to lapse, to a great extent, and the country through which we passed afforded us frequent relief from the regulation diet. Several cases of sunstroke, two or three of them fatal, occurred in the brigade. The extreme heat was sometimes avoided by taking the road at four o'clock in the morning and finishing the day's march by ten or eleven o'clock, or resting for several hours in the middle of the day, and trudging a few miles toward evening.

The eastward movement of Buell's army was with a view to ultimate operations against Chattanooga. Upon leaving Corinth the rebels retired some distance to the southwest, in Mississippi. In that direction marched the forces of Grant and Pope, when Halleck's great army was broken up after the evacuation.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

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### STILL TRAMPING.

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BRIEF HALT AT TUSCUMBIA—A WONDERFUL SPRING OF WATER—HEAT THAT MAKES US SIZZLE — BUT WE HAVE FOUR DRILLS A DAY—THE MARCH RESUMED—INCIDENTS BY THE WAY—CAPTAIN VOORHEES'S FANCY BAYONET DRILL—WE REACH DECATUR—FERRYING ACROSS THE TENNESSEE RIVER—LIEUTENANT TOM POWELL GOES FISHING AND CATCHES SOME SALTED MACKEREL.

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ON THE 14th of June we reached Tuscumbia and went into camp half a mile west of the town. Our tents were pitched in an open field, without a particle of shade. The sun beat down fiercely upon us and we almost fried. The redeeming feature of our location was the bountiful supply



of excellent water. There was a stream, clear and cold, sufficient in volume to turn half a dozen mill-wheels, that leaped from the foot of a hill and went rushing on like a mountain torrent. But two or three times during our extended pilgrimage through the south did we find water equal to that of the great spring at Tusculumbia.

It was expected that we would remain some days at Tusculumbia, and the next morning after our arrival an order for four drills a day was issued with the usual promptness. For nearly a week we tramped that field, by companies and battalions, wheeling, and flanking, and forming squares, and charging at double-quick, until the perspiration fairly dripped from our clothing. As on all such occasions, the boys made free use of the inalienable right to growl, but they always took their places in line at the command of the orderly, "Fall in for drill!"

The work of rebuilding the burned bridges and repairing the railroad was pushed with vigor. On June 16th the first train of cars arrived from Corinth. The whistle of the locomotive was the signal for loud and prolonged cheering through all the camps. The train brought a company of the Michigan Engineers to work upon the Tusculumbia bridge, and a squad of convalescents for our regiments. It also brought us a large mail, the first we had had for more than two weeks. While here one tent was taken from each company, the full number—six to a company—being considered unnecessary, as the regiments were reduced to less than five hundred men each. This was the beginning of the gradual squeezing process in the matter of tents, which did not stop until it brought us down from the majestic and commodious "Sibley" to the insignificant little kennel of 1864, known as the "pup" tent. Then we would have felt lost in the spacious canvas pavilions of Camp Buckingham, which we dragged around with us for nine months.

Tusculumbia was an attractive place, containing many fine business blocks and residences, and giving evidence of thrift and prosperity unusual for a southern town. The people were generally ardent in their devotion to the cause of secession. Even the young ladies turned up their pretty noses and curled their lips scornfully at sight of the Federal blue, and took a circuit in



the street to avoid passing under a United States flag. The rebellious woman of the south was a "terror."

At one o'clock on the morning of June 24th, without any previous intimation of a contemplated movement, we tumbled hastily out of our tents in response to the long roll, and were ordered to prepare to march at once. Before daylight our bands were startling the sleepers of Tusculumbia by playing national airs as we trod the streets. Colonel Harker was obliged to remain behind for a few days, being a member of a court-martial then in session. Lieutenant-colonel French took command of the Sixty-fifth.

We moved rapidly out on the road to Decatur. At nine o'clock we halted and lay in the shade till three in the afternoon, when we resumed the march. We were soon delayed by a violent thunder storm, and two hours later turned into camp in a very wet and bedraggled condition. By this time in our career the embargo upon rails had been pretty effectually removed, and the cheerful glow of a hundred fires soon put us into a serene frame of mind. The next day we remained in camp—for during this campaign we generally went by jerks, as we often did thereafter. Many will always remember this as the most pleasant spot on which we ever pitched our tents. It was a clean, grassy slope, on the bank of a stream of pure water, and shaded by stately oaks, whose dense foliage completely protected us from the sun's scorching rays. We would doubtless have been ordered to drill, but, fortunately for us, there was no suitable ground in the blazing sun within reach. We were surrounded on every side by immense fields of corn.

It was a good opportunity for one of those fancy exhibitions for which Company F, of the Sixty-fifth, was famous. Captain Voorhees was somewhat of a lunatic on the bayonet exercise, and he had schooled his company in a variety of preposterous motions that were as entertaining to witness as they were useless in the rough-and-tumble of actual fighting. So he got his excellent company out that afternoon, and put his men through the "parry" in "prime," "tierce" and "high quarte," the "advance," "retreat," "leap to the rear," "lunge," etc., etc., to the delight of a large and appreciative audience. The men handled their





muskets with much skill, and leaped to and fro in their movements like so many animated frogs. But they didn't find any use for these gymnastics when they went into battle. Nor did they save Captain Voorhees's leg from being bored through by a rebel bullet at Stone river.

Our camp was on the plantation of a man whom we judged to be much like "Simon Legree" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He owned some two hundred slaves, whose appearance seemed to indicate that they were not strangers to the lash. The planter visited the camp and glowered upon us as he passed silently along the lines. All through this fertile and productive region the land was mostly planted in corn instead of cotton, this being in accordance with orders from the Confederate authorities at Richmond, in view of the supplies needed for the army.

We marched early on the morning of June 26th. On reaching Town creek, Companies F, I, and K, of the Sixty-fifth, were left to guard the railroad bridge, and at Courtland, Companies B and G were stationed for a similar purpose. At noon we halted near one of those fine old country mansions for which, under the slavery regime, the south was so famous. A beautiful sloping lawn extended from the house to the road, and midway was a copious spring of the clearest water, bubbling up in the center of a circular stone basin. For three hours we lay around under the trees and cooled ourselves with draughts from the spring. Five miles beyond, we encamped for the night. We had no more than turned in when we were visited by a hurricane that caused a very general wreck. Ropes snapped like threads, and pins were yanked from the ground. In ten minutes nearly all the tents were lying flat and the men were extricating themselves as best they could, in a somewhat panicky condition. The rain fell in a literal flood, soaking everything and everybody. It was impossible to repair damages while the storm continued. We could only crawl under the prostrate canvas and await developments, while the rain poured down and the wind howled with delight at the ruin it had wrought. The storm ceased about midnight. A general and partially successful effort was made to put up the tents, but at one o'clock the reveille sounded, so that the night was a conspicuous failure so far as rest and sleep were concerned.



We started at two o'clock and marched to within a mile and a half of Decatur, where we went into camp, an hour before noon. The feature of our morning jaunt was the great quantity of blackberries, fully ripe, that were in the fields and by the roadside. Several halts were made to allow the men to gather them, and there was scarcely one who did not have a quart or two by the time we stopped for the day. The noonday and evening meals were plentifully garnished with blackberries raw, and blackberries stewed; and there were even some rude attempts at blackberry pies.

June 28th we entered Decatur. It is situated on the south bank of the Tennessee river, and before the war was a busy town. It was a leading cotton mart of northern Alabama, the river and railroad affording excellent facilities for shipment. But General Mitchel had recently been there, and its deserted streets and blackened ruins told the story of his devastating visit. The railroad bridge at this point was a magnificent structure, seventeen hundred feet long, and supported on fifteen massive piers of masonry. A short time before the evacuation of Corinth, Mitchel appeared on the north bank of the Tennessee river opposite Decatur, with a small force of infantry and a battery of artillery. Warned of his approach, the city authorities had opened the draw of the bridge to prevent him from crossing. Training his guns upon the town, General Mitchel sent word to the mayor that if the draw was not closed in five minutes he would open fire. This had the desired effect, and the city was immediately surrendered to him. He was desirous of preserving the bridge, knowing its importance if the government should retain possession of the railroad. Being attacked by a largely superior force of the enemy, however, he was compelled to withdraw. He burned the bridge by the aid of cotton, tar and other combustibles. Nothing remained but the bare and discolored abutments.

Our only means of crossing the river, a third of a mile wide, was a small, crazy steamboat, the very appearance of which suggested the wisdom of a life insurance policy for the benefit of one's friends, before taking passage upon it. Scarcely fifty men could cross at a time, and all the afternoon the little craft went back and forth, wheezing and splashing and leaking, as if each



trip would be its last. We half expected to swim for our lives, but no accident occurred, and before dark we were once more north of the Tennessee. The ferrying of the teams and wagons extended far into the night, and was attended with much difficulty and danger. Large fires were kindled on either side, by the light of which the work went on, the scene being one of great confusion and excitement. The landing was precipitous, and upon the arrival of the boat a long rope was attached to each wagon. This was seized by fifty men, stretching ahead of the mules. By the combined efforts of men and animals, amidst wild yells that would have crazed a Comanche Indian, the wagons were drawn up the steep bank. By eleven o'clock everything was safely over and we lay down to sleep, without attempting to pitch our tents. We remained here three days, in a wretched camping place, with only the almost tepid water of the river for our use. It was comfortable to bathe in, and passable for making coffee, but bad enough for drinking purposes. Bathing was a popular diversion, and every day hundreds of men disported in the Tennessee. There were two or three narrow escapes from drowning. We were greatly tormented by mosquitoes, which were numerous, vigorous and voracious. At a good many times and places during the war we suffered from these pestiferous sleep-destroyers, but we rarely found them more vicious and aggressive than during our brief sojourn at Decatur. While here Colonel Harker rejoined us and assumed command of the five companies present.

Lieutenant "Tom" Powell, of the Sixty-fifth, was passionately fond of angling. When but a lad in pinafores he used to run away from school and fish for "shiners" with a bent pin. Two miles from Decatur was a small lake which was said to abound in fish. Lieutenant Powell secured from Colonel Harker a pass for himself and a friend, assuring the colonel that he would bring him a fine string of fish for his table. The anglers provided themselves with tackle in town, hired a couple of pickaninnies to dig a can of worms, and away they went. For four hours they sat on a log, holding the rod in one hand and brushing away mosquitoes with the other. They had plenty of "bites," but nearly all of them were from the "skeeters." The aggregate of their catch was two minnows about three inches long. Before



returning to camp they went to Decatur and bought at a store a couple of salted mackerel, in order that Lieutenant Powell might keep his engagement. Early in the evening Colonel Harker sent an orderly to Lieutenant Powell's tent with the following note:

HEADQUARTERS SIXTY-FIFTH O. V. I.

DECATUR, ALA., July 1, 1862.

SIR: You will make prompt report of your operations today, and will kindly send by bearer the fish which I am sure I shall so much enjoy at breakfast tomorrow morning.

I am &c.,

C. G. HARKER,

Colonel Commanding.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS POWELL,

Sixty-fifth, O. V. I.

Lieutenant Powell carefully wrapped up the mackerel and sent them to the colonel with this report:

CAMP SIXTY-FIFTH OHIO INFANTRY.

NEAR DECATUR, July 1, '62.

SIR: I have the honor to report that our expedition was measurably successful, and I take great pleasure in sending you herewith the fish we caught. I beg to express the hope and belief that you will find them both palatable and nourishing. It is proper to say that, the weather being warm, we salted them thoroughly so that they would not spoil.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

THOMAS POWELL,

First Lieutenant, Sixty-fifth O. V. I.

COLONEL C. G. HARKER,

Commanding Regiment.

Colonel Harker, who loved a joke, made the following acknowledgment of the mackerel:

HEADQUARTERS SIXTY-FIFTH O. V. I.

DECATUR, ALA., July 1, 1862.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS POWELL:

I acknowledge with many thanks the fish you sent me, which you say you caught today. I think you told a "whopper," but all the same I invite you to assist me in disposing of them tomorrow morning.

C. G. HARKER,

Colonel Commanding.

Colonel Harker had the mackerel for breakfast and Lieutenant Powell shared them with him.





## CHAPTER XX.

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THERE IS REST FOR THE WEARY.

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TWO WEEKS AT MOORESVILLE—A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION—  
SPEECH BY GENERAL GARFIELD—PATRIOTISM AND PERSPIRATION—  
SALUTES BY THE SIXTH BATTERY—DEMORALIZED DARKEYS—GAR-  
FIELD LEAVES THE TWENTIETH BRIGADE—WOES OF OUR OFFI-  
CERS—THEY DIDN'T MAKE RETURNS—ANOTHER FISHING EXPEDI-  
TION.

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ON THE 2nd of July we pulled up stakes and marched five miles eastward on the railroad track to Mooresville—one of those "towns" so numerous in the south that had scarcely more than an imaginary existence. A large grove near a fine spring of water afforded an excellent camping ground. We were directed to lay out our camp in good order, as we would probably remain for some time, and, strange to relate, we did. On the following day the five companies which had been left at Town creek and Courtland rejoined us and the Sixty-fifth again presented an unbroken front. Orders for four daily drills were promptly issued on the 3rd.

During the march of Company B, Sixty-fifth, from Town creek to Decatur, guarding a wagon train, an incident occurred which was never forgotten. The company was in command of Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong, who strictly forbade the men to



discharge their muskets along the route, under any pretext whatever. There were a good many buzzards circling about in the air or roosting upon the trees, and Thomas M. Taylor could not resist the temptation to try his marksmanship. In defiance of orders he took aim, blazed away, and brought down one of the ungainly birds. He also brought down upon himself the wrath of Lieutenant Armstrong, who flew into a prodigious rage at this flagrant disobedience of orders. Armstrong was not habitually profane: indeed, he was usually one of the most amiable and mild-mannered officers in this or any other regiment. Upon this occasion his temper mastered him for the moment and he delivered an address to the company in general and Taylor in particular that was a hair-raiser—pitched in a high key and abounding in sulphurous expletives, the use of which is strictly forbidden by the Bible. When his choleric ebullition had abated the lieutenant was so troubled by the smittings of conscience that at the first halt he formed the company in line and made a full apology for his lapse from self-control and for the language he had suffered himself to use. The boys cheered, and a spirit of "grace, mercy and peace" rested like a benediction upon Company B—but no more buzzards were shot *that* day. It is probable that during the war very few officers, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, ever performed so graceful an act of this kind as that of Lieutenant Armstrong, though there were many thousands of instances when it might with propriety have been done.

We celebrated in a patriotic manner our first Fourth of July in the army. At sunrise, noon and sunset, salutes were fired by the Sixth Ohio battery. Early in the day each regiment assembled on the color line and the order of exercises to be given was read. All drills and other duties not necessary were suspended. In the forenoon the brigade held a "mass meeting," in old-fashioned style. General Garfield, who had few equals as an orator, delivered a stirring address, which was received with great cheering. Colonel Ferguson, of the Sixty-fourth, also made a most eloquent and patriotic speech. Then followed a sort of class-meeting. The boys called on everybody who could make a speech, and a good many who couldn't. Several of them responded, and for an hour the scream of the Eagle was heard in



many keys. Both the British and the rebels came in for their full share of attention. All the orators were vociferously applauded and the Twentieth brigade worked itself into a profuse perspiration of patriotic fervor. Among the audience were a number of colored people, of both sexes and all ages, who had been permitted to visit the camp. None seemed to enjoy the exercises more heartily than they.

The dinner, and in fact all the meals that day, were "a little off" for such an occasion, and yet they were pretty good "considering." For several days the guerrillas had been committing depredations at various points on the railroad, which was our only line of supply, and we had run short of rations. The deficiency was in some degree made up by levying upon the surrounding country. The cornfields were just beginning to yield "roasting ears," and these, with a few vegetables and early fruits, an occasional pig or chicken, and an abundance of blackberries, made up an attractive bill of fare. The only trouble was that by reason of the large number of yearning stomachs to be filled, there wasn't enough to go round, save in the matter of green corn, of which there was plenty.

Toward evening a laughable incident occurred. Several negroes came into camp with baskets and pails filled with pies, corn pones, and garden truck for sale, and immediately opened up a brisk trade with the soldiers. Suddenly the battery began to



PATRICK R. NOHILLY,  
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY G,  
SIXTY-FIFTH,  
Killed at Spring Hill, Tenn., November,  
29, 1864.



fire the sunset salute. The first gun threw the negroes almost into convulsions. An old woman, terrified beyond expression, dropped on her knees, rolled her eyes upward, stretched her hands in the same direction and prayed:

"Oh, Good Lawd hab marcy on us po' mizzable critters!"

One of the boys took in the situation and shouted to a comrade, for the negroes to hear:

"We'd better get our guns right off. The rebels have attacked us and there's goin' to be an awful fight!"

This was enough. Almost turning white with terror, the negroes fled in the wildest confusion and dismay, each successive discharge of the artillery increasing their speed. They left all their baskets behind them, the contents of which, it is sad to relate, were appropriated before the affrighted negroes were fairly outside the camp. Next day a very black man came in as a delegate to see what had become of their stock in trade. He managed to gather up two or three empty baskets, and as he started away he said to one of the soldiers:

"Dat's all right, boss! You-uns is welcome to dat truck, whedder yer wants ter pay fer it er not. But dat ar shootin' gits me. When I heah dat I'se gwine ter take to de bush! Niggers aint no so'gers!"

Our stay of two weeks at Mooresville was somewhat monotonous. There was little, save a periodical turn of picket duty, to relieve the daily round of guard-mounting, drill and dress parade. During much of the time the morning sick-calls were numerously attended, in consequence of the free use of green corn. The shortage in the commissary department continued. At no time did we have full rations of coffee, hardtack or bacon. The cornfields supplied a large part of our living, and when we left there were cobs enough around the camp to build a line of breastworks. Picket duty, so undesirable in the immediate presence of the enemy, was considered as being in the nature of a picnic at Mooresville. The duty was not arduous, and it gave relief from the irksome drill.

One day our company was posted near a large house, the owner of which was a preacher, a planter, and a rebel. He had two sons in Beauregard's army. Upon the approach of Mitchel's





forces he fled with his family, leaving everything behind in the care of the negroes. Our boys "borrowed" several books from his library, and a few articles of domestic use, which they promised to return "after the war." They also secured on the place an assortment of poultry, a capful of eggs, and two or three canteens of milk. At night, having reconnoitered the premises during the day, they made a raid upon the garden, which was surrounded by a high stone wall, bringing off as much as they could carry of fruits and vegetables. At the present time these things would doubtless be condemned, if judged by the standard of the Decalogue; but in those days the precepts of the Bible were, to the average soldier, less potent as a controlling influence than an empty stomach. I do not recall that the members of the Sherman Brigade ever indulged in wanton destruction of property, but it cannot be denied that they were ever ready to supply their actual needs, from any source that presented itself.

One night, while making his round, the lieutenant in charge of a part of the picket line found four men who were stationed at one of the outposts, all sound asleep. Carefully removing their guns and hiding them in the bushes he ran to the post and shouted in an excited voice: "The rebels are coming!" The sleepers sprang to their feet in wild alarm and vainly scratched around after their muskets, only to find that they were being taught a lesson in the duty of soldiers. The officer promised not to report them, and did not, but he gave them a lecture that they did not soon forget. When he reminded them that the penalty for sleeping on post was death, which they seemed to have forgotten, they began to realize that it was something of a serious matter.

Chaplain Burns, of the Sixty-fifth, was not with us much of the time, and when he was he did little in the way of preaching. Our spiritual welfare was much neglected. Lieutenant Powell, who was a minister before he entered the service, could expound scripture and urge his fellow men to flee the wrath to come, equal to any. By invitation he frequently officiated in the capacity of chaplain. He preached both Sundays at Mooresville. There were some faithful and worthy chaplains in the army, but many of them were much more ornamental than useful.



While we were at Mooresville General Garfield's connection with our brigade ceased. He had been for some time in failing health and was granted a sick furlough. He was ordered to Washington a few weeks later, where he was engaged for a time as a member of the court-martial which tried General Fitz John Porter. After the death of Colonel Garesche—chief of staff to General Rosecrans—who was killed at Stone River, General Garfield was appointed to the vacancy. He served in that capacity until after the battle of Chickamauga, when, having been elected to congress, he resigned from the army. Colonel Harker resumed command of the brigade, and continued to ride at its head until his death.

Mails from the north brought us intelligence of the failure of McClellan's campaign against Richmond and the call by the President for three hundred thousand additional troops. This news greatly disgusted Captain Smith, of the Sixty-fifth, who, on a former occasion, yelled so loud when the "grape-vine" was circulated through the camp that Richmond had fallen, and then told his company that they might soon pack their knapsacks and start for home. It is needless to add that we all shared to some extent in his disappointment.

Our company commanders, during the first few months, either did not study the "Revised Army Regulations" with proper industry, or they failed to appreciate the force and importance of certain paragraphs which provided that they must be held responsible and duly account for every article of arms, accouterments, clothing, and camp and garrison equipage in the possession of their men, and even for every round of ammunition issued to them. When things were done "according to Hoyle" company commanders receipted to the quartermaster or ordnance officer for all these things and took receipts of their men for clothing drawn by them. The outfit of a full company was worth some thousands of dollars, and from time to time, as articles were lost or worn out, others were drawn. Quarterly reports, in triplicate, were required to be made, showing the exact number or quantity of everything on hand; and if there had been a shrinkage since the last report, every item must be properly accounted for, even down to the insignificant little tompion—a wooden "dingus" to put



in the muzzle of the musket, worth about a cent. One copy of each report was forwarded to the grand sachems at Washington for their examination, which was usually about a year behind.

For a time few, if any, of the company commanders made reports at all, took receipts for clothing issued, or kept track of anything. Matters went on swimmingly for five or six months, when the officers began to be prodded by impressive notifications from Washington. What a buzzing there was in camp one pay-day, when the paymaster blandly informed the officers that the greenback spigot had been turned off and their pay stopped until their reports were duly made out and forwarded!

The officers were thrown into a panic. Byron very accurately described their condition when, writing of the ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, he said:

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress!"

In this case there were probably no tears, but a great deal of language more or less sheolic was "shed" when the unlucky officers found what a pickle they were in. The paymaster had dammed the flow of greenbacks, and they did the same thing to the paymaster. Company commanders had changed without receipts having been given; from each company twenty or thirty men had died or were in hospitals or on detached service, and their arms and accouterments were scattered all over the continent. How to obtain vouchers for all these things that would "pass muster" at Washington was a most perplexing question. But it had to be done and they set about it. Affidavits were made out by dozens and to these the orderly sergeants did some tall swearing.

At length the tangle was straightened out, but it took many days to do it. By the stoppage of their pay the officers were reduced to a condition bordering on mendicancy. By sending home for money or borrowing of the men they managed to rub along and eke out an existence until the paymaster came again. Thereafter accounts were scrupulously kept and reports were made with as much regularity as the exigencies of active campaigning would permit. The second crop of officers took warning from the woes of their predecessors, and fairly earned the ten dollars a month extra which was allowed each company commander for his respon-



sibility and bother in this respect. None of them ever paid the government for anything that was lost; a way to get out of it was always found.

A short distance from Colonel Harker's headquarters was a small stream in which the soldiers were permitted, and encouraged, to bathe. If a man neglected the opportunity to cleanse his person with proper frequency he was sometimes put in charge of a guard and compelled to do so at the point of the bayonet. Almond Allerton, of Company B, Sixty-fifth, had a singularly dark skin. The hue was so striking that one day when he was splashing in the stream with his comrades Colonel Harker, who, seated upon a camp-stool, at a respectful distance, was watching the bathers, took him to be a mulatto. His indignation was instantly aroused. It was all right for his soldiers, but he wasn't going to have niggers capering about in a state of nudity so near his tent. He dispatched a corporal of the guard, to convey a message of this purport and arrest the offender. When the corporal returned and acquainted him with the facts there was a protracted season of hilarity at headquarters. For months thereafter the remembrance of this incident afforded Colonel Harker much amusement, and he often told it as a good joke upon himself.

Before leaving Mooresville, I am tempted to recount briefly the adventures of a party of twenty officers and men of the Sixty-fifth who went a-fishing. Four miles from camp there was a stream which, according to common report, was certain to yield good results. The party obtained permission to go, taking with them a wagon, and their arms, as these might possibly come handy. We had no hooks or lines, but Horner, the sutler, had a seine which he kindly loaned us. Upon reaching the stream we posted a couple of sentinels and plunged into the water with the seine. Two hours of hard work gave us only half a dozen small fishes. We had brought scarcely anything in the way of rations except coffee, as we fully expected to dine on fresh fish. But we bestirred ourselves, and half an hour's active foraging yielded a bountiful supply of other edibles.

An old darkey who passed that way told us that two miles down the stream the fish were abundant and we could not fail





to get as many as we wanted, so we jumped into the wagon and drove to the spot indicated. We dragged the creek with our seine, again and again, but with no better success than before. We then gave it up and wended our way back to camp. I find in my diary the following inventory of the proceeds of the expedition: Suckers, 4; bass, 2; catfish, 1; turtles, 3; eels, 1; quarters of pork, 4; ditto mutton, 4; bushels roasting ears, 3; ditto potatoes, 2; quarts berries, 20; chickens, 6; mosquito bites, ad infinitum. But we had great sport, and it was vastly more pleasant than drilling under a July sun.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE "SIAMESE TWINS" SEPARATED.

A WILD RUSH FROM MOORESVILLE—LUNACY AT HEADQUARTERS—A JOURNEY BY RAIL—THE SIXTY-FOURTH AND THE BATTERY STOP AT STEVENSON—THE SIXTY-FIFTH GOES TO BRIDGEPORT—FIVE WEEKS OF IDLENESS AND HUNGER—BATHING IN THE TENNESSEE—TRADING WITH THE JOHNNIES—COFFEE FOR TOBACCO—OLD JACK AND THE ORDERLY—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRENCH RESIGNS—RECRUITING DETAILS SENT TO OHIO—MATTERS AT STEVENSON—BUILDING A FORT—SCOUTING AND RECONNOITERING.

WE HAD expected to remain at Mooresville several weeks, and perhaps months, but on the evening of July 17th there was a great racket in the camp. At dress parade an order was read for us to strike tents at three in the morning and be ready to march at daylight. After the parade was dismissed we proceeded leisurely to make the necessary arrangements, but in less than half an hour a staff officer



dashed up with an order for us to pull up stakes and load wagons immediately. Nobody knew what was up, nor were we accustomed to ask any questions under such circumstances, however much our curiosity might be aroused. We all fell to work and in an incredibly short time, amidst much bustle and excitement, tents and baggage were packed on the wagons, and we were waiting for the sound of the drum to fall in. But there did not seem to be at headquarters a very clear idea of what was to be done, or how to do it, for presently came the command to unpack the wagons and prepare to spend the night. Another half hour, when some of the tents were already up, order number four was received. It directed us to reload the wagons and form line immediately.

By this time it seemed that everybody had gone crazy, but we obeyed orders, and at last managed to get started. We moved almost on the run a mile and a half to Mooresville station, where a train of thirty freight cars stood waiting for us. Tents, camp equipage, ammunition and stores were hastily loaded, the empty wagons being left to follow at their leisure. The soldiers were directed to stow themselves on board the train as best they could. Half of them entered the cars, filling up the space that remained, and the rest clambered to the top and took "deck-passages." After lifting and scrambling and shouting for two hours the work of stowage was finished. Just before midnight the engine screamed and we started in the direction of Chattanooga.

The night ride was most tedious and disagreeable, particularly to the several hundred men who occupied the roofs of the cars. The road was very rough, and the constant jerking and rocking rendered sleep alike difficult and dangerous. Our eyes were filled with smoke and cinders, the air was raw and damp, and our blankets did not suffice to keep us comfortable.

At daylight we stopped half an hour at Huntsville, where General Buell then had his headquarters. There were evidences here of a "scare" of some kind, for at that early hour hundreds of soldiers and negroes were at work throwing up intrenchments around the town. We sought diligently for information respecting the cause of all the trouble, but without success. The soldiers at Huntsville seemed to be as much in the dark as ourselves.



We were soon off again, and after a brief halt at Stevenson, reached Bridgeport, Alabama, about eleven o'clock. Casting our eyes ahead we saw that we were again upon the bank of the Tennessee river, having passed over a great bend of that stream which we had already twice crossed—at Pittsburg Landing and at Decatur. Stretching across the river was a long row of bare and blackened piers, where the bridge had been, and it was evident that our excursion by rail had come to an end. We unloaded ourselves and our baggage and pitched our camp a short distance south of the railroad, and a quarter of a mile from the river. It was a very bad location, nearly a mile from the nearest spring, and this fact led us to think it very probable that we would remain there for some time. Only the Sixty-fifth Ohio, of the Twentieth brigade, went to Bridgeport. The other regiments and the Sixth battery stopped at Stevenson. The only regiment at Bridgeport when we arrived was the Thirty-ninth Indiana, of McCook's division. The latter was mostly at Battle Creek, six miles up the river, where at this time lay a very considerable fraction of Buell's army—some seventeen thousand men.

We remained at Bridgeport five weeks. Our life there had its measure of discomforts, but was not wholly unpleasant, as "soldiering" goes. After a week's stay where we first pitched our tents we moved the camp to a much more desirable spot, occupying a hill on the opposite side of the railroad track. Bridgeport was to us a sort of "watering place," the river affording facilities for bathing that were daily improved. The rebels were in force at Chattanooga, twenty-eight miles distant. They occupied the intervening territory and their outposts dotted one side of the river, while we picketed the other. During most of the time a spirit of comity brooded over the hostile lines. The rebels appeared to be as fond of bathing as we were, and an almost continual truce existed, by mutual consent. It was tacitly understood, if not actually agreed, that the pickets should not fire at one another across the river. It was a game that two could play, and the occasional killing or wounding of a soldier on either side would be but wanton cruelty, and could have no possible effect upon the armies. The truce was very rarely violated. Often a hundred men were splashing in the water on either side, at the



same time. There was more or less badinage constantly going on between the bathers. One day a rebel, who may have had an inkling of future movements, shouted across the river:

"I say, Yanks, you'd better, look out; there'll be the d——l to pay one of these days! We're goin' ter make you sick!"

"All right" was the answer, "we're ready fer ye, and if ye ever give us a chance we'll lick ye out o' yer boots!. You fellars keep runnin' all the time and don't give us any show for a fight!"

"You just keep yer eye skinned fer a fight and yer 'll see a right smart un 'fore long! But, I say, when ye goin' ter take Chattanooga?"

"Some fine morning, 'fore breakfast!"

"I allow ye'll git mighty hungry if ye wait fer yer breakfast till yer git Chattanooga!"

And in fact it was more than a year before we "got there."

At this time the stream was low and the water so shallow that a man could wade most of the way if he wished to cross. About midway there was an island that was duly respected as neutral ground. Here they often met, Union and rebel, to have a quiet smoke and chat together, or to do a little in the way of barter. The rebels were always glad to get coffee and salt, for which they would give tobacco, of which they had plenty, and which our boys were not always able to get in sufficient quantity to satisfy their desires. Our supply of coffee was rather short at this time, but if a soldier was real hungry for tobacco he would manage to scrape together enough to make a dicker. The transaction would be carried on about in this way:

"Hello, Johnny, want to trade?"

"Yaas, what you got?"

"Coffee! Got any terbacker?"

"Dead loads of it!"

"All right fetch it along!"

Then they would start for the island, where these commercial negotiations were concluded. If it was necessary to swim they would keep their goods dry by a contrivance for carrying them over the head and held by the teeth, or by putting them in a can or vessel of some sort and floating them across the deep water on





a board. The trade would soon be made on an equitable basis, and after a pleasant chat they would bid each other goodbye in the most friendly way and return, each to his side of the river. For two or three weeks the soldiers intermingled in this way. The practice was, however, regarded with disfavor by the officers in both armies, and it was finally stopped. One day in the early part of August there came a shout from the rebel side:

"Hello, Yanks, can't trade any more!"

"Why, what's up now?"

"Oh, nothin' I reckon, only we got orders ag'in' it!"

A day or two later "orders ag'in' it" were issued on our side of the river, and that was the last of the trading, unless it was done "on the sly." But the bathing continued without molestation, almost up to the day of our departure.

Drilling was resumed as soon as we were fairly settled in camp, notwithstanding the extreme heat. There was very little ground suitable for maneuvering, particularly for battalion drill, but we charged over logs and stumps and crashed through the brush in the most reckless manner. Lieutenant-colonel French was an old Mexican war soldier, and could handle a regiment skillfully. He resigned and left for home early in August, and Major Olds succeeded to the command. The major was a thorough gentleman, a scholar, and a patriot, but in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence he was not built for a great soldier. A battalion drill among the stumps and bushes at Bridgeport was too much for him. He tried it once or twice, carrying open in his hand Hardee's "School of the Battalion," to find out what to do next, how to do it, and what commands to give. He usually succeeded in getting the regiment tangled into a knot that was only straightened out by each company commander rallying his men to the colors on a new line. Then Major Olds gave it up, and we had no more battalion drills while we lay at Bridgeport.

We revived the habit, which we had formed in front of Corinth, of getting up every morning at an absurdly early hour and standing at arms until daylight. There were occasional alarms which caused a general scramble to get into line. During the last two weeks of our stay, when both armies began to show symptoms of activity, these were of nightly occurrence. Once we were



thrown into a high state of inflammation by a report that Colonel Harker had fought a large force of rebels at Stevenson, with the Sixty-fourth Ohio and Fifty-first Indiana, and had defeated them, with great slaughter on both sides. It turned out to be only that a picket had shot a pig.

One night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the cry of fire ran through the camp. We all turned out and discovered that a small building near the depot was in flames. The fire was imagined to be a scheme of the enemy, and we were hurried under arms and into line, where we stood like a row of stoughton-bottles while a detail of men went down and extinguished the fire. Then we turned in again.

Our greatest cause of grief here was the alarming and protracted deficiency in the commissary department. For weeks our long and slender line of supply was the special object at which the efforts of the rebel cavalry were directed. They were successful to a much greater degree than we could have wished. They tore up the railroad track, burned

bridges, and captured trains loaded with supplies, destroying what they could not carry away. As the inevitable result of these constant raids our haversacks were most of the time in a state of collapse. We were put on half rations very soon after our arrival, and by the 10th of August we were reduced to one quarter of the regulation allowance. Then it was found necessary to dole out the meager pittance each day. If an issue was made for three or five days, as had been the custom, the soldiers, thinking



CHRISTIAN M. BUSH,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



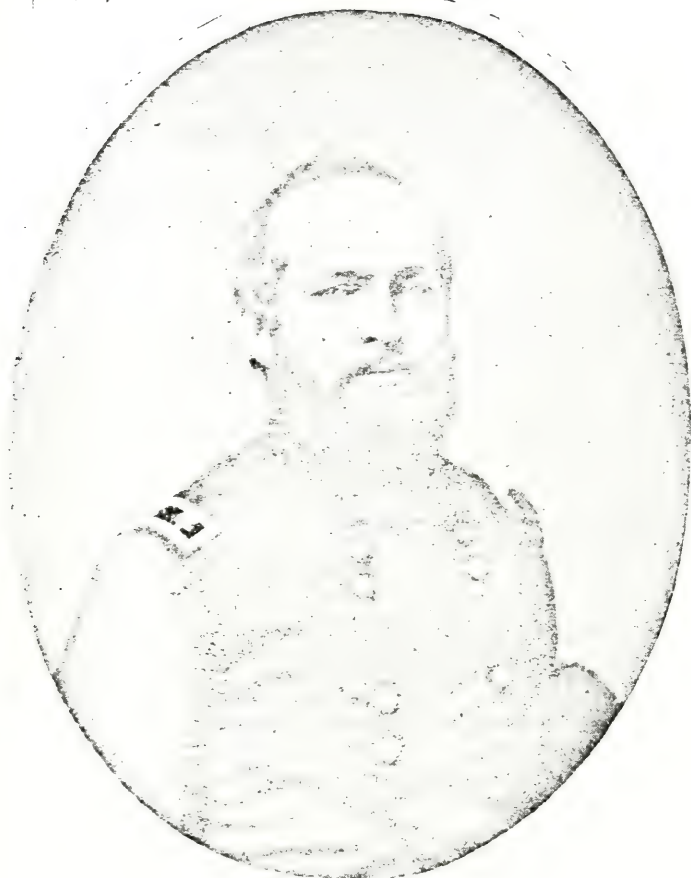
only of the present, would eat the whole in one or two days and be left entirely without visible means of support. There were many days when the men really went hungry. When the rations fell so low the drills were considerably reduced to two, and finally to one each day—just enough to afford needed exercise. The scanty stores were strongly guarded, but in spite of the vigilance of the sentries, now and then a box of hardtack or a side of bacon would be abstracted at night, carried to camp, and divided among the friends of the purloiners.

There were some organized attempts at foraging, and more or less was done in an individual way. That region had, however, been so long occupied by troops that there was little left to appease the hunger of either man or beast. Once a detail of men accompanied a train of cars several miles beyond Stevenson, where a quantity of green corn, by this time pretty well hardened, and vegetables of various kinds was obtained and brought to camp. We bewailed the almost total lack of fresh meat, which we only saw at long intervals and in very small quantities. Once a few sheep were brought in, slaughtered, and issued to the regiment. They were chiefly bones, and our whole company only had one small quarter, weighing six or eight pounds. Whenever memory recalls Bridgeport, the leading thought is of a long-continued desire to eat something, akin to the yearning of the children of Israel for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

One day a flag of truce appeared on the Confederate side of the river. Its object was to obtain permission for a lady and her servants to pass through the lines, enroute to her home in Tennessee, with the body of her husband, who had been killed in one of the battles in Virginia. This reasonable request was granted and the party crossed the river in boats. The distress of the lady in her affliction aroused the sympathies of all who witnessed the scene. She was permitted to continue her journey by rail, after an officer had exercised the legitimate and proper precaution of opening the coffin, to ascertain that it contained nothing contraband of war.

The soldiers put in a good deal of their leisure time in fashioning rings, charms and other trinkets from clam and mussel shells which were found in abundance in the river. Many of





JAMES A. GARFIELD.  
BRIGADIER-GENERAL, COMMANDING TWENTIETH BRIGADE.





these articles were very pretty, evincing no small degree of skill. Most of them were sent to friends at home as mementoes.

Captain Whitbeck, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, had picked up at Mooresville a burly negro named Jack, and taken him along as his servant. He was a great strapping fellow, and as faithful as a watch-dog. The company desk, with all the books and papers, was kept in the captain's tent, and the orderly sergeant had, of necessity, free access. One day two mischievous members of the company took Jack aside and told him very seriously that the stripes on the arms of the orderly were worn as marks of disgrace, indicating the number of times he had been convicted of theft, and that he must watch him closely and see that he took nothing from the captain's tent. Jack had no idea of rank and took it all as truth. Soon afterward the orderly had occasion to use one of the company books, and entered the tent, the captain being absent. Jack was on hand instantly, and in a gruff voice commanded the orderly to "Lef be dat ar book!" The orderly looked at him in perfect amazement.

"Put dat book down and g'way f'm heah. Yer kaint steal nuffin when ole Jack's lookin' at yer!"

Failing to recognize his authority in the premises the orderly started to go out with the book under his arm, when the negro planted himself squarely at the entrance and said:

"Now jess look a heah, boss, I done tole yer to drap dat book, and ef yer doan' do it yer's gwine ter git hurt!"

The orderly could bear it no longer. Drawing a revolver he pointed it at the darkey's head and forcibly informed him that if he didn't get out of the way he would blow the top of his head off. This put the boot on the other leg and Jack beat a hasty retreat. As the orderly went out he saw the two chaps who had put up the job almost bursting with laughter. The orderly—in other words, the present writer—owned up that it was a very good joke; but he was never able to get on good terms with old Jack. The negro always eyed him with suspicion.

Company B, Sixty-fifth, was deprived of all three of its officers while at Bridgeport. Second Lieutenant John R. Parish—commissioned and acting in that rank but not mustered—died in camp July 31st, after a sudden illness of but a few hours.



Captain Henry Camp and First Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong resigned and left for home in August.

By this time a good many officers of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had resigned and the vacancies had been filled by promotion. In being able to get out of the service, officers had an advantage over those who carried knapsacks and muskets. When an officer's health gave way, or if he felt that he had got enough or had not been rightly treated, he could just resign and quit. The enlisted man had no such option. He could not resign. He had to remain in service until his time expired, or till he was killed or so disabled by wounds or disease as to be of no further value in the field. Before we had been a month in active service the officers began to "get in out of the wet." During the year 1862 no less than sixteen of the Sixty-fourth and eighteen of the Sixty-fifth resigned and we saw them no more. There remained barely half the officers who left Camp Buckingham.

The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth lost their brass bands early in August. They were mustered out by order of the War Department. But Chaplain Burns came back to us, after a long absence, and had a chance to preach to us once before we started to Louisville. That sermon had to last us three or four months.

As heretofore stated, all of the brigade except the Sixty-fifth halted at Stevenson, as the terminus of the excursion by railroad from Mooresville. It remained there until the beginning of the retreat into Kentucky, Colonel Harker being in command of the post. The first enterprise in which the troops engaged was the building of a large fort, on a commanding eminence. The work, which was a strong one, was named Fort Harker. In it were placed the guns of the Sixth battery.

There was frequent annoyance from marauding bands of the enemy which were sent across the river. They prowled around, harassing the pickets, gathering in unwary foragers, and making themselves a nuisance on general principles. Colonel Harker frequently sent reconnoitering parties to scour the adjacent region and especially to watch the river, but the Johnnies were too sly and very few of them were caught. Once, while Company C of the Sixty-fourth, Captain Robert C. Brown, was on picket in a dense wood, private Jacob Ridenour, at one of the outposts, was



fired upon. The rebel made a line shot, but fortunately a trifle high, the ball passing through Ridenour's hat and just furrowing the scalp. Later in the war our men became so thoroughly accustomed to being shot at that they thought nothing of it, but in those early days of our military service such an incident had a startling effect, and was for days the talk of the camp.

It having been reported that the rebels were crossing cattle to the south bank of the Tennessee river, the Sixty-fourth, under Colonel Ferguson, accompanied by a section of the Sixth battery, was dispatched to see what, if anything, could be done in the premises. The objective point was a ford twelve or fifteen miles to the southwest, where the cattle trade was said to be flourishing. While *en route* information was given by a guide that a rebel captain, at home on leave, was in a house a short distance from the line of march. Company C was detailed to capture him. Captain Brown had not yet developed into the soldier that he afterward was, nor had anybody else, for we had not had the chance. Company C surrounded the house in fine style, but Brown, who in the kindness of his heart was loth to hurt anybody, had not told the boys to load their guns, and probably none of them had thought of it, either. The captain moved upon the house by way of the front door. His rap was answered by a woman who, with the diplomacy of her sex, skillfully avoided direct answers to his questions. Meanwhile the rebel officer, reconnoitering from the back of the house, watched his chance, slipped out and broke for the timber. He was commanded to halt but refused to obey, and before the boys could load their muskets he was out of sight. But some of them were at least able to say that they had seen a live rebel, and an officer at that.

As the regiment approached the ford Companies E and K were thrown out as skirmishers. Proceeding through the woods, a man was discovered with something on his shoulder which was imagined to be a musket. He was challenged, but instead of halting he started to run. He was fired upon and killed. His supposed musket proved to be only a harmless hoe, with which he had been at work in a "truck" patch. No person could be blamed for the killing except the man himself, who was probably too much frightened to obey the command to halt.

No traces of the cattle business could be found. The



regiment bivouacked at the ford, except companies C and H which were sent three miles up the river to another ford. These companies spent the night on the large plantation of one Colonel Coffee, of the Confederate army. The men foraged liberally and for once had all they wanted to eat, a condition which was rare during the five weeks at Stevenson. The artillerymen expended a little ammunition, throwing a few shells into the woods across the river, where there were symptoms of a camp. The regiment marched back the next day. About the only tangible result of the expedition was a stalwart "contraband" named Wesley, from the Coffee household. Captain Brown took him as his servant and he remained with the Sixty-fourth for more than two years. He was a trusty, faithful fellow, and a general favorite despite his black skin.

The stomachs of the Sixty-fourth suffered from the same paucity of rations that pinched the Sixty-fifth at Bridgeport, although the foraging in the region around Stevenson yielded better results.

A large number of negroes were brought into Stevenson from the surrounding country to work upon the fortifications. Many of these were adept in the art of stealing. The quartermaster and commissary officers were much annoyed by their predatory forays at night. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the guards, articles of food and clothing constantly disappeared, creating deficits in stores which made sad havoc with the officers' returns. The post or brigade commissary was Captain Eaton, of the Thirteenth Michigan. Eaton was a theoretical philanthropist and an inveterate foe to slavery. Indeed, his hobby was an abiding charity for the dark-skinned children of Ham and a child-like faith in their integrity. He did not believe they would steal and insisted that all the pilfering was done by the soldiers. He had a red-headed darkey as his personal servant, and in him the captain had boundless confidence, pointing with pride to him as a model of faithfulness and honesty—a shining example of the high moral standard to which the negro could be elevated by the influence of proper precept and example. Eaton's ideas on this subject were well known to all his fellow officers. One evening while Quartermaster Tip Marvin, of the Sixty-fourth, was sauntering about, he peeped into a building in which the commissary stores





were kept and saw Captain Eaton's auburn-haired darkey laying in a supply of sugar, coffee, and bacon. He had effected an entrance by crawling under the building and forcing an opening in the floor. Without disturbing the marauder, Marvin went on a gallop to the quarters of Captain Eaton and told him to "come along, quick," as he had something to show him. They hurried back to the building, where Eaton, through the peep-hole, discovered his dusky protege on the point of making his exit with a sack full of plunder—stolen from the captain, who was personally responsible for every pound of stores in his custody. The thief was caught and punished; while Eaton's beneficent theories received a set-back from which, it is to be feared, they never recovered.

On the 21st of August details from the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth—consisting of two officers from each, and one non-commissioned officer from each company—were sent to Ohio on recruiting service. The officers of this detail were: Sixty-fourth, Lieutenant A. S. Campbell, Company C, and Lieutenant Bryant Grafton, Company B; Sixty-fifth, Captain Alexander Cassil, Company A, and Lieutenant Thomas Powell, Company E. It was hoped to fill up the ranks which had been so sadly depleted by the exceedingly hard service through which we had passed. Nearly a hundred officers and men of each regiment had already died from disease resulting from excessive hardship and exposure.

More than three hundred others from each were absent, sick, or had been discharged for disability. And all this without a man having yet been lost in battle! Generally speaking, scarcely more than half of those enlisted in any regiment were physically able to endure such service as fell to the lot of most western regiments. These had very much more hard marching and exposure to weather than did the soldiers of the eastern armies. A man never could tell until he tried it whether he could "stand the service" or not. So it was that most regiments, even though they had no fighting, were within a year reduced to five hundred men or less. These made the *soldiers* who marched and fought through the long campaigns and put down the rebellion. The other half had no less patriotism and willingness, but they were taxed beyond their strength and fell by the way.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE BEGINNING OF A LONG SCAMPER.

THERE WAS A "HEN ON."—BRAGG STARTS FOR THE OHIO RIVER—WE START AFTER HIM—THE BRIGADE REUNITED—CROSSING THE MOUNTAIN—A LONG, HARD PULL—OUR TENTS AND BAGGAGE BURNED—A NIGHT MARCH ON THE PLATEAU—"ROASTING" THE OFFICERS—IN ELK RIVER VALLEY.

"**B**OYS, I'll bet my boots there's a hen on over yonder!" This profound observation was made by one of our soldiers about the 20th of August, as he came in one morning from picket duty. For twenty-four hours he had occupied a post on the bluff commanding a view of the opposite side of the river, and the country for some distance beyond. He had seen, miles away, indications of troops moving in large bodies, and the Confederate sentinels appeared to have almost wholly disappeared from the opposite bank. The events of the next few days fully justified the opinion of the picket. He was, however, safe in offering to "bet his boots," in any event; as his feet were encased in an old and well worn pair of number 10 army brogans. But there was no question as to the "hen" being "on," and she was then hatching out a scheme that had not entered into our wildest dreams. General Buell's eyes were opened, and hastily abandoning the line of the Memphis and Charleston



railroad he moved his headquarters from Huntsville to Decherd, on the Nashville and Chattanooga road. As a matter of fact he soon moved them again, and continued to do so until he was quartered in Louisville.

There was something prophetic in the yell of that rebel picket across the river, warning us to "look out," quoted in the preceeding chapter. As one might say in these days of base-ball, the rebels were now going to have an "inning." For six months they had been "out," wandering all over the field, and at last they were going to the bat.

During those lazy summer months Bragg had been busy, behind the curtain of his outposts, in collecting an army of forty thousand men. His headquarters were at Chattanooga, and his troops were scattered all through that country, extending as far as Knoxville. The word was given, and his army rapidly concentrated for the great projected flank movement into Kentucky. To his eye the future was even big with possibilities beyond the Ohio river. The southern people rejoiced with exceeding great joy at the prospect of carrying the war into the enemy's country—into Ohio and Indiana, that the people of the North might "feel what they had felt." Bragg's enthusiastic scheme was unfolded in an order to General Van Dorn, commanding the rebel forces in the District of Mississippi, dated Chattanooga, Tenn., August 27th, 1862. The order closed with these words:

We shall thus have Buell pretty well disposed of. Sherman and Rosecrans we leave to you and Price, satisfied you can dispose of them and we confidently hope to meet you on the Ohio river.

BRAXTON BRAGG,

General Commanding.

And again, this order was sent to Van Dorn from Bardstown, Kentucky, September 25th:

We have driven and drawn the enemy back to the Ohio. Push your columns to our support and arouse the people to reinforce us. We have thousands of arms without men to handle them.

Nashville is defended by only a weak brigade; Bowling Green by only a weak regiment. Sweep them off and push up to the Ohio. Secure the heavy guns at these places and we will control the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. All depends on rapid movements.

Trusting to your energy and zeal we shall confidently expect a diversion in our favor against the overwhelming force now concentrating in our front.



Preliminary to the grand advance Bragg had sent Kirby Smith from Knoxville by way of Cumberland Gap, with fifteen thousand men, and he was already in Eastern Kentucky while we were yet picketing the Tennessee river at Bridgeport.

General Buell's forces were very widely scattered, in the attempt to hold a large extent of territory. As soon as the plan of the enemy was disclosed, Buell saw the necessity of immediate concentration. It was evident that he must be ready to fight or chase, according to circumstances. The movement began about August 20th, and that was what kicked up such a lively dust on the roads of Northern Alabama and Middle Tennessee.

I have said thus much, to recall the situation of affairs when we broke camp at Bridgeport and Stevenson and started on our long scamper. I am disposed to tell the story of our part in this foot-race between the two great armies, with some fullness of detail. It was beyond comparison the longest and most arduous march that ever fell to our lot. It was one prolonged test of physical endurance. It did as much to "season" us as all our previous service. I believe the survivors of the Sherman Brigade will go over again with interest that long, dusty trail, with its daily incidents of hardship and excitement, and I confidently indulge the hope that the story will not be found tedious—in any event it will not be half so wearisome as was the march itself.

At two o'clock on the morning of August 20th we were aroused and ordered to prepare to march immediately, with two days' cooked rations. As we had but little to cook, the latter part of the order was largely superfluous. The only article requiring preparation was a small allowance of fresh beef, which came from nobody knew where. The hillside was soon aglow with fires and the camp was in a whirl of excitement. Then we were directed not to strike tents until further orders. Daylight came, and noon, and night and still we waited for the word to go. Our neighbors of the Thirty-ninth Indiana managed to get off, leaving in the afternoon for Battle Creek. In the evening our sick, some twenty-five in number, were sent by rail to Nashville.

Toward night General Buell and staff arrived by train and galloped off to Battle Creek. We were ordered to march, positively, early the next morning. About midnight General Buell





and his party returned. As they dashed up to the picket line they were brought to a sudden halt by the sentinel:

"Who comes there?"

"A friend. I am General Buell and must pass immediately!"

"Stand! Advance one and give the countersign!" said the picket.

"I have not the countersign," said the general, "but you must surely recognize me. I passed through here a few hours ago! My business is urgent and you must not detain me!"

But, like all soldiers when they chanced to get a "grip" on a general in this way, the vidette was inexorable. In fact, he rather enjoyed it, standing at a "charge bayonet," with the general of the army at his mercy. Perhaps he relished the idea of revenging himself upon the officer for some of those orders about chickens, and rails, and straw. The advantage of the situation was wholly with the vidette, for he had the laws of war and the army regulations entirely upon his side. The impatient general finally showed a disposition to "run" the post, but desisted when his ear caught the click of the trigger as the soldier cocked his piece. It is probable that the latter would have shot General Buell, if he had attempted to force his way, and would have been justified in doing so.

"Call the officer of the guard!" said the general, petulantly.

This was done and the waiting horsemen were of course, suffered to pass. In justice to General Buell it should be said that he told the officer that the vidette had done right, and complimented him on his faithfulness.

The next day we did some more heavy waiting around. Orders to strike tents were received in the morning, but an hour later they were countermanded. In fact, we did not pull out till the day following—the 22nd. Reveille sounded at four, but it was nearly noon when we started. Two hours brought us to Battle Creek. The large camps there were almost deserted, only the Second and Thirty-third Ohio and Edgerton's battery remaining. We expected here to rejoin our brigade, which had marched the previous day from Stevenson, but we learned that it had gone, an order from Colonel Harker directing us to follow as rapidly as possible. Before resuming the march we were confidentially told



by our officers that there were rebels about, and that we must keep "well closed up," and our eyes and ears open.

A mile further we approached a dark piece of woods. Before entering it we halted and loaded our muskets to be ready for whatever might happen. About five o'clock we were met by a courier with an order for us to halt, as the whole force ahead of us was marching by the "right about." It appeared that the troops from Battle Creek and Bridgeport had been directed to march up the Sequatchie valley. McCook found the road effectually blocked by a large and strongly entrenched body of the enemy, and it was necessary to seek another route. After waiting till dark we faced and flanked and countermarched and floundered among the thick bushes for two hours, wondering where we were "at," and finally bringing up for the night in an old stubble field. A violent storm visited us, and amidst the wind and rain and pitchy darkness we groped about for wood and water. We lay down to sleep without making any effort to put up the tents.

Soon after setting out the next morning we rejoined the brigade, from which we had been so long separated—or rather two regiments of it, as the Thirteenth Michigan had been left for a few days at Stevenson to garrison Fort Harker. The bright eye of Colonel Harker flashed a kindly greeting as we filed past, to which officers and men responded with tempestuous cheers. Gustly shouts of welcome were also exchanged with the Sixty-fourth Ohio and Fifty-first Indiana. We hitched along three miles and went into camp.

August 24th was Sunday, and a day not soon to be forgotten. We started off considerably out of temper, because we were routed out at one o'clock after scarcely three hours sleep, with orders to march at two, and then lay around seven long hours before we took the road. After marching five miles we found ourselves at the foot of the great plateau of the Cumberland mountains which we were to cross. We learned that our delay the previous day was caused by the difficulty of getting the trains of the advance division up the hill. The ascent was very steep and the road exceedingly rough and stony. The distance to the summit was half a mile, and the rise about twelve hundred feet. We waited three hours while two or three batteries of artillery



were being hauled up. This was only accomplished by doubling teams, and putting twelve horses to each gun and caisson. In some cases the further aid of a swarm of men at the wheels was found necessary.

At one o'clock we got the right of way, and having taken the precaution to fill our canteens at a large spring that gushed from the foot of the mountain, we began the toilsome ascent. The sun was extremely hot. As we climbed the rugged hill many of the men sank to the ground, overcome with fatigue. Only our ambulances and the wagons containing ammunition and hospital stores attempted to follow us.

When about half way up we stacked arms and went back to give the ammunition wagons a lift. Each had a cargo of forty boxes, weighing some four thousand pounds. Long ropes were attached upon either side and seized by a hundred men. A dozen more laid their hands to the wheels. Then the teamster began his wild yells, lashing the jaded mules, while the men pulled, and pushed and tugged, all shouting in the highest key possible to the human voice. In all such emergencies the yell was recognized as a most powerful and indispensable auxiliary, while profanity addressed to the mules was believed to endue them with supernatural strength. Slowly, a few rods at a time and then stopping for men and animals to breathe, the wagons crept up the steep. It was found necessary to partly unload some of them and distribute the boxes among the ambulances. After an hour of



JAMES OLDS.  
MAJOR, SIXTY-FIFTH.



the severest labor the top was reached. The men had been relieved at frequent intervals, one company taking the place of another, but there was no such blessing for the mules. When the tug was over they stood panting and trembling, while some of them fell to the ground in utter exhaustion. Men took off their blouses and wrung from them streams of perspiration. We returned for our arms, once more climbed to the top, and after a brief rest, continued our march. Our baggage wagons, with hundreds of others, were left at the foot of the hill, a brigade being detailed to assist them up the mountain. We indulged in fervent thanksgiving that some other fellows had this work to do.

After marching three or four miles we halted and "Twenty minutes for supper!" was the order. It was a frugal meal. We were still on half rations, with no prospect of a speedy improvement in the commissariat. Without waiting for the gong to sound or the ladies to be seated we plunged into our haversacks. There was not time to make coffee. A single cracker, a bit of raw bacon, and a sip of water from the canteen was each man's portion. We had still three hours' travel before us in order to reach the only spring of water on the road across the plateau. We were soon enveloped in the darkness of a moonless and starless night. A drizzling rain set in, the road was slippery and full of ruts and rocks, and for five or six miles we stumbled along very much as we did the night we marched to Savannah.

The boys were in a mischievous mood that night. They raked up all the jokes on any of the officers that had accumulated during the nine months of our service and reproduced them in the form of questions and answers, with great gusto. A member of one company would shout at the top of his voice a conundrum regarding some officer, perhaps touching a tender spot, and somebody in another company would yell the answer. Some of the victims did not relish the jests at their expense and allowed their tempers to get the better of them. One or two rushed along the line vainly trying to find out who the offenders were. The utter darkness baffled their efforts and the fun went on fast and furious. It was nearly midnight when we filed off the road and bivouacked. The tired soldiers dropped upon the ground, and rolled themselves in their blankets.





We had scarcely lain down when there was a prodigious commotion in the bivouac. A great yelling was heard some distance away, and it was taken up by one regiment after another until the entire division had broken loose. It was all caused by a runaway mule team, which galloped furiously along the rough road, the wagon bumping and thumping against the stumps and stones. A short distance beyond our bivouac the mules brought up against a tree and went down all in a heap.

At the top of the mountain John Kauffman, driver of the hospital wagon of the Sixty-fourth, found himself and his team so much fagged that he declared, with a wealth of teamsters' vigorous language, that he couldn't and wouldn't go another step. But when the order to march was given his familiar "Gee up, Jinny!"—which had come to be a by-word in the regiment—was heard and caught up by a hundred tongues. John kept along with the procession, but during the evening he ran upon a hornets' nest, the disturbed occupants of which attacked his mules and threw them into a paroxysm of plunging, rearing, kicking and braying. The whole concern narrowly escaped wreck. With fighting hornets and trying to manage his mules, Kauffman had a very lively time of it. While it lasted he had more business on his hands than any other man in the brigade.

We started next morning at seven o'clock and by eleven had reached the descent of the mountain. The road was as rough and precipitous as at the other side, but it is easier to go down than up a hill, and we reached the bottom without extraordinary fatigue. A mile further and we stacked arms in the woods near Elk river. Five or six brigades were encamped near us and the country seemed to be fairly swarming with soldiers. Our supply of food was getting very low, but we drew some sweet potatoes—by the tops—stripped the ears from a field of corn, and enjoyed what was to us a bountiful supper. Toward evening our wagons arrived but we looked in vain for our tents and baggage. It had been found impossible to get the loaded train over the mountain. Rebel cavalymen were hovering unpleasantly near, and an immense bonfire was made of all the tents and company baggage of every kind except a few indispensable articles. A large amount of property was thus destroyed, that it might not fall into the



hands of the enemy. The wagon of Company K, Sixty-fifth, broke down and was burned, with all its contents except the company books. Regiments having horse teams fared even worse than ourselves, most of them barely saving their empty wagons. Nearly three months elapsed before we again slept under canvas.

We remained here two days. Elk river valley was like a garden in its fertility, and a week before our arrival had been rich in fruit and field crops of all kinds. But twenty thousand soldiers, who had been marching for days on half rations, came down from the mountain "like a wolf on the fold," and almost in a day that beautiful valley was swept by the besom of destruction. There was no guarding of property now, except in rare cases of undoubted loyalty. So long as the men did not resort to deeds of violence or wanton pillage and destruction, they were permitted to forage about as they pleased. Near our bivouac was a very extensive orchard of peach and apple trees, which had been loaded with fruit; now they were as barren as in mid-winter. One of the boys was led to observe that the owner would get left on his usual supply of peach brandy and applejack.

Half a mile away lived the owner of a large plantation. At his solicitation General McCook, on his arrival, posted guards to protect his place from pillage. Next day the general sent an officer to wait upon him and administer the oath of allegiance to the United States government. The planter refused to take it. This fact being reported to General McCook he promptly ordered the guards to be removed. This was done, whereupon the soldiers "went in" and literally swept the place of everything eatable. It did not take them long to do it, either. When the storm broke upon him the planter mounted his horse and galloped to McCook's quarters and begged that he might be permitted to swear allegiance to the government. But his sudden spasm of loyalty was "too thin." The gates of mercy were closed and he went away in a great rage. The negroes told us that he had three sons in the rebel army, and was one of the most ardent supporters of the Confederate cause in all that section. No place was ever more thoroughly cleaned out than his. Our company had a goose from his flock, which, its captor said, hissed defiantly at him when ordered to take the oath. The fowl was well stricken in



years, but by dint of long boiling was softened so that we were able to pick its bones.

One day two companies from each regiment of our brigade were sent on a foraging expedition with wagons, and ordered to bring into camp anything that could be issued to the soldiers for food. The region had been so well scoured that we were obliged to go nine miles. We obtained a good part of our plunder on the place of one Reynolds, who was a captain of cavalry in the Confederate army. His wife, a comely woman of perhaps twenty-five, sat on the porch smoking a cob pipe and watching the enforcement of the confiscation act. Her eyes flashed fire as an officer approached the house.

"I wish my husband was here!" said she.

"I'm sure I regret his absence!" was the reply.

And that was all that was said. We loaded our wagons with grain, bacon, vegetables and fruit, driving along "on the hoof" half a dozen fine cattle. Our triumphant entry into camp was greeted with stentorian shouts.

Our brief stay here was somewhat in the nature of a picnic--much more so than anything that fell to our lot for a long time thereafter. The proceeds of our foraging gave us plenty to eat for the time, and after our partial abstinence for so long at Bridgeport and Stevenson, we ate and were duly thankful. The commissaries could not fill the aching void in the stomachs of the soldiers. The demand for something to eat was so imperative as to break down the barriers against confiscation, and these were never again so high and so strong as they had been up to this time in our wanderings. In fact, it was not a great while until they almost wholly disappeared.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### AS WE GO MARCHING ON.

TRAVELING "BY JERKS" DAY AND NIGHT—A BABEL OF CONFUSING ORDERS—A GYPSY LIFE, WITHOUT TENTS—IN SUN AND STORM—THROUGH NASHVILLE WITHOUT A HALT—WE WIN A FOOT-RACE—A NIGHT MARCH WITH FLYING FEET—AT BOWLING GREEN AGAIN—"WILL YOU WAIT?"—A COMPANY IN A SORRY PICKLE:

WE HAD just gone to bed, in the evening of August 27th, when the adjutant went around and stirred up the orderlies, informing them that the drum would beat at eleven and we would march at midnight.

Everybody turned out and went to cooking, but the order to fall in did not come. All night long and the next day and night we waited, expecting every moment to be called into line. We finally got away at noon of the 29th, marched a mile, and went into bivouac. We were ordered to police the grounds thoroughly and build unto ourselves such shelters as we could, as we would probably remain there several days. Then we felt certain that we would soon be on the march again, for nothing ever went more "by contraries" than the orders regulating our stops and starts on this campaign. But we all worked like beavers for two or three hours, building huts of boards, rails and bushes, and putting the camp in prime order. This work was still in active pro-





gress when the long roll proved the correctness of our surmise.

"Pack up; march in twenty minutes!" said the adjutant.

Near this camp was the finest spring, without exception, that we ever found. The water, beautifully clear and cold, rushed in a copious stream from the base of an immense overhanging rock. We were loth to leave this, but filling our canteens, and hastily drawing four days' half rations, we were hurried into line and started off at a rapid gait. After a dusty and tiresome march of ten miles we bivouacked, an hour after dark, three miles from Hillsboro. At this point Major Olds, of the Sixty-fifth, left us, having resigned his commission, and Captain Horatio N. Whitbeck, of Company E, assumed command of the regiment.

Next morning we went scurrying off at daylight. There were flying rumors of rebels ahead, and "positively no straggling" was the order. After covering four miles, however, we took to the woods, with orders to police another camp, where, we were told, we would certainly stay a while. Again we "felt it

in our bones" that we wouldn't do anything of the kind. Marching orders came promptly next morning. Half an hour later we were groping our way through clouds of suffocating dust. The Sixty-fifth was detailed to guard the train and was scattered along the road for a mile. We passed through Manchester toward evening and camped a mile beyond.

This being the last day of the month there was the regular inspection and muster in the evening. The night set in rainy

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PHILIP P. McCUNE,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



and cool. As long as the weather was fine it was all very fair to live without tents, and sleep in the open air, with the stars winking and blinking in our faces, but a storm very quickly took all the poetry out of such a life. During the next few weeks we learned to make all imaginable shifts to protect ourselves from inclement weather. It became a matter of wonder that men could make themselves so comfortable under such adverse conditions.

Reveille beat at midnight. An hour later we drew out on the Murfreesboro pike, in a dripping and sloppy condition. We halted in half an hour and the word "Prepare to wade!" was passed along the column. Being already well soaked we had no preparations to make, so we plunged in, fording a stream three feet deep and ten yards wide. We went swishing along in our wet garments, through the rain and darkness. We were glad enough when day dawned, although the sun rose upon a sorry looking procession. Toward noon there was a drenching shower, after which the sun took a hand in the game, and beat down fiercely upon us, with blistering effect. It was a hard day's march, our bivouac being twenty miles from our starting point. The boys had keen appetites and there was furious foraging that evening. Some of them struck a still-house, and confiscated several gallons of "tangle-foot." A few attempted to carry too much in the wrong place, and at a late hour were brought in under guard, in a most hilarious state of mind and wabby condition of body.

On the 3rd of September we passed through Murfreesboro, took the Lebanon pike, marched ten miles, forded Stone river and went into camp. We stayed two days, our time being mostly given to foraging—and eating. Captain Brown, of the Sixty-fifth, went out with three companies and brought in thirty bushels of sweet potatoes. On the 6th we struck out for Nashville. Under a scorching sun, we swept over the hard, limestone pike a distance of twenty-two miles, past the Hermitage—the home and burial place of Andrew Jackson—and camped three miles from the Tennessee capital. It was a day of great severity. Hundreds of men fell by the wayside, unable to keep up. Many of the companies stacked arms with less than a dozen men in ranks. With aching bones and weary limbs we threw ourselves upon the ground,



The next day was Sunday. Tired and footsore we would have been glad to rest, or even to go to church. Long before daylight the inexorable drum sounded in our ears. Not a few of the men found themselves unable to march without absolute torture, owing to the condition of their feet, which the previous night had been blistered and bleeding. Before starting the cripples were taken to the doctor's tent for inspection, where the worst cases were given passes to ride in the ambulances and wagons.

Among those who interviewed the surgeon was "Jimmy" Houlihan, of Company I, Sixty-fifth, who had declared that he couldn't march that day "at all, at all."

"Well, Jimmy," inquired the orderly, when he came limping back, "did he give you a pass to ride?"

"Pass be blowed!" said Houlihan. "Phat kind of a doctor is that; he niver looked at me sore fate but jist said. 'Show me yer tongue!'" Jimmy had to walk.

We started at dawn, passed through Nashville without halting, and turned our faces northward, on the same road by which we had entered the city six months before. The friends of the rebel cause in Nashville—and they were many—made no attempt to conceal their satisfaction at the change in the aspect of affairs. Nor, it must be confessed, did we feel so "brash" as when, with streaming banners, exultant shouts and "gay and gallant tread" we marched into the captured city with our faces to the south.

From late newspapers we gathered that the north was in a state of active fermentation. Pope had been overwhelmed at Manassas and Lee's army was almost at the gates of the national capital. All over Ohio, Indiana and Illinois the drums were calling the people to arms to repel the expected invasion of Bragg and Kirby Smith. Those were the dark days of the war, for the Union cause. It is not strange that the spirits of the soldiers sank to a low ebb, as Buell's army went galloping back to the Ohio river. It was evidently intended to hold on to Nashville if possible; some twelve thousand troops, under General Negley, being charged with that duty. Thousands of negroes were at work with pick and shovel, strengthening and extending the fortifications. We were glad to see the postman again. The



brigade received almost a wagon-load of mail, the first for more than three weeks.

On the 9th we passed through Gallatin. In the outskirts of the village a lordly appearing man stood at the gate of his residence, watching the troops as they marched by. Near him were several colored people, evidently his slaves—for emancipation had not yet been proclaimed. One of our officers, who wanted a servant, beckoned to a smart looking fellow of twenty. The latter was quick to respond, and when the officer asked him if he didn't want to "come along," he fell into the ranks without so much as casting a look behind. To him, at least, had come "de year ob jubilo." His master, in great consternation, called after him to return, but "Rufus" kept on his way. He remained with us for several months.

From this time until we reached Louisville we were kept in continual agitation by hourly rumors of rebels ahead and upon our flanks. On the following day, when three miles from Mitchellville, at which point we were to strike the Bowling Green pike, it was ascertained that another division of Buell's army was approaching from Nashville by that road. We determined to get ahead if possible, and, taking the double-quick, we made excellent speed. The weather was extremely warm and the dust was fearful, but in the excitement of the race we thought of nothing else. Our leading regiment was just in time to get possession of the road. With loud cheers we slackened our pace to "common time," the other division being forced to wait till ours had passed.

We were now in Kentucky again. We had traveled this road before—going the other way—and many familiar objects met our eyes. But the pike was just as hard, and the milestones just as far apart, as then. After a very fatiguing march of twenty-two miles we turned into a stubble field, where we flung off our accouterments, expecting to spend the night. Ten minutes later we were directed to get our suppers immediately and be ready to march in an hour to Bowling Green, sixteen miles distant. We were told that a detachment of Bragg's army was rapidly approaching that place, and it was in the highest degree important that we should get there first. We had already made more than





an average day's march, and it seemed a physical impossibility for us to almost double the distance. We had had one foot-race, and now, with the prospect of a more exciting one, and possibly a fight, we managed to "brace up" for the ordeal. Fully a hundred men of the brigade were, however, wholly unable, from blistered feet and exhausted bodies, to continue the march. They were excused by the surgeons and permitted to ride on the ambulances and wagons. Supper and a short rest, and the drum called us into line. It was just nine o'clock as we passed from the gleam of the bivouac fires into the dim moonlight, and moved swiftly along the pike.

It was a pleasant night for marching. The air was deliciously cool, and a heavy dew settled the dust. But the hours were long through that September night. Whenever we halted a few moments for rest, half the men would be asleep in an instant, to be aroused at the tap of the relentless drum and go plodding on. Men slept while walking, and tumbled against each other, or against the fences by the roadside. Scarcely a word was spoken. Now and then a feeble jest was heard, but it fell upon unappreciative ears. The column swept almost noiselessly along, for those smarting feet trod tenderly upon the stony way. Cries of pain and weariness were extorted from the unwilling lips of brave men as they pressed forward with faltering steps. It was a terrible march. When, half an hour before daylight, we halted in the edge of Bowling Green, men sank down in their tracks, without even removing their accouterments, and gave themselves to slumber. The sun rose and looked into the faces of the sleeping soldiers, but his hot rays waked them not. They slept on till aroused at nine o'clock by beat of drum. We passed through the city and encamped a mile west, near a large spring that afforded us most welcome refreshment. Strange to say, no orders for drill were issued. We were only too glad to spend the day in undisturbed quiet. The report about the rebels was only another scare.

We remained four or five days at Bowling Green, enjoying a much needed rest. We found here two of our musicians who were mustered out at Bridgeport. They told us that almost the entire party were captured by the rebels, only these two making



their escape. Their instruments were all appropriated by their captors.

The Sixty-fifth having no field officer present, Lieutenant-colonel William H. Young, of the Twenty-sixth Ohio, was detailed for temporary command, Captain Whitbeck acting as major. One evening at dress-parade, while exercising the regiment in the manual of arms, Colonel Young gave the command "Right shoulder shift!"—and made the customary pause before giving the word of execution, "Arms!" During the pause two or three heedless men anticipated the order and poked their guns up into the air. The colonel, who was a strict disciplinarian, was somewhat nettled at this carelessness and shouted to the offenders in tones of thunder:

"*Will you wait?*"

The boys picked up this expression, and to the day of our discharge kept it in active service as a catch-phrase. Colonel Young returned in a few weeks to his own regiment, but thereafter, whenever, under any circumstances, the Sixty-fifth caught sight of him, a dozen voices would shout the exasperating question, "*Will you wait?*" It always annoyed him, and that is probably the reason the boys kept it up.

The evening before we left Bowling Green an order was read at dress-parade to stand at arms each morning from three o'clock till daybreak: and to drill four times daily. There was loud murmuring about the drilling, as the blisters on many feet from the hard marching were yet unhealed. But we only had the privilege of drilling once and then were upon the road again.

One day, during a halt, our company pressed into the service a large iron caldron which the boys found lying in a barn. We put in half a barrel of water and about forty shirts, and built a roaring fire under the kettle. It is not necessary to explain why we did this. We knew that our stay was uncertain, and that we were liable to march at any moment, but the temptation for revenge upon the graybacks was too strong to be resisted, and we hoped to have time to complete the process. Just as the water had fairly begun to boil the drums sounded the "fall in," and five minutes later the regiment started off almost at a gallop. All who read this will appreciate the pickle we were in, and can im-



agine the grotesque figure we presented as we hastily fished our steaming garments out of the caldron and carried them along on sticks until they were sufficiently cooled for us to wring out. Most of the boys' backs where the graybacks had been pasturing for weeks, looked like illuminated war maps. Some had blouses, while others were fain to cover their nakedness with blankets or ponchos. Not till the first halt, an hour later, did we succeed in getting ourselves into presentable condition. Our predicament afforded great fun for the other companies of the regiment. And we had only just warmed up the graybacks and made them lively!

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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### KICKING UP MORE DUST.

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WE FORD BARREN RIVER—PUSHING TOWARD THE NORTH STAR—A WATER FAMINE—GREAT SUFFERING FROM THIRST—TOTAL DISAPPEARANCE OF HARDTACK—RATIONS OF FLOUR—THE AWFUL "BREAD" WE MADE—AN ORDERLY VICTIMIZED—DEATH WOULD HAVE BEEN MILD PUNISHMENT—"THERE IT COMES, NOW!"—CAPTAIN SMITH AND "COMPANY G."

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ON THE 15th of September we turned out at three o'clock under arms, stood till five, and then charged around a big field from five to six on battalion drill, which gave us a ravenous appetite for breakfast. Orders came to march at once. We got off by two in the afternoon, which was doing



pretty well. We only marched a couple of miles and stacked arms on the bank of Barren river. Next morning we were ready to move at daylight, but stood around till three in the afternoon. The bridges over the river had been destroyed and we took a very long and circuitous route to reach a ford. Our march was through a rough, hilly country, over a trail that could scarcely be called a road at all. Night closed down upon us, but we stumbled on till ten o'clock, when we reached the ford.

"Battalion! Prepare to wade—knee deep!"

This unique and original order was shouted by Colonel Young. Trousers, shoes and stockings were quickly removed, and, carrying these in our hands, we plunged briskly into the water. The stream was about eighty yards across, with a level, sandy bottom. The bath for our feet and limbs was most refreshing, and we wished the river were a mile wide. Fifteen minutes were allowed to "dress up." Then we fell in again; the old familiar command "Right face! Forward, route step—March!" was given, and we moved swiftly on through the darkness, over the rough and stony path. Six miles brought us again to the pike. There was no water at hand, and, faint and weary, we threw ourselves upon the ground, at two in the morning, for a short rest. The night was cold, and when we were aroused at daylight a white frost covered our blankets. Chilled through, stiff and sore, we reluctantly turned out for roll-call, receiving orders to march in an hour.

We were off promptly and made a most exhausting journey of sixteen miles, without a drop of good water in the entire distance. The country between Barren and Green rivers is mostly flat, with scarcely a spring that flows during the dry season. Here and there, however, are large natural basins, some of them two hundred feet in diameter. In most of these we found water, but it was wretched stuff, dead and stagnant, and covered with a vile, green scum. Yet we were obliged to wet our parched mouths with it for there was no other source of supply for our canteens. For hours we suffered from a consuming thirst. In a small village through which we passed there was a distillery—that necessary auxiliary of every Kentucky town. A small quantity of "*spiritus frumenti*" was found and two dozen can-





teenfuls of it were hailed with joy by our brigade. To many, this was like a draught from the fountain of eternal youth; and some drank whisky that day who had never tasted it before. I do not believe it was marked down against them on the slate of the Recorder.

During the rainy season the water collects in these natural reservoirs of which I have spoken, but the heat and the accumulated impurities of the summer render it so nauseous to both taste and smell that even the mules turned away from it in disgust. We would have been glad to fill our canteens with coffee for such a march, but our supply was so scanty that we had barely enough for a cupful morning and night.

At no time during this campaign did we have more than half rations, and much of the time between Bowling Green and Louisville the mercury in the commissary thermometer ran down almost to zero. We could only eke out our scanty hoard with such food as could be gleaned from a region, not fertile at best, and now overrun by a multitude of half starved soldiers.

The enemy, between us and Louisville, made frequent dashes upon the railroad, destroying bridges and capturing supply trains. Hardtack and bacon finally disappeared entirely from our daily *menu*. For several days we had little besides flour. This we could only use by making it into dough with cold water and drying it on flat stones before the fire. It was abominable stuff, for those lumps of dried dough were more fit to be used as artillery ammunition than as food. But it was dough or starve, and we naturally chose the dough, making the best of dire necessity.



JOHN O. BARTLETT,  
CORPORAL CO. D. SIXTY-FIFTH,  
Killed at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept.  
19, 1863.



At the close of this day's march our brigade, in a driving rain storm, turned into an immense corn field. The water and the soft earth mingled readily, and we were soon tramping around in mud, ankle deep. The prospect for the night was dismal enough. Two or three old buildings were torn down, and with the boards, and rails and cornstalks, most of the men provided themselves with shelters, beneath the protection of which they laid them down and slept with a good degree of comfort.

The 18th was a day of unusual fuss and excitement. We stood at arms in the muddy cornfield for an hour before daylight and then began preparations for breakfast. But before our coffee had even come to a boil a chorus of drums through all the camp, and shouts of "Fall in, without a moment's delay!" caused a great commotion. We moved out upon the pike immediately and started off at double-quick. On either side of the road troops were forming and moving to the front—wherever that was—in line of battle; two or three batteries were dashing forward at a gallop; staff officers were riding hither and thither, trying to find somebody to give orders to—in fact it looked more like real business than anything we had seen since Shiloh. As usual at such times the most wild and absurd rumors were constantly flying as to what the riot was all about. Nobody had any clearer idea of the real situation than if he had been a thousand miles away.

We forged ahead on the pike, expecting at every turn to bump against Bragg's whole army. At length we descried, on a hill a mile to the right, two or three men on horseback. The generals aimed their long-range field glasses at them and pronounced them rebels. And this is what caused all the stir! The cavalrymen soon vanished, and we saw them no more. They were doubtless as badly frightened as we were. But the sight of these vagrant horsemen caused our army instantly to halt. Two lines of battle were formed, a few hundred yards apart, stretching half a mile on either side of the pike. Artillery was posted in commanding positions; skirmishers were deployed in front of the line; and a few companies of cavalry went ahead at a leisurely trot to reconnoiter. While awaiting the return of the troopers, to find out whether there was anybody over there who wanted to fight,



the troops lay down upon their arms, no man being permitted to leave the line under any pretext.

But as the hours passed, and the cavalry did not seem to find anything to shoot at, the great scare gradually wore itself out. The men began to clamor for a chance to eat something, as the panicky condition of things in the morning had cheated them out of their breakfast. About noon it was considered that the country would still be reasonably safe if the hungry soldiers were permitted to make some coffee, and this privilege was granted them. Once the report of a single gun, a mile distant, set everybody to charging around again, but in a little while it was "All over!"

By four o'clock in the afternoon it was thought the little squad of rebel riders were far enough away so that our army might safely move. We advanced six miles, going into bivouac near Cave City. A cavalry force of the enemy had occupied the place in the morning, but kindly retired on our approach. There were about a hundred ragged and forlorn rebel prisoners and deserters, under guard of our advance cavalry in the village.

Toward evening another lot of flour was issued to us, which we were directed to put into eatable shape at once. We had not seen a hardtack for nearly a week. Every man appointed himself a committee on ways and means. Culinary skill and ingenuity were focused upon that flour. Every conceivable device for baking was resorted to, and masses of awful "bread" were stowed away in haversacks for the days to come. Two companies from each regiment were detailed for picket, four of the best cooks in each being left in camp to wrestle with the flour question. Our company was stationed in a large orchard which, strangely enough, had an abundance of fruit. Near midnight Captain Brown, of Company H, Sixty-fifth, who was in charge of the line, came to the reserve and said in a suppressed voice:

"Lieutenant, take a small squad of men and come with me immediately!"

Lieutenant Tannehill, who was then in command of Company E, promptly obeyed. We followed Captain Brown a short distance when he stopped and told us to examine our pieces and be sure that they were duly loaded and capped. Then he pointed



out some suspicious objects that were moving about among the bushes under a large tree a short distance away. He said he had been watching them for some time and believed they were rebels.

"Shall we fire on 'em?" asked Tannehill, with suppressed excitement.

"Better wait a bit," said the captain, "till we find out who or what they are."

At the captain's suggestion the men were deployed and gradually approached the tree from all sides. This cautious proceeding developed the fact that it was only a couple of innocent mules that had taken up their quarters there for the night. For many months Lieutenant Tannehill never wearied of rallying Captain Brown on his mules.

The next morning the boys of Company H found an old hand cider-mill on the premises. They brought it out to our post in the orchard and we ground out cider enough to fill all our canteens, besides two or three pailfuls that we took with us to camp. We were relieved from our trick of picket duty just in time to take our place in the regiment for brigade drill. For two hours we had plenty of sham fighting. We could always have that, however long and vainly we sought for the genuine article.

Contrary to expectations we did not move on the 20th. We had a minute inspection of arms and ammunition, followed by battalion drill. Colonel Young made a patriotic speech to the Sixty-fifth, telling the men that they would soon be led against the enemy, and exhorting them to acquit themselves with honor. In the evening we drew more flour and were ordered to march at daylight, with three days' cooked rations in haversacks. With nothing but flour and water, there was a ghastly humor about such an order. Fires were replenished and the soldiers began to hustle around, engaged in preparing their sumptuous fare.

Right here I have a little private matter to settle with some soldier, probably of our own regiment. I know not who he is, or was, or whether he be living or dead. If living, this may possibly pass under his eye, and lead to an amicable adjustment of the difficulty.

I was fortunate in having for a "pard," Wilbur F. Hulet, who was peculiarly gifted as a cook. He was a splendid fellow.





Had he been my brother, I could scarcely have loved him more. One year from that day he fell in death at Chickamauga.

Tired of a cannon-ball diet, my "pard" said to me quietly that he was going to try and get together the materials for some biscuit. Although to me the prospect seemed dubious enough, I had learned from long experience to have almost boundless faith in his resources, and I assured him that he could depend upon my "aid and comfort" in the enterprise, to the full extent of my ability. "Just wait till I come back," he said, as he drew on his shoes and went limping away.

He was absent perhaps an hour. As the proceeds of his foray, he laid down by the fire a cast-iron "Dutch oven," and took from his blouse pocket a package of soda. Where he got these things I do not know, for I did not ask him. I might have supposed that he bought them, but for the knowledge that he, like the rest of us, hadn't any money. We had not seen a paymaster for three or four months and were all in a condition of hopeless bankruptcy. I was forced to the opinion—and to this day I have seen no reason to change it—that he stole them. But we were both too hungry to wrestle with fine questions of theology and ethics, and we fell to at once, engaging with the greatest energy and enthusiasm in the work of baking up our rations of flour. Hulet, of course, acted as chief cook and general culinary director, while I served as scullion, making myself useful in any way that I could.

For five or six hours we toiled and perspired, but we felt fully recompensed in seeing our haversacks distended to their full capacity with actual biscuit. They had in goodly measure the desired element of "lightness," for the soda had done its perfect work, and we flattered ourselves that our three days' supply of bread was much superior to anything else in the entire bivouac. It was two o'clock in the morning when the last batch of biscuit reached a beautiful brown and we rested from our labors. The reveille was to sound at four, so that we had but two hours for sleep. Tired, almost to the limit of human endurance, we spread one blanket upon the ground, stretched ourselves upon it, pillowed our heads upon our well filled haversacks, drew the other blanket over us, and in an instant were fast asleep.



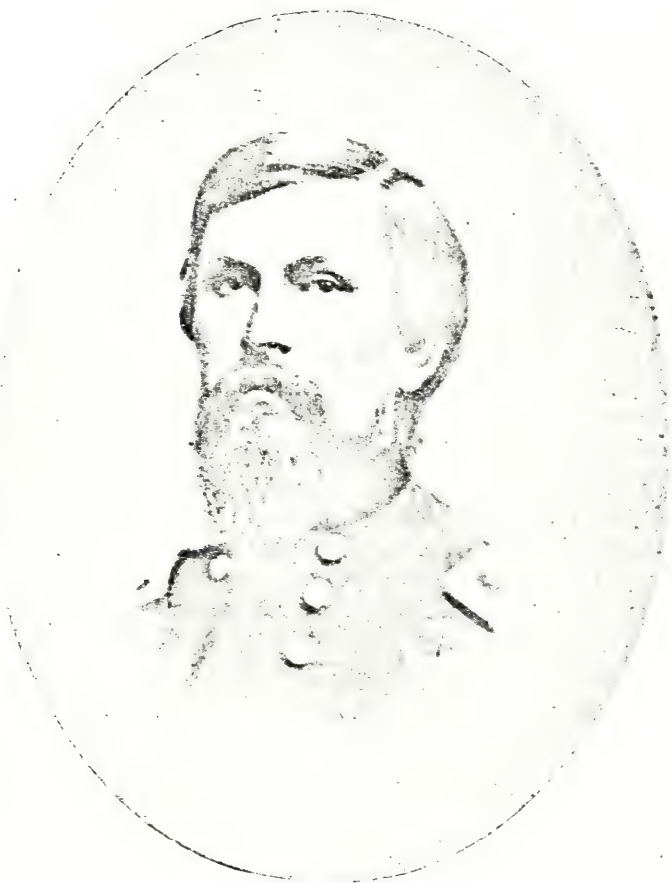
It seemed but a moment until the blast of bugles, the scream of fifes and the rattle of drums aroused us to prepare for another day's journey. As soon as I awoke I discovered that a calamity of no small proportions had befallen me. My head was flat upon the ground. Springing up I saw that my haversack was entirely empty. While I slept some hungry, covetous miscreant had picked out those biscuit, to the very last one. I presume it was several minutes before I said anything. I could not think of any words that would do justice to the theme, or in the faintest manner give expression to the feelings that raged within me. I have never been addicted to the use of profane language, but it *did* seem to me then that it would give some small relief if one of the mule-drivers would come over and swear for me. If I could have found that morning the despoiler of my haversack, though he had been like unto Goliath of Gath in stature, there certainly would have been a fight.

Those biscuit were scheduled to last me three days. Not till the expiration of that time would Uncle Sam give me anything more. By reason of the pillage I was forced into a condition of absolute mendicancy, depending for my sustenance wholly upon the bounty of others. My "pard" divided generously with me, and now and then some pitying comrade tossed me one of his lumps of dried dough, so that, while I was near the starvation line I did not actually cross it.

I believed then, and I believe yet, that I was fully justified in making the vow I did that morning in 1862, that if I ever found the man that stole my biscuit I would whip him if I could.

For thirty-five years I have been looking for that man. It is true, I am glad to say, that the softening influences of time have somewhat assuaged my wrath, and if I should meet him now it is not at all likely that I would kill him, although I am persuaded that any jury of old soldiers would render a verdict that it was "justifiable." There might not even be a case of assault and battery; but, after all, it may be best "that I be not tried, for the flesh is weak." But I do indulge the hope that the culprit, whoever he may be, has, during all these years, had upon his conscience as heavy a load as I am sure he must have had upon his stomach after eating my biscuit.





THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN.  
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS.



Sunday, the 21st, was another day of wild alarm. We were under arms before dawn. Imperative orders had been given for every available man to be in line. Even Herman Hance, the little snoring Dutchman of Company E, Sixty-fifth, who had been sick for some days, was in his place "mit his gun." We moved swiftly along the pike four or five miles when we filed into a large field where the army was being formed in line of battle. The dispositions indicated a purpose to attack the enemy, provided he was willing to be attacked. After the Sixty-fifth had taken its assigned place in the line, Colonel Young issued an order which the boys never forgot nor forgave. He directed that one man be detailed from each company and stationed in rear of the line, with orders to shoot down any who should attempt to desert under fire. The order was cruel and unjust, because it implied a lack of "sand" in the regiment, and, as it proved, was in any case wholly unnecessary, as nothing happened to us that would frighten a kitten.

As soon as the lines were fully formed the whole army advanced in battle array, through woods and thickets and brambles and across corn and tobacco fields, leveling every fence that stood in its way. We kept this up for two miles, without hearing a shot or discovering a sign of the enemy. Our clothing was completely saturated with the dew that lay heavy upon the grass and bushes. We halted for a couple of hours in a dense wood. Then we had another spasm and went madly on, sweeping all before us. At length the rattle of a dozen shots in quick succession was heard in the distance.

"There it comes, now! Steady, Company G!" frantically shouted Captain Orlow Smith, of the Sixty-fifth, in his explosive way.

He was sure the battle had come at last, and that the whole responsibility in the crisis rested upon "Company G." Captain Smith never heard the last of that remark until there was no Sixty-fifth in existence to repeat it, around the camp-fire and upon the march. Times without number in after years, when stray shots caused the boys to prick up their ears, someone would sing out: "There it comes now! *Steady-y-y* Company G!" and then everybody would laugh—except Captain Smith.





But for the fun the soldiers made, for themselves and for each other, out of even the most trivial incidents, they would all have died. Nothing was more keenly relished than a joke on an officer. These were not wanting—plenty of them—in every regiment. When the boys got hold of a good one they stored it away for future use, and never forgot it. The victim was reminded of it with exasperating frequency. The fact is that the volunteer soldiers had far less of the awe and reverence for the rank conferred by shoulder-straps than characterized them, and do yet, those of the United States army proper—the “regulars.” In most cases company and even regimental officers, had been boyhood companions, friends and neighbors of the men whom they commanded. This is particularly true of the large number of officers who were promoted from the ranks. The free-and-easy ways of the soldiers with the officers were such as to a West Pointer would seem fatal to military discipline. The boys rarely attempted anything even approaching familiarity with officers of the regular service. If one attempted it he was very likely to do penance in a way that effectually cured him.

Of course we halted as soon as there was any shooting going on. It was impossible for us ever to get near enough to either hurt anybody or get hurt ourselves. The ranks were carefully aligned, and every preparation was made to receive the advancing foe. But the foe was all the time advancing away from us, with Louisville as his polar star, and we were only trailing along behind at a safe distance. We continued these fitful movements, charging furiously through the woods and fields and then halting to get breath for the next rush, till the middle of the afternoon, when we found that there was nothing more formidable than a squad of cavalry within ten miles. We had been wildly “beating the bush” for nine hours, with no other effect than to start up a few affrighted rabbits which

“Ran with a nimble terror”

before the imposing array. Then we all filed out upon the pike and pushed on toward Green river.



## CHAPTER XXV.

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### THE GOAL IS REACHED.

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SPOILING FOR A FIGHT BUT NONE TO BE FOUND—TOM KELLEY'S JOKE—  
REBEL SHELLS BURST AROUND US—WE FEEL A LITTLE SOLEMN—  
WADING GREEN RIVER—REBEL STRAGGLERS—WE FIND AMONG  
THEM A BRIDGEPORT ACQUAINTANCE—BRAGG DRAWS OFF—THE  
ROAD CLEAR AND AWAY WE GO—"ONLY TWO DAYS TO LOUIS-  
VILLE"—WE REACH THE OHIO RIVER—CHEERS FOR "GOD'S COUN-  
TRY"—A GLORIOUS BATH—WE STRIKE A NEW REGIMENT—IN THE  
CITY.

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**A**LL THESE operations were very perplexing to the sol-  
diers. In their simplicity they were possessed with the  
idea that war meant fighting somebody. They were  
really anxious for a battle, if for no other purpose than  
to afford a change from this continual marching and charging  
over the country on half rations—or flour and water, which was  
vastly worse. We were actually "spoiling for a fight."

As they trudged along the soldiers were much inclined to jest  
at the expense of General Buell. One expressed the opinion that  
if Bragg would detail a dozen cavalymen to prance around and  
fire off their shotguns now and then, they could hold Buell's army



where it was for six months, and Bragg might go where he pleased. Another thought it would be just throwing away money to get our lives insured, as the safest place in the world, so far as getting hurt was concerned, was in Buell's army. Tom Kelley, the wild Irishman of Company E, Sixty-fifth, declared that the rebels had burned Green river for a distance of several miles, so that Buell's men could not get any water. In proof of this he said he had seen, that morning, a citizen driving by with a wagon load of fish, all with their fins and tails burned off!

As we neared the river we learned that there had actually been some fighting there in the early part of the day, in which several were killed or wounded on either side. We saw the body of a rebel cavalry officer lying in a shed by the roadside, and in a house near by surgeons were ministering to the wounded. Several dead horses lay by the road and in the fields.

Suddenly we were brought up "all standing" by the boom of a cannon, and, an instant later, the sharp crack of a shell over

our heads. Another and another followed in quick succession. Fragments of the missiles whizzed through the air, causing some of the heroic patriots who had talked so bravely an hour before to do some active dodging. The Eighth Indiana battery whirled off the pike to a rise of ground at the right, unlimbered, and sent compliments to the rebel artillery, which occupied a high wooded knoll half a mile ahead. Of course the army halted while this duel was going on. Lines were adjusted, arms examined, and



EDWIN E. SCRANTON,  
ADJUTANT AND CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



more turgid speeches made. But the only object of the enemy was to check our advance. He had been doing this for several days, and we had seconded his efforts in the most cordial manner. After receiving a few well-directed shots from the Hoosier battery, the rebel artillerists thought they had got enough for the moment, and withdrew. In about an hour, the fact having been fully established that they had gone, we ventured to move up to Green river, where we stopped for the night. Our own position was within the intrenchments on the south bank. We were ordered to lie on our arms, and hold ourselves in readiness to be up and off at any moment.

During the whole night regiments and brigades were marching and countermarching. Hundreds of wagons rattled along the pike and crossed the river at the ford, for the enemy had destroyed the bridges. High above the confusion that reigned supreme could be heard the yells of the mule drivers. Sleep was impossible. Twice during the night we were called to arms by a few stray shots on the picket line.

Reveille beat at four, and after several hours of waiting around we started. We forded Green river, the water being about three feet deep, and trudged on toward the Ohio. Panicky natives told us that Bragg was two days ahead of us, with anywhere from forty thousand to one hundred thousand men, their ideas of numbers being somewhat foggy. In any event there was no prospect that we would overtake him. It was clear that if Louisville was saved from capture it would be done by troops sent there from the north, and not by Buell's army. Bragg's rear guard, consisting of a few cavalry and a flying battery, had done its work well, as we have seen in the preceding pages. Whenever a "stand" was made, and a few shells were tossed over toward us, our army always halted, put the chip on its shoulder, and stood an hour or two, valiantly "daring" the foe to knock it off. And all the time Bragg's jubilant soldiers were stirring up the dust as they swept on toward the goal.

For miles north of Green river the pike runs near the railroad and parallel with it. We passed the yet smoking ruins of a long train of cars which the rebels had captured and destroyed, after filling their haversacks with the hardtack and sow-belly that





were intended for us, but which, owing to circumstances over which we had no control, failed to connect with our needy stomachs. By noon we had reached Bacon creek. The very name was refreshing, but there was no "bacon" there for us. "An hour for coffee!" was the word, but the fires were scarcely lighted when the drums beat and we pushed on, almost at a run, nibbling our chunks of dried dough as we went. We rushed along till night with scarcely a halt, bivouacking at Upton station. During the day our cavalry picked up a considerable number of "played out" stragglers, weary and footsore, from Bragg's army. If the rebels did "have the pole" in the great race, we found some consolation in the fact that they had to do as much hard marching as we did, and their legs ached and their feet blistered just the same.

Here we saw four thousand five hundred men, mostly new troops from Indiana, who had been captured by Bragg a few days before at Munfordville. They had "held the fort" for two days, but at length surrendered to overwhelming numbers. Having been paroled they were now on their way north. Of course it was not our business to have opinions about anything, but it seemed to us then, and has ever since, that this sacrifice might have been prevented, as Buell's army at that time lay idly at Bowling Green, within reach of the beleaguered garrison. But this was only one of a great many occurrences during that inscrutable campaign which were among the things that "passeth all understanding."

On the 23rd the army was early upon the road. The Second Indiana cavalry had a brisk engagement, losing twenty killed and wounded. During the forenoon an increased number of rebel deserters and stragglers were picked up and passed to the rear. Our boys chaffed them unmercifully, to which they responded good-naturedly.

"Hello, Johnny, where ye goin' now?"

"Jist goin' ter knock off awhile. How do you-all like it as fur as ye've got? The old man [Bragg] has got ye foul this time!"

By a singular coincidence we found among these prisoners one who had helped to picket the rebel side of the river while we lay at Bridgeport. As we halted for a rest, he was lying in a fence corner, with a few others, in a badly dilapidated condition



guarded by a couple of cavalrymen. Seeing the figures on our caps he asked:

"Hello, boys, what reegi-*ment* is that?"

"Sixty-fifth Ohio."

"Wall, I'll be dog-goned! Don't ye re-colleck the Ninth Kaintucky down to Bridgeport? I'm one of 'em. We wuz acrost the river from you-uns."

"That's so, Johnny; glad to see ye!"

"P'r'aps ye haint forgot what we told ye one day, that we wuz goin' to make ye sick 'fore long. What ye think 'bout it *now?*"

"You fellers are such blasted runners! If you'll only give us a fair stand-up fight, and we can ever get close enough, we'll lick ye out o' yer boots!"

"By the way," said the prisoner, "I don't reckon ye've got any coffee now ye'd like ter trade fer terbacker? Guess ye want it all yerselves, don't ye?"

"Ko-rect! you're right there, Johnny. Come around some other time!"

In the afternoon we began to lose traces of Bragg's army. It seemed to have wholly disappeared from our immediate front. Citizens told us that it had crossed, by an unfrequented road, to the Bardstown pike. The way was now clear ahead of us. About two o'clock there was a halt, and we were ordered to prepare for a forced march. Colonel Young said that positive intelligence had been received that Bragg was rapidly advancing upon Louisville, by the Bardstown pike, with seventy thousand men. He also told us that great news had come from the Army of the Potomac. McClellan had fought a tremendous battle at Antietam creek, in Maryland, and had utterly defeated the rebels, killing, wounding and capturing *sixty thousand* of them! This sounded large, but later intelligence reduced the figures to one sixth of that number. That was the way the stories always grew. We cheered lustily, swallowed our coffee, took a fresh grip on our muskets, and away we went. At dusk we passed through Elizabethtown, where a strong Union feeling was manifested. Men, women and children stood by the roadside and gave fresh water to the thirsty soldiers. We had braced ourselves for an all-



night march, but at eleven o'clock we filed into a field, charged upon a straw stack, and were soon asleep.

At one o'clock orderlies were routed out to draw three days' rations. With their details of grumbling men they tramped about a mile, and after hunting an hour through a fifty acre field, filled with bustling troops and wagons, they succeeded in finding the supply train. There was nobody to issue the rations, however, and after waiting another hour they returned empty-handed, swearing like "our army in Flanders." It was nearly time for reveille, and they only caught a short nap before the drums aroused us at four. We immediately formed and marched to the wagons, as our haversacks were empty to the last crumb. Rations were issued at once. There was loud cheering as a fewhardtack for each man were handed around—the first we had seen in ten days. A wagon train loaded with supplies had been sent out from Louisville, guarded by a heavy force, and by good fortune it had come safely through. Rarely in our lives has anything tasted so good as did those crackers that morning.

An hour was allowed for breakfast, and we resumed the march. The soldiers were in a greatly exhausted condition. Many were scarcely able to drag themselves along. But the urgency admitted of no delay. Words of encouragement from officers who rode horses were all well enough as far as they went, but they didn't go a great way. They did not ease the awful aching of tired limbs, or the smarting of blistered feet. "Only



ALONZO W. HANCOCK,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



two days' march from Louisville!" said Colonel Harker, as he rode along the line, with kindly greetings and expressions of sympathy. Twelve very long and very weary miles, and we stood upon the bank of the Ohio river near West Point, twenty miles below Louisville.

"Hurrah for God's country!" exclaimed the boys of the Fifty-first Indiana, as they looked across the river and saw the fair fields of their state. "I'd give a month's pay just to cross over there and stay tonight!" said one of them.

The enthusiasm of our Indiana comrades was plentifully shared by the Ohioans. It was "God's country" and that was enough. It was a feast for our eyes, even though long months and years must pass before our feet might press its soil. The air resounded with cheers, which burst forth spontaneously all along the line. We halted for several hours, and the men were *ordered* to bathe. Never was an order obeyed with greater alacrity. There was a general scamper for the river, and in ten minutes the edge of the stream for a mile was fairly alive with thousands of men, swimming and splashing about with great enjoyment. Few who had the privilege of that glorious bath in the Ohio, after the long days and nights of marching, through heat and dust, have forgotten its reviving and exhilarating effect upon body and mind. When, soon after sundown, we responded to the beat of the drum, all were in the best of spirits.

The night was clear and cool, and as we marched briskly on the air was vocal with songs and choruses, which made up in force and volume whatever they may have lacked in harmony. "Rally 'Round the Flag," "Red, White and Blue" and "John Brown's Body," were sung by whole regiments at a time, with an effect that no language can describe. After marching three hours we went into camp. We had not seen our wagons since we left Cave City, and we had nothing except what was upon our backs. Very few had knapsacks, and many had no blankets.

September 25th we followed the pike for eight miles, when we took a by-road and crossed to the Ohio river again where it was said we would pass the night. Just at dark, however, we were ordered to push on to Louisville, seven miles distant. Three miles from the city we passed the pickets of the Ninety-eighth





Illinois, a new regiment just entering the field. They were dressed in brand new uniforms and the shine had not yet disappeared from their accouterments. The brown and ragged veterans, as they filed past, greeted them with:

"How's all the folks to home?"

"Young feller, you'd better shed that paper collar!"

"You'll have to leave yer bandboxes behind!"

"Had any hardtack and sowbelly yet?"

"Jest look at we-uns and see what you've got ter come to!"

The fledgelings grinned, but it is likely that our appearance gave them a better idea of what soldiering was than anything they had yet seen.

We were fully three hours in making the remaining three miles. The city was swarming with troops. It was full before we arrived, and it was no easy matter to find places to stow away the brigades and divisions of Buell's army. We hitched along a few rods at a time, stopping and starting alternately, every few minutes. The column would stretch out a little way and then gather itself up, much after the manner of an inchworm, and just about as fast. It was unspeakably tedious, and everybody's patience gave out entirely. At length, chilled with the night air, and wet with copious dews, we threw ourselves upon the ground in a vacant square in the outskirts of the city. We had reached the goal at last. The memorable march to Louisville was ended. Exactly nine months had elapsed since we left Louisville on our first march. During that time we had traveled on foot more than twelve hundred miles—and now, here we were again, precisely where we started on our career of glory. Our army—then known as the Army of the Ohio—had wrested from the enemy a great extent of territory, covering portions of four states, and all of this was now relinquished, save, alone, the city of Nashville.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

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### GIRDING FOR ANOTHER CHASE.

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WE WERE A HARD LOOKING CROWD—RAGS, DUST AND GRAYBACKS—  
SOL. BANBURY'S DILEMMA—A RUSH OF NEW REGIMENTS—THE  
SEVENTY-THIRD INDIANA JOINS OUR BRIGADE—PLENTY OF RATIONS  
AND A MEAGER SUPPLY OF CLOTHING BUT NO TENTS—SHOOTING OF  
GENERAL NELSON—COLONEL YOUNG WAS DEMORALIZED—ORDERS  
TO MARCH.

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NOT often has the sun looked down upon such a ragged, forlorn and seedy gathering of tramps, seemingly in the last stage of vagabondage, as when it rose next morning over the bivouacs of Buell's army. Speaking of our own brigade, when we left Bridgeport and Stevenson we were but indifferently provided with clothing. Our line of supplies had for some time been so uncertain that the shortage was even more marked in the quartermaster's than in the commissary department. The wear and tear of our five weeks of arduous campaigning had been most disastrous to our wardrobes. We had not received during that time even so much as a pair of stockings. The consequence was that there were few whose



clothes were not more or less ragged, while many were absolutely in tatters. The stony pike was hard on shoes. During the last few days men marched absolutely with bare feet, or with old rags wrapped around them to protect them from the stones. Hundreds only kept the fragments of their shoes upon their feet by the aid of strings and straps. In this condition as to our feet, and many with armless blouses, or trousers through which knees protruded, it may well be believed that we looked more like a motley throng of wayworn vagrants, than a body of Christian patriots.

I remember how Sol. Banbury, of Company A, Sixty-fifth, was made the butt of countless jokes. His pantaloons "petered out" at a very important point, so that for several days he was in the condition of having, as the schoolboys say, "a letter in the postoffice." He had no cloth to repair the damage, and the good-natured gibes of his comrades—particularly those who marched behind him—drove him almost to distraction. Finally he cut a large piece from one leg of his trousers



JOHN C. ZOLLINGER,  
QUARTERMASTER AND CAPTAIN,  
SIXTY-FIFTH.

near the bottom, managed in some way to raise a needle and thread, and applied it, like a great plaster, to fill the aching void.

And the undergarments, such as had any! Perhaps I ought to draw a veil over the picture they presented, lest I shock eyes and ears polite. In a former chapter I alluded to the ravages of the *pediculus vestimenti*, or grayback, during this campaign, and will not now dwell long upon the subject. The most fertile imagination cannot conceive anything exceeding the reality. No



man, from the generals down to the negro scullions, could escape the vermin. To be in such a condition was a most distressing humiliation, but under such circumstances as had for weeks surrounded us it was simply an utter impossibility to avoid it. But it almost made one feel like committing suicide. Those days are long past. Probably few of us have even seen a grayback since we were mustered out of the service, nor do we ever want to see one.

Had Bragg's artillery been thundering at the gates of Louisville it would scarcely have wakened us, so soundly did we sleep the night of our arrival. An hour after daylight we were routed out and ordered to get breakfast and hold ourselves in readiness for anything that might turn up. Nothing did turn up that day, however, and we did little but draw rations, eat and sleep.

The people of Louisville seemed really glad to see us—and no doubt they were—much more so than when we first “invaded” the city, at the end of the previous year. There appeared to have been a marked growth of Union sentiment during the interval. The nights were cold, and for the first two or three days, in the chaos that reigned, the head quartermasters left us wholly unprovided with fuel. There was a disposition among the shivering men to assault the fences and outbuildings for material with which to feed the scanty fires, but this, of course, could not be permitted in Louisville. Kind-hearted citizens supplied us with cordwood and much in the way of provisions. Many officers and soldiers were invited to restaurants and to private houses and bountifully fed. It goes without saying that none of these invitations were declined. Some of those bibulously disposed were taken to saloons, where the citizens “set 'em up” in the luxuriant style peculiar to Kentucky.

The scare through the north, and particularly in the states bordering on Kentucky, caused by the approach of Bragg's army, was prodigious. At Cincinnati multitudes of “home guards” and “squirrel hunters” were gathered, while the new regiments, organized under the last call of the president, were being hurried to Louisville with all possible speed. Thousands of these men had not drilled for a single day, and never saw an army musket until put into their hands in the trenches around Louisville. It was





this large force, raw and undisciplined though it was, that saved the city. So far as Buell's army was concerned, Bragg could have taken and destroyed Louisville and whirled away before we could reach him. Most of the new regiments were distributed through Buell's army, one or two being assigned to each brigade. To ours was added the Seventy-third Indiana, Colonel Hathaway, then fully nine hundred strong. It looked like a brigade of itself.

On the 27th we transferred our bivouac to a point two miles south of the city, where we remained four days. We were still without tents, nor was it possible for us to get any at this time, as the supply had been wholly exhausted in equipping the new levies of troops. So we continued to lead a gypsy life, through storm and sun, sleeping on the ground with nothing between us and the stars. Kind-hearted ladies from the city visited the bivouacs, bringing delicacies for the sick and suffering and ministering to their needs. From hundreds of miles away came anxious and loving friends to see once more husbands, sons and brothers, who had been so long separated from them. Among these was the father of the writer. It was the last time I ever saw him, as he died three months later, while we were on the Stone river campaign.

There was a very loud call for shoes, clothing and camp equipage for our brigade; we had scarcely so much as a kettle in which to make bean soup. These supplies were tardy in coming to us. The extraordinary demand to fit the new troops for the field had rendered it impossible to respond immediately to the demand from the tatterdemalions of Buell's army. We had plenty of rations, but received no clothing until the day before we started out again to look for Bragg, and then but a meager supply. The boys were also anxious to get sight of some more greenbacks. We had not been paid for five months, and for a long time our pocketbooks had been even more empty than our haversacks. It is true there had been little use for money. The usual diversions had become almost obsolete, by reason of the protracted absence of the paymaster. While at Louisville the boys wanted the money which they felt they had labored hard to earn, but they didn't get a stiver. Nobody could borrow; for all were equally "strapped."



Rumors of Bragg's strength, movements and intentions kept us in a continual ferment. Nobody appeared to know anything that was really true, but hourly the wildest and most fantastic stories flew as if upon the wind, from one camp to another. It was well assured, however, that Bragg would not attempt to take Louisville. Whatever he might have done had he struck swiftly, his opportunity had now passed. The united forces were too strong for him. One other thing seemed reasonably certain, and that was that when the chaotic Union army became solidified and fully organized, there would be an aggressive movement. This was liable to begin at any moment. In view of this uncertainty the men were kept very closely in camp, and were rarely allowed to leave for any purpose. There was every prospect that our stay would be brief. On Sunday, the 28th, there was cannonading in the direction of Bardstown. We stood in line of battle for an hour, and received an order to march that evening, but it was afterward countermanded.

An occurrence deeply regretted by the army, was the shooting of Major-general William Nelson by Brigadier-general Jefferson C. Davis, on the 29th, at the Galt House, in an altercation growing out of their official relations. General Nelson was a brave and capable officer. He had commanded the Fourth division of the army since its organization, and during the battle of the second day at Shiloh had shown conspicuous courage and capacity. His harsh, overbearing manner toward his fellow-officers, however, had alienated their friendship. It was his profane and bitter language to General Davis that prompted the fatal shot. The fact that General Davis was acquitted by a court-martial, on the ground of extreme provocation, justifies the belief that the shooting was not wholly without cause. General Davis was a gallant officer, serving in the army of the Cumberland as long as it had an existence, and rising to the command of the Fourteenth corps.

The day before we left Louisville a trifling incident occurred in the camp of the Sixty-fifth, which created as much consternation as would have been caused by a shell from one of Bragg's batteries. A runaway horse attached to a buggy went tearing through the camp at a furious rate. One of the wheels of the



vehicle caught the ropes of Colonel Young's tent and flattened it upon the ground in an instant. The colonel, who was lying asleep upon a cot, scrambled out of the wreck in an advanced stage of demoralization. The horse dashed on over the ground covered with soldiers, but everybody managed to get out of the way and there were no casualties.

On the afternoon of September 30th, we were directed to put ourselves in readiness for rapid movements, the march to begin the following day. At an early hour next morning, October 1st, bugles and drums resounded throughout the camps that encircled Louisville. The seasoned veterans fully comprehended the meaning of the call to arms, and were ready to march and suffer again at the demand of duty. The new troops, thirsting for military glory, uttered brave words and were clamorous to be led against the enemy. We had passed through that stage of a soldier's life months before. We knew just how they felt, and how they would feel a few days later.

The army entered upon this campaign in three corps of three divisions each—a plan of organization that was maintained through the war. The First corps was commanded by General McCook; the Second—to which Wood's division belonged—by General Crittenden; and the Third by General Gilbert. Subsequently the corps numbers were changed to avoid duplication, as there were already corps with those designations in the Army of the Potomac. General Buell was commander-in-chief and General Thomas second in command. Bragg's army was at and near Bardstown.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

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### AT THE HEELS OF BRAGG.

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ON THE SAME OLD ROAD TO BARDSTOWN—WOES OF THE NEW TROOPS—  
HOW THE VETERANS NAGGED THEM—"DRAWING" BLANKETS—  
BRISK SKIRMISHING AHEAD—SOME VERY HARD MARCHING—BRAGG  
RETREATS—A MEMORABLE ALL-NIGHT TRAMP—BATTLE OF PER-  
RYVILLE—WE ARE IDLE SPECTATORS—MYSTERIES THAT CANNOT  
BE FATHOMED.

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THE movement began soon after daylight, the veterans marching away with their old swinging step, and the raw troops stretching their legs in the effort to keep up. They were going to show the old soldiers that they could march as well as anybody else. There was so much delay in getting the large body in motion that it was past noon when we drew out on the Bardstown pike, the same road by which we had left the city nine months before. We traveled rapidly, bivouacking at night in a field immediately adjoining the one in which we had camped before, after our first day's march. How much longer the miles seemed to us then than now!

The new regiments had precisely the same experience that





we did. They, too, started out with enormous knapsacks, stuffed to their utmost capacity, with two or three blankets and an overcoat strapped upon the top. They stood it bravely for a little while, and then they began to wilt and drop out of ranks. Presently the fence corners on either side of the pike were full of men with bright new uniforms. When Buell's ragged and weather-beaten soldiers entered Louisville they were ridiculed by these fellows in their new clothes. Now it was our turn to laugh, and many a jest was fired at the poor fellows as they lay by the roadside, nursing their blistered feet. They came limping and groaning into camp till midnight. Their knapsacks went through the same reducing process that ours had done. Next day wagon loads of domestic knick-knacks, of all kinds, might have been gathered in and around the camps. Some of our boys were yet without blankets, and not a few supplied themselves that night at the expense of the Seventy-third Indiana. A veteran who wanted a blanket would take a midnight stroll among the sleeping Hoosiers, and when he found a man lying under two blankets he would quietly lift one of them, glide back to his own camp, lie down, roll himself up, and sleep the sleep of the righteous. A good many of the Seventy-third men missed their extra blankets when they awoke. Some of them were at first inclined to make a stir over the matter, but the odds against them were too heavy. They wisely concluded that one blanket apiece was all they wanted to carry, anyway.

The heartless veterans were merciless in firing volleys of gibes at the raw soldiers, who, having fallen out on the march to catch their breath, vainly tried to overtake their regiments. During a halt, while the veterans were lying in the fence corners, fringing the road on either side, the stragglers came limping along, humping their backs, staggering under the burden of their ponderous knapsacks, their faces the picture of misery and wretchedness. Then the veterans, who had "been there," got in their deadly work:

"Left! Left! Left!"

"Hayfoot; strawfoot! Hayfoot; strawfoot!"

"Here's yer mule!"

"Hey, there, grab a root!"

(19)



"I say, ye better give that knapsack a dose o' physic!"

"Brace up, there, young feller!"

"Hello, there, *you*; change step an' ye'll march easier!"

"Don't ye wish ye was home?"

"Git some commissary an' pour into them gunboats!"

"How d'ye like it as fur as ye've got!"

"How's yer sweetheart?"

"Paymaster's comin', boys; here's a chap with a pay-roll round his neck!" alluding to the paper collars with which so many of the new soldiers started out.

When one of these suffering pilgrims lost his temper—as he was very likely to do—and snapped and snarled in reply, he made a mistake, for the boys only redoubled their efforts to make his life a burden, if, indeed, it could be made any greater burden than it already was. But it was only fun. In case of need those veterans would have shared with him their last cracker or cup of coffee. They knew that he was just entering the school of experience from which they had graduated, and that he would learn in no other way. He would come to it after a while, just as they did. A year later, when these new men had become soldiers—such as were left of them—they got even by taking their revenge upon other raw recruits who came to the field.

Soon after we started the next day brisk firing was heard a short distance ahead. It struck us as a singular fact that the army did not, at the first shot, halt, form line of battle, and sit down to wait for the enemy. This time there wasn't quite so much foolishness. We just kept right on, and the more the firing increased the faster we went. It proved to be only a cavalry skirmish, the enemy retiring upon the approach of our infantry. Soon three or four ambulances came back filled with wounded, which caused a look of soberness to spread over the faces of the new soldiers. We made but slow progress during the day, as the road was choked with troops, artillery and wagons, and our halts were frequent and long. A hard rain set in, and we spent a most dismal night in a miry cornfield, with only such shelter as we could get from rails and cornstalks. We slept but little by reason of the incessant rain. When we fell in at three o'clock to stand at arms for two hours in mud ankle deep, it really seemed quite natural.



We felt that we were getting back into our old way of life again.

At daylight a heavy detail from each regiment of our brigade was sent ahead to build a temporary bridge over Salt river, which work was finished by the time the main body reached the spot. During the day our advance skirmished smartly with the enemy's cavalry. At frequent intervals wounded men were brought to the rear and the carcasses of dead horses were passed. At Mount Washington we struck Salt river a second time and, as we were in too much of a hurry to build a bridge, we plunged in and waded through. Toward evening a rattling fire of musketry was heard, and this time we did file off into the fields and form line of battle. Then we were told to eat our suppers and be ready to move right along. A little later we were surprised at the appearance of a paymaster in our midst. Notwithstanding the adverse surroundings he arranged his "lay-out" and proceeded to pay us for four months. He finished the Sixty-fifth about one o'clock in the morning. An agent of the express company was on hand to receive such amounts as the soldiers desired to send home, and nearly all availed themselves of the privilege.

Early on the 4th, Crittenden's corps took the Bloomfield road. Vague rumors floated back from the head of the column that our part in the game was to get on the flank of the enemy and paralyze him. We marched at great speed, constant reports of a fight ahead keeping the excitement at fever heat. When within six miles of Bardstown we rested a couple of hours and then advanced cautiously. By dark we found ourselves within half a mile of town and were officially informed that Bragg had fled, leaving behind many sick and wounded.

Sunday, October 5th, we passed through Bardstown. Bragg had thoroughly stripped the place of everything that could be of value to an army. Everywhere were posted his frantic proclamations to the people of Kentucky to rise in their might, rally to his standard, and aid him to expel the invaders from their sacred soil. Wood's division took a rough and stony by-road leading toward Danville. Our march, till eleven o'clock at night, with an extreme scarcity of water, was excessively fatiguing. The Seventy-third Indiana melted almost entirely away. Many of them did not catch up till morning.



We did not move next day till nine o'clock. While waiting, some of the boys, exploring in the vicinity, came upon a still-house where there was a large quantity of liquor. Knowledge of this discovery caused a furious scramble to fill canteens. General Wood heard of it and sent a squad of "crusaders," in charge of an officer, with orders to destroy it. They poured out upon the ground more than twenty barrels of the stuff. The boys thought it was a very wanton waste of valuable material. Soon after we started heavy firing broke out ahead, and a messenger came back in hot haste for some artillery. A section of the Sixth Ohio battery dashed forward at full gallop, but the enemy hastily retreated. At four o'clock we reached Springfield and bivouacked in the fair grounds. General Buell was with us, but left in the evening.

During the forenoon of the 7th there was a continuous stream of troops passing toward Perryville. The road was packed, and at times completely blocked, with infantry, artillery, cavalry and wagons. We started at noon by a route fitly named by the people the "wilderness road." It led us through a barren, hilly region, utterly destitute of water. The heat and suffocating dust were well-nigh overpowering. Night settled down upon us, and still no water, except here and there a stagnant pool, from which the exhausted soldiers swept off the thick scum and dipped up the nauseous liquid to moisten their parched lips. Hour after hour we plodded on, so enveloped in darkness and clouds of dust that one could scarcely discern his file leader. It was a dewless night. There was not a breath of wind to scatter the dust that hung in heavy clouds about us and settled upon our clothing, completely covering us with a mantle of white. All through the long night the spectral column moved, on and still on, many exhausted men sinking helpless by the roadside.

To prevent straggling, a strong guard with fixed bayonets, under Colonel Streight, of the Fifty-first Indiana, marched in rear of the brigade. Most of those who fell out were from the Seventy-third Indiana, which, during the week since it took the field, had left behind, at the various towns through which we passed, more than two hundred men. The poor Hoosiers, limping and hobbling, were hustled along by the guards, many





of them flinging away their knapsacks and even their blankets. We pitied them, for we knew how they suffered. It was with a sense of unspeakable relief that we halted just at daylight by a small stream, threw off our accouterments, bathed our faces, hands and feet, and lay down to sleep.

Hardly two hours had passed when we were startled by the loud rattle of drums. We awoke to hear heavy cannonading in the distance, like that we had heard the second day at Shiloh. The battle of Perryville had begun. We were soon off in the direction of the firing. "Quick time—March!" and we traveled eight miles without stopping for a single moment. As we neared the scene of action, more and more clearly sounded the roar of battle. The musketry was incessant, and the sound of artillery was, at times, as if whole batteries were being fired at once. Although it was evident that a severe battle was in progress, the action did not seem to be, and in fact was not, a general one. We saw two or three divisions lying idly on their arms, taking no part whatever in the conflict. And in truth this is just what we did. A mile from the battlefield our division filed off into the woods, formed in line and lay down. This was our part in the battle of Perryville. The contour of the ground concealed the actual battle from our view, but we could plainly see the smoke that rose in clouds and floated about, and the firing sounded with startling distinctness. The Sixth Ohio battery went into position on high ground in our front, but did not open fire. We remained all the afternoon lying upon our arms, almost in view of the battle, wondering why we did not participate. Toward night it became apparent that the rebels were retreating. The sound of the firing receded farther and farther, and at length altogether ceased. We were ordered to spend the night in line of battle, sleeping upon our arms, with sentinels constantly on duty to give warning in case of an alarm.

I have no desire, nor is it my province, to discuss at any length the battle of Perryville. It has been, and will continue to be, the theme of endless controversy. We could not understand it then, nor will we have any better success if we attempt to fathom it now. It was an accidental collision between parts of the hostile armies. Neither Bragg nor Buell intended to fight



there. The battle was fought by McCook's corps—chiefly by two of his three divisions—with a small reinforcement from Gilbert's corps, against three divisions of the enemy under General Polk. The only object of the latter was to check the advance of Buell, who was pressing Bragg uncomfortably hard. The remainder of Bragg's army was not within supporting distance. McCook, as it was, held his own in the fight. Had the twenty thousand troops that looked on for hours been thrown in, it is in every way probable that the result would have been a most important victory. It has been claimed that General Buell, who was some miles in the rear, scarcely knew until late in the action that the battle was in progress. If this be true, it but adds to the mystery that surrounds the events of the day. More than nine hundred Union soldiers were killed and three thousand were wounded—a sacrifice to no purpose.

The truth is that the art of conducting war on such a prodigious scale was as yet unlearned. Blunders were made by generals in the field and by the directing authorities at Washington. Up to this time, in the east the advantage had all been with the Confederates. Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, the great Peninsular campaign, Harper's Ferry, the struggle in the Shenandoah valley—all had resulted disastrously to the Union cause. Antietam was a drawn battle, but Lee retreated from Maryland and the result of that campaign was a Union victory—the first of consequence east of the Alleghenies to gladden the hearts of loyal people. In the west Mill Spring, Donelson and Shiloh had given to the Union army a prestige that it never lost. When the right leaders were found, the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Tennessee set their faces to the enemy and went on, conquering and to conquer, sweeping through the very heart of the Southern Confederacy, from the Mississippi to the sea.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## A PURSUIT THAT DOES NOT PURSUE.

MORE CHARGING THROUGH CORNFIELDS AND BRAMBLE THICKETS—  
THE HARRODSBURG RECONNOISSANCE—HARKER'S BRIGADE HAS A  
CAMPAIGN OF ITS OWN—THROUGH DANVILLE AND STANFORD—  
CRACKING WALNUTS UNDER FIRE—WE PUSH ON BEYOND CRAB  
ORCHARD AND THEN QUIT—THE "LAME AND IMPOTENT CONCLU-  
SION" OF BUELL'S CAMPAIGN.

WE REMAINED all night in the position we had so gal-  
lantly held during the battle. In the evening a few  
managed to get away and visit the battlefield, bring-  
ing back the most shocking reports of the heart-  
rending scenes they had witnessed. There was a general belief  
that the fighting would be renewed in the morning. Long before  
dawn we were standing at arms. As the day broke, warm and  
clear, we listened for the expected shots but none were heard.  
The Sixth Ohio and Eighth Indiana batteries threw a few shells  
into the woods which the enemy had occupied the previous day.  
No reply was elicited. The rebels had fled during the night.  
It was felt that we ought to do something in the premises, and



we advanced, retreated, changed direction to the right and left, countermarched, and went through about all the movements that anybody could think of, in a purposeless sort of way. At last we brought up in a field of high standing corn, where we stacked arms and lay for several hours, trying to find out what we were to do next, in order to help save the country. An occasional shot was heard in the distance, but there was no firing of consequence in any direction.

About three o'clock we were ordered to advance. We moved through the little town of Perryville, still in line of battle, just as if Bragg's soldiers were not in hasty retreat, twenty miles away. The village was full of the wounded of both armies. Every house was a hospital. Nearly all the inhabitants, men, women and children, had taken to the woods in dismay when the battle began. Part of the fighting was very near the town, and many of the houses were riddled with shot and bullets.

We crept on half a mile further and halted for the night. In a large cave near our bivouac was a copious spring of excellent water. All around us were evidences of the death struggle the day before. Bodies of men and horses lay scattered about, in the fields and by the roadside. Every house and barn was filled with the maimed, the dying, and the dead. Not far away, lying upon the ground, with no shelter from the fierce heat of the sun by day or the dews by night, were some three hundred rebel wounded. They had as yet received no care from the surgeons. Many of them were in the most horrible condition that the mind can conceive. Some were shot through head, body, or limbs, others mangled by fragments of shell, and all suffering the greatest torments. We gave them water, and shared with them the contents of our haversacks, but there was nothing else that we could do. Words are powerless to convey an adequate idea of these harrowing scenes.

On the 10th the reveille beat at daylight. We were soon ready to march, but again the roads were so blocked by a jam of troops and trains, in seemingly inextricable confusion, that it was ten o'clock before we filed out upon the pike at a "right shoulder shift." Eight miles, and there was another big scare—legions of rebels getting ready to swoop down upon us! We went through





the old program, our brigade forming, three regiments to the right of the road and two on the left, and thus advanced. We charged fences and stone walls, carrying them in gallant style. Then we came to a halt, stacked arms, and wiped off the perspiration. A range of hills a mile distant was said to be swarming with rebels. The Sixth battery threw over a few shells but there was no response. Captain Bradley found that one party could not get up a fight, alone, and in disgust he ceased firing.

We spent the night there, sheltering ourselves from a pelting rain by placing rails against a stone wall and covering them with cornstalks and straw. Colonel Harker established himself and his staff in a barn, which he dignified with the designation "Headquarters, Third Brigade."

While preparing breakfast next morning the troops were thrown into the wildest confusion by a sudden firing on the picket line, apparently along our whole front, followed by rapid discharges of artillery. Half-made coffee was poured out and bacon was left sizzling before the fire.

Every man hastily donned his accouterments, seized his gun, and sprang to his place. The long expected fight had come at last—that is, we thought so for a few minutes. Three divisions—Wood, Van Cleve and Smith—quickly formed in line, but did nothing else except to lie down and wait in vain for the "Johnnies" to come on if they dared. It was only a spirited cavalry dash and was soon over. One company from each of our regiments was on the picket line, and on being relieved the members of those com-



BENJAMIN F. PEALER,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



panies boasted grandly that they had really had a shot at the rebels. Once, when it was imagined that a cyclone of horsemen was about to sweep upon us, we went through the maneuver of forming square, each side of which bristled with bayonets, which was the regulation scheme for meeting a charge of cavalry. We did this often when on battalion drill, but this was the only time we ever put it into practice—and then, when we had got ourselves nicely fixed to receive the hostile troopers, they gave us the go-by and not one of them came in sight.

Then our brigade started upon that famous reconnoissance to Harrodsburg. Our object was to ascertain definitely whether the enemy was in that vicinity, and if so what he proposed to do. The distance was some twelve miles, nearly all of which we made in line of battle, rushing wildly across the country, sweeping through the woods and cornfields, leveling fences and splashing through streams that lay in our course. No style of marching is so fatiguing as this. We made now and then a brief halt, for the panting men to catch their breath, and then on we went again, charging over everything that was before us. We picked up half a dozen willing stragglers, but encountered no force of the enemy.

Toward evening we entered Harrodsburg, a company or two of the enemy's cavalry that had occupied the town galloping off at our approach. We "captured" a considerable number of rebel sick and wounded, the latter having been removed to that place from Perryville. We do not lay claim to any large amount of glory for the capture of these helpless sufferers. We did not have to be particularly brave to do it. And yet, after all our weary wanderings, it was a source of satisfaction to know that we had at last captured *somebody*, even though he were sick or wounded unto death. We did, however, gather in forty or fifty worthless stragglers and deserters who were loafing about town. These were legitimate game, although they didn't fight any. Citizens told us that the last of Bragg's infantry had left but a few hours before our arrival, their departure having been hastened by a greatly magnified report of our strength. Had they known that we were but a single brigade, we might have suffered for our bold adventure. But "all's well that ends well," in war as in anything else.



We passed through Harrodsburg, and filing off to the eastward bivouacked a mile from town. After dark Colonel Harker called his regimental commanders together and a council of war was held. We were beyond the reach of assistance in case of extremity. It was decided that our position was an unsafe one in which to spend the night, and the order was given to move forward half a mile with perfect silence. Leaving our camp fires brightly burning, we glided noiselessly out into the darkness. There was no blast of bugle or beat of drum. No word was spoken save the half-suppressed commands of the officers. Reaching the spot that had been chosen, we filed behind a stone wall, stacked arms, and were directed to lie down immediately in rear of the line, ready to spring up at any alarm. A strong picket force, enjoined to be exceedingly vigilant, was posted entirely around us, and in a few moments we were asleep. Nothing occurred during the night to alarm us. At one time Captain Bradley had occasion to change the position of one section of his battery. The guns came over the brow of a hill near which was posted a detachment of the Seventy-third Indiana. The Indians thought it was some Confederate artillery and fled in great precipitation. But they were not yet a month from home.

Owing to the confused movements of the army our supply trains had partially failed us since leaving Louisville. For some days we had been on short allowance of food, and when we awoke in the morning we did not hesitate to supply our wants from the gardens and orchards in the vicinity. We had a royal breakfast, of which we partook with excellent relish. About eight o'clock we started, again in line of battle. If there was an enemy to be found, Colonel Harker seemed to be determined to find him. If the campaign of the army had been conducted with half as much vigor as was shown by Colonel Harker in this expedition of his brigade, Bragg would not have escaped so easily. The brigade was formed in two lines. The Sixty-fifth Ohio, Fifty-first Indiana, Sixty-fourth Ohio and Sixth battery, in the order given, from right to left, were in front, supported by the Seventy-third Indiana and Thirteenth Michigan. After advancing a couple of miles we discovered a squad of the enemy's cavalry, on a hill directly in our front. The battery unlimbered and sent a few



shells among them, which caused them to scatter in haste. On reaching the spot we found a couple of dead horses and part of a man's foot. It was encouraging to know that our whole brigade had at last disabled *one* Confederate soldier. We picked up half a dozen deserters, one a sergeant of the Twenty-fifth Louisiana. He said his home was near Harrodsburg, but he had been conscripted while in New Orleans. He told us that Bragg was in full retreat toward Cumberland Gap.

Our advance was arrested by a large stream, whose precipitous banks precluded the possibility of crossing with artillery, the bridge having been destroyed. It was deemed advisable to return, and, leisurely marching back a few miles, we rejoined our division, which had come up during the day.

October 13th we left camp at an early hour, marched across the fields to the Danville pike and halted at noon, half a mile from that place. Batteries were put in position, battle lines were formed, and arms stacked. That is all that was done *that* day. Detachments of the enemy's cavalry were still hovering about us. Several small squads of prisoners were brought in from the front during the day. It was reported that Bragg was concentrating at Camp Dick Robinson, where he had resolved to "die in the last ditch." One of our boys ventured the opinion that if any of the rebels died there, or anywhere else, it would be of old age, as there was little danger that General Buell's army would kill any of them.

Next morning there was a spasm of activity. We turned out soon after midnight and marched half an hour later. Passing through Danville we took the Stanford pike. Three miles from Stanford skirmishing broke out ahead. We turned off the road, formed line, and went crashing through a large and very dense thicket of briars and brambles. Under other circumstances it would have seemed impenetrable, but we tore our way through, and finally emerged into a field, with many bleeding hands and faces, scratched by the thorns. The Sixth Battery went into position immediately in our rear, and prepared to shell the enemy. At the command "To the ground—Down!" we fell upon our faces and Captain Bradley promptly opened fire, directly over us. We lay in a clump of walnut trees, and spent the time in cracking





walnuts while Bradley was cracking shells at the rebels. The enemy soon disappeared.

Retiring half a mile we stacked arms and remained till nearly night. Van Cleve's and Smith's divisions passed us, when we fell in the rear and marched through Stanford. Our brigade received a hearty welcome from the villagers, many having formed pleasant acquaintances here during our stay at Hall's Gap, eight months before. We had marched many a weary mile since then—to Nashville and Corinth, around to Bridgeport, then across two states back to Louisville, and here we were again in the pretty village nestling among the hills, whose people we had always remembered so pleasantly. The greetings between some of our men who had been left sick at Stanford and those who had so kindly nursed them, were most hearty and cordial. The Union sentiment seemed to be as strong as ever. Great joy was expressed at the retreat of Bragg's army. The latter had levied largely upon the town, stripping it of everything to eat, drink, or wear.

We were not permitted to revisit the scene of those horrible days and nights of rain and mud at Hall's Gap, but this was not a source of grief. We turned to the eastward, and after marching a short distance went into camp. Van Cleve and Smith moved out at midnight but we were not disturbed till daylight. Our advance was very slow, on account of frequent skirmishing ahead, and the blocking of the way by wagons. In the afternoon the road was cleared, and we made up for the tardy movements of the morning by stretching away at a rapid pace. At Crab Orchard—a scrawny village, the inhabitants of which looked as if they lived upon crab-apples—we struck the road on which Bragg's main body had but recently passed. His entire caravan was well ahead of us, and there was no likelihood that we would overtake it.

The next morning we started to continue the pursuit, but we did not pursue much. After advancing two miles the whole army halted, stacked arms and sat down. A paroled prisoner of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Ohio, captured at Perryville, passed us on his way to Louisville. He reported Bragg's army thirty miles ahead, and getting over the ground at the rate of



twenty miles a day. Toward night we fell in, the order "About—Face!" was given, and marching back two miles we encamped. So far as we were able to judge Buell had abandoned the chase.

Much dissatisfaction at the barren and ignoble result of the campaign was expressed among officers and men. The army felt that it had been able—and it certainly was willing—to join issue with Bragg at any time during the previous two weeks. It was exasperating to feel that all the hard campaigning had been so utterly fruitless. Opportunities for action that promised success were not wanting daily. Bragg's army was encumbered by an immense train of twenty-five hundred wagons, which he had loaded with supplies of all kinds, but he took it safely out of the state without losing a wagon. General Buell had his good points, but the management of an aggressive campaign was not one of them. He was to our army what General McClellan was to the Army of the Potomac. Out of a conglomerate mass of raw and undisciplined volunteers, each organized and fitted for the field a magnificent army. No doubt to their skill and energy in this direction is due in no small measure the later victories won by these armies, under other leaders. Neither Buell nor McClellan was successful in the field. Buell at Shiloh, subordinate to Grant, handled his troops like a master, but his own campaigns were disappointing in the extreme. As the organizer of what afterward became the Army of the Cumberland, he deserves the respect and gratitude of his countrymen. There was great rejoicing in the long-suffering army when, not long afterward, General Buell was superseded by "Old Rosey."

The foregoing paragraph is somewhat in the nature of a "kick," but I have before mentioned the fact that the soldiers always reserved to themselves this privilege. The sentiments to which I have given utterance prevailed universally in Buell's army, nor do I think the lapse of years has materially changed the opinions then held and freely expressed, on many a march and around a thousand camp-fires. It seemed to us that, if this way of conducting campaigns were continued, we had before us a war that would end only when the trump of the Archangel Gabriel should proclaim that "time shall be no more!"



## CHAPTER XXIX.

## ON THE BACK TRACK.

A FURIOUS RECONNOISSANCE TO WILDCAT—HEADED FOR NASHVILLE—  
MARCHING THAT TIRED EVEN THE VETERANS—A DAY'S TRAMP IN  
RAIN AND SNOW—AN AWFUL NIGHT ON PICKET—TWENTY-FOUR  
HOURS WITHOUT A MORSEL TO EAT—A BREAKFAST OF FRESH PORK  
AND FROZEN APPLES—THE BATTERY BOYS FIND FRIENDS.

ALTHOUGH the pursuit of Bragg—if it can properly be called a pursuit—virtually ceased at the point indicated at the close of the last chapter, we did not immediately begin the retrograde movement. The opportunity to rest was most welcome to the tired soldiers. After lying in camp two days, "washing up" and refreshing ourselves, and having our hearts gladdened by a large mail, the first in two weeks, we received marching orders on the morning of October 18th. We supposed our next movement would be to the rear, but when we were told to leave everything behind except ambulances and ammunition wagons, it seemed to indicate that there was business on hand. We advanced twelve miles at an exhausting speed, over a rough and hilly road, through a desolate country. There was no



sign of human habitation, save here and there the hovel of some wretched squatter, belonging to that class in the south of which even the women and girls chew tobacco, "rub" snuff and smoke "leaf" in corncob pipes. At many points the retreating enemy had felled trees across the narrow roadway. Men with axes were detailed to remove these so that the artillery might pass.

We finally halted at the top of a high hill, two or three miles from a place called Wildcat. Although we did not quite reach the latter, we judged that the name was aptly applied. This was the extreme point attained by Wood's division in the chase after the fugacious Bragg. Our advance that day was nothing more than a reconnoissance in force. After resting on the hill for an hour we took the "right about." The road was so narrow and so much obstructed that it was impossible to turn the wagons around, and we were obliged to back them down the long hill. Falling back a short distance we bivouacked for the night. One man was detailed from each company to proceed to Lebanon and escort our baggage train, which was on its winding way to join us. Since leaving Louisville we had had nothing except what we carried upon our backs. Many had been, and still were, without blankets.

For three days we lay in our bivouac among the rough hills near Wildcat. The nights were cold and many suffered from the want of clothing. Our supply of rations, which had been very short at best, gave out entirely. The barren country afforded absolutely nothing. One of our company did capture an old goose, but after boiling it all night it was tougher than when he began.

The reveille at three o'clock in the morning of October 22nd was a welcome sound to our ears, for we were anxious to get away from there. At four we took the back track and made what seemed to us an unreasonably long march of twenty-three miles. If we had made such good time almost any day two weeks before there would have been a fight—but this was carefully avoided. We passed through Mt. Vernon and Crab Orchard, halting near the latter. Everybody began to speculate upon our destination. The prevailing belief was that we would bring up at Nashville, which proved to be correct.





Then followed several days of very hard marching, averaging more than twenty miles a day. We could not understand why we were pushed to the utmost limit of endurance, but we learned in due time that it was in order to reach a point where we could draw supplies, of which we were in great need.

On the 24th, after traveling sixteen miles, we reached an excellent camping ground, with plenty of good water. Citizens told us that in the next eight miles there was neither spring nor stream, and we hoped to stop here for the night but it was decreed that we must tramp on, over the hills, and camp at the other side. Half an hour was given for rest and the filling of canteens. Climbing with much difficulty a long and steep hill, we marched for three hours upon the crest of a dry, barren ridge. Not a drop of water could be obtained at any point. We were glad to descend, just at evening, into the beautiful Green river valley, and encamp by the stream. General Wood took up his headquarters at a fine house near the camp. He kindly placed a guard over a number of bee-hives that stood in the yard. But in spite of this precaution all the hives except one or two disappeared during the night. Yarham, the bee-man of Company E, Sixty-fifth, captured one of them and we had an abundance of honey. The fact is we had little else to eat, a few bits of cracker and some coffee comprising our evening meal.

The 25th of October is marked upon our army calendar as one of the hardest days we ever experienced. We marched twenty-five miles, to Columbia. Our haversacks were very nearly empty the previous night, and after an exceedingly scanty breakfast were absolutely so. During the entire day we had nothing whatever to eat. Long before we reached our journey's end, members of the new regiments fell out by hundreds. Many, even, of the veterans were wholly overcome by weakness, hunger and fatigue.

The weather, which had been warm the previous day, suddenly changed. Soon after we started a cold rain set in, which thoroughly drenched our clothing, from head to foot. In the afternoon the rain changed to snow, with a keen and piercing wind. Our clothes froze and became as stiff as boards. The legs of our trousers felt like joints of stovepipe. The suffering and



discomfort of such a march is beyond the power of words to portray. The road was rough and slippery, with the mud and slush in many places ankle deep and covered with a frozen crust. We trudged along as best we could, few of the companies having more than half their men in ranks.

Just at dark we reached Columbia and went into bivouac. Our limbs shook and our teeth chattered with the cold. A simultaneous charge, that General Buell himself could not have prevented, was made upon the fences, and in a few moments great fires were blazing all along the line. The storm continued without abatement, but as the men gathered about the fires they began to feel a touch of comparative warmth and comfort. The prospect for the night was cheerless enough. The ground was wet and covered with snow. Many had neither blankets nor overcoats, and there was no shelter except such as could be made of rails and boughs. The best possible use was made of these meager resources. Later in the evening rations were issued, and draughts of hot coffee, with the accessories of hardtack and bacon, did wonders in reviving bodily strength and raising drooping spirits.

But what pen can do justice to the feelings of those whose turn it was to go on picket that night! I speak advisedly, for our company "drew the black bean" in the Sixty-fifth. I have always wondered that some member of Company E did not smite the adjutant dead when he came to us, a few minutes after our arrival—just as we were getting our fires lighted and before the rations had been distributed—and directed us to report for picket duty immediately. We were ordered to go about a mile from camp on the road by which we came, select our own post and spend the night: no fires to be allowed. We suggested rations, as we had eaten nothing since morning, and were in a state bordering on starvation. He said that as soon as rations were received ours should be sent out to us. The adjutant, however, must have forgotten us, for we did not get a single cracker until the next day.

I doubt if men, though accustomed to obey, ever went in the discharge of duty with more reluctance and louder grumbling than did Company E that dismal night. As we tramped along



through the fast falling snow, no sound was heard save now and then when some disgusted patriot gave vent to his feelings by incendiary remarks and explosive "cuss-words." Through the snow and darkness we could not see an arm's length ahead.

We finally found a cluster of haystacks near the road and there established our post. Groping about, we made a tolerable shelter from the storm, by inclining rails against one of the stacks and covering them with hay. Four sentinels being posted, the company crawled under the shelter. Our clothes were frozen stiff and nobody could sleep. We just lay and shivered, almost dead with the cold. There was never a night of my life when the hours dragged so slowly.

Our orders were to pass no one, either within or without the lines, and to hold until morning any suspicious person. About eleven o'clock a citizen tried to pass. The sentinel could not see him until but a step distant. The man was almost paralyzed with fright as he heard the command to halt, and saw a bayonet within a foot of his breast. He said he lived just "over yander," but he did not give a very satisfactory account of himself, probably because he was so badly scared, and we told him he must keep us company till morning. He was, if possible, in a worse plight than ourselves, having no shoes worth speaking of. He begged piteously to be allowed to go home but we ordered him to crawl into the hay and make himself as comfortable as he could. All the rest of the night he lay there, with chattering teeth, swearing softly to himself with a depth of feeling that I never heard excelled.

With the first appearance of daylight we built a great fire of rails, around which we gathered and were gradually thawed into a good humor. Our prisoner came out in a most forlorn condition, and after he had warmed himself was permitted to go his way. It was Sunday morning. Probably few thought of the fact, nor, if we had, would it have deterred us from going foraging for something to eat, as we had had nothing for twenty-four hours. The snow lay fully eight inches deep, and the cold wind swept keenly across the fields. The net proceeds of the foraging expedition were a very lean and long-nosed razor-back pig and half a bushel of frozen apples. On these we made our breakfast.



Toward noon the adjutant, or somebody else in camp, happened to think we might be hungry and sent out some rations for us. The weather moderated and, as we fared sumptuously on coffee and hardtack, the jest and laugh and song went round as aforetime.

During the day fully five hundred stragglers from the division passed into camp. They had given out the previous day, and had spent the night in the woods, or in houses and barns along the road. Most of them belonged to the Seventy-third Indiana, One Hundredth Illinois and Ninety-seventh Ohio, the three new regiments. It cannot be denied that the campaign from Louisville to Columbia was a terrible breaking in for the raw troops. It was not a cause for wonder that these regiments were reduced in numbers by hundreds. Few of the men had ever before marched a mile in their lives.

Captain Baldwin writes: "The Third Kentucky infantry, with which the Sixth battery was intimately associated during its first service in Kentucky, belonged to our division, and many of its members lived in the blue-grass region through which we passed. They met many friends and we of the battery stood around and enjoyed their happiness and their buttermilk. They all had a warm side for the battery boys. Columbia was the home of Colonel Thomas E. Bramlette, the first commander of the Third Kentucky. While in the service he showed a strong friendship for our battery. He sent an invitation to the officers to visit his hospitable home in the evening, but none were brave enough to do so. The next day he sent word that he would come and dine with the battery, sending a basket filled with delicacies, not forgetting the old Kentucky peaches (bottled).

"About this time we were called upon to part with Colonel James Barnett, of the First Ohio light artillery. He had joined our mess at Louisville, and had been with us during the Bragg campaign through Kentucky. As soon as the army changed commanders, Colonel Barnett was assigned to duty as chief of artillery to General Rosecrans. While we missed him around our nightly camp-fires, we found it was worth something to have a friend at court."





## CHAPTER XXX.

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### ONCE MORE AT NASHVILLE.

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THE BAGGAGE TRAIN REJOINS US AFTER TWO MONTHS SEPARATION—  
WE GET A FEW BELL TENTS—ELEVEN WEEKS WITHOUT SHELTER  
—TO GLASGOW AND SCOTTSVILLE—A DAY WHEN WE NEEDED  
SKATES—A NIGHT SCAMPER TO GALLATIN—AN ATTEMPT TO SUR-  
PRISE JOHN MORGAN—BUT IT FAILED—OTHER FUTILE EFFORTS TO  
CATCH CAVALRY WITH INFANTRY—THE HORSES OUTRAN US—DO-  
ING PENANCE IN THE ARMY—A BIG FORAY FOR FORAGE—AT SILVER  
SPRINGS—THEN TO NASHVILLE.

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WE LAY four days at Columbia. Although the weather was unpleasant, we improvised shelters that were fairly comfortable. We burned about all the rails within a radius of a mile, and foraged everything in sight that could satisfy a hungry man's appetite. The rest was greatly needed, to put us in physical condition for future movements. The day before we left there was a very enthusiastic demonstration in camp over the arrival of our baggage train, which we had not seen since leaving Cave City on our march northward, nearly two months before. As the teamsters drove into camp, cracking their long whips like pistols, with a skill only



acquired by long practice, and yelling "Whoop! G'lang thar, you Pete and Jinny!" there went up such a yell from that crowd of storm-beaten soldiers as hath seldom entered into the ear of man.

As a matter of fact there wasn't much left of our baggage. A large part of it had been destroyed in the Sequatchie valley, at the foot of the mountain, and but little now remained of the fraction that escaped the conflagration. Many of the boys had left their knapsacks with the wagons at Cave City, not dreaming that weeks and months would elapse before, in the wild confusion of that amazing campaign, they would find their way to us. The few considered themselves fortunate who found their knapsacks at all, and these looked as if they had been through as rough campaigning as their owners. The scanty contents of the wagons were in a state of utter chaos. Company books and papers, such as got through at all, were damp and mouldy. For some days, as opportunity was afforded, the officers and orderly sergeants had their hands full of business putting them in order, straightening out the company accounts, and bringing up the arrears of their reports as required by the inexorable regulations.

Chaplain Burns, of the Sixty-fifth, who went back from Wildcat with the detail to escort the train, came through safe and sound. He related with great zest how he narrowly escaped capture by a band of vagrant guerrillas, by taking refuge in a dense cedar thicket and remaining hidden for hours.

A partial supply of new clothing was issued. The soldiers were glad enough to cast aside their tattered and animated garments. We also received a small allowance of Bell tents—two for each company. One of these would hold about two-thirds as many men as a "Sibley," six of which each company had when we left Ohio. The ranks were now so much thinned that some of the companies were able to get along comfortably with their two Bell tents each. It is true they had to crowd in pretty closely, and all lie edgewise, like a row of spoons. When one side ached from contact with the hard ground, and a man wanted to give the bones on the other side a chance to take their turn, he would shout: "Prepare to flop—Flop!" and over they would all go at once. When the weather was pleasant some slept in the open air from choice; and with the larger companies this was a necessity, as the



tents would not hold them all. For nearly eleven weeks we had been constantly campaigning, without once sleeping under canvas. A desire for revenge in some befitting manner was freely expressed when we learned, while here, that our brigade postmaster, with a large quantity of mail for us, had fallen into the hands of the Philistines.

Pursuant to orders received the previous day, reveille sounded at three o'clock on the morning of October 30th. We marched at daybreak, leaving the camp a mass of roaring flames, as the soldiers, in a spirit of mischief, fired the shelters they had occupied, and the heaps of straw that lay upon the ground.

We made forty miles in two days, camping on the evening of the 31st near Glasgow, in a large field covered with long, dry grass. A fire having been thoughtlessly started, without proper precaution, the flames caught in the grass. Fanned by a stiff breeze, they spread in every direction, sweeping over the field with almost lightning rapidity, and creating the wildest consternation.

Hundreds of men were set to fighting the flames, while others seized the wagons and hurried them to a place of safety. Still others removed the arms, while everybody tried to see who could yell the loudest. The flames were at length subdued and the alarm subsided.

We continued our march the next day, passing through Glasgow and camping on the banks of Beaver creek, where we remained three days. The evening dress-parade was resumed, and



JAMES P. MILLS,  
QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT AND  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



orders were published that thereafter, whenever in camp, the old routine of four drills per day would be observed. These exercises began promptly the next morning, and the familiar "Left! Left!" was heard once more. The camp was thoroughly policed and we had come to regard this as an infallible sign that we would move. It did not fail in this instance, for on the afternoon of the 4th we were recalled while charging around on battalion drill, to prepare for an immediate march. For many weeks this had been but a trifling matter. Having no tents to strike or wagons to load, it had been but the work of a few moments, when the drums beat, to buckle on our accouterments, take arms, and be ready for a march or a fight. Now it was like old times again.

We drew out at sun-down and traveled till ten o'clock. The next day we pulled through nearly twenty miles, camping at Scottsville. The people of this vicinity being chiefly loyal, all the gardens, orchards and fences were put under guard. But the night was dark, and a large amount of "truck" found its way into camp. Yarham and tall Corporal Tom Clague, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, made a short foray and returned with half a bushel of apples and a pailful of as delicious honey as bees ever made. The Sixty-fifth got a new doctor that evening—John M. Todd, rotund and jolly, and always ready to saw off a leg or crack a joke with equal facility. Surgeon Kyle had resigned some time before.

While here the Sixty-fourth received from Columbus, Ohio, on the 6th of November, a new stand of national colors. Its old flag, worn and faded, which had been carried for a year through sun and storm, was sent to the state capital for preservation.

A few days later Colonel Ferguson went to Ohio on leave of absence. The command of the Sixty-fourth devolved upon Lieutenant-colonel McIlvaine, Lieutenant-Colonel Gass having resigned. Colonel Ferguson did not return to the regiment. He left the service early in the following year, much to the regret of the officers and men, to whom he had become endeared. During the nine months which he commanded the Sixty-fourth he did much to raise it to a high plane of efficiency and make it one of the best drilled and disciplined regiments in that army. None can doubt that had he continued at its head he would have won a large measure of distinction.





We did not move on the 6th but spent the day industriously policing the ground and putting the camp in comfortable shape. This, of course, brought marching orders, and the next day we pushed on eighteen miles, through a continuous, drizzling sleet. One of the boys observed that it was "a damp shame" to make men march in such weather—a jest which might or might not be considered as spiced with profanity. Toward night the weather grew colder, the water froze upon the ground, and as we went up and down the hills there was such slipping and sliding and tumbling as to greatly disturb our tempers. I have read that during the long attempt of the King of Spain to conquer the Netherlands—it was two hundred and fifty years before Zollicoffer was killed—while engaged in a winter campaign, the soldiers of Holland moved from place to place on skates, over the frozen rivers and lakes of that country. Learning of this, the Spanish commander immediately ordered ten thousand pairs of skates for his own troops. If we had been similarly provided during the latter part of that day's march, it would have been a good thing, enabling us, in some degree, to combine pleasure with business.

As we sat around the great heaps of blazing rails that evening, trying to reach a more comfortable condition of mind and body, word was passed along the line that our brigade would march at midnight, on a special expedition. Intelligence had been received that the famous rebel raider, John Morgan, with a detachment of cavalry, was at Gallatin, fourteen miles distant, and to Colonel Harker had been assigned the duty of endeavoring to surprise him at daylight. We were informed that the movement would be a rapid one, and we were to go in the lightest possible order, leaving behind everything except such as appertained to shooting and eating.

We were aroused shortly before twelve. Half an hour later we moved quietly out upon the pike and sped rapidly on our way. Marching at quick time, with but a single halt in the whole distance, we found ourselves, an hour before dawn, near Gallatin, where our unhappy victims were supposed to be slumbering unconsciously around their camp-fires. The regiments were so disposed, with strategic skill, as to approach the town from different directions, by which it was intended to cut off the escape of any of



those wretched troopers. Not one of them did escape, because there were none of them there to get away. As we gradually closed in upon the town we found—a deserted camp. The fires were still burning, the nest was yet warm, but the birds had flown. There were evidences of a hasty flight, doubtless caused by information of our approach.

It was clear that we were not predestined to catch any rebels that morning, whatever we might do some other morning. Colonel Harker thought he would beat the bush for a while, and we spent three hours in charging in line of battle over the meadows and through the woods and cornfields. Then the fruitless quest was abandoned. We returned to the rebel camp, stacked arms, threw out a picket line, and ate our breakfast undisturbed.

We lay down around the fires to sleep, and thus awaited the arrival of General Wood, with his two other brigades. The column reached us at noon. Taking our place, we marched a few miles on the Lebanon pike, and once more pitched our tents on the soil of Tennessee, our wagons having joined us there. Colonel Harker told us we might use rails "moderately." This was interpreted in a much wider sense than would be authorized by the dictionary, and the fences disappeared as if by magic.

Sunday, November 9th, we did not march. We policed and arranged the camp very thoroughly, however—preparatory to moving, as we did, on the following day. For some weeks a division court-martial had been at work, holding its sessions from time to time when we were lying in camp, trying a large number of offenders against military discipline and the laws of war. On this Sunday evening, at dress-parade, the findings and sentences were read before each regiment, as a warning to evil doers. The members of the Sherman Brigade were not all saints, and our regiments were represented in the list of malefactors. The sentences were of every sort—forfeiture of pay; confinement in the guard-house, which often had only an imaginary existence; days or weeks at extra duty, with ball and chain attached to the leg; to have the head shaved and be drummed out of camp—and many other unique devices. We thought some of the penalties rather severe for the offences. Of the latter there was a large and well-selected assortment, those most numerous being disobedience of orders, theft and drunkenness.



Minor offences in the army were generally punished summarily, without trial, by order, verbal or otherwise, of a general, colonel or captain. It was not an uncommon thing to see a man doing penance for his misdeeds by carrying a heavy rail or log of wood on his shoulder, pacing to and fro for a given time, while a guard with fixed bayonet kept him moving; or he might be standing against a building or under a tree, with his thumbs tied high above his head, in which painful position he remained for one or two hours. If his offense were a flagrant one, perhaps the gag was applied. This was sometimes a stick of wood, but more frequently a bayonet, which was placed transversely in the culprit's mouth, and securely tied by a string at the back of the neck. This effectually prevented speech, and was altogether uncomfortable. Sometimes a man would be tied by the hands to the tail-board of a wagon and compelled thus to march for hours at a time. Now and then might be seen a culprit sitting astride a pole or rail a few feet from the ground; or standing upon a barrel as though in the attitude of making a stump-speech; or parading the camp under guard with a barrel, from which the heads had been knocked out, around his body. Human ingenuity was taxed to the uttermost to devise grotesque modes of punishment. An extra turn of police or fatigue duty was often deemed sufficient for trifling infractions of discipline.

It was reported that Morgan's hard-riders were at Lebanon. That night at twelve o'clock a brigade of Van Cleve's division started on an expedition like ours to Gallatin. The result was the same—a swift, hard march, only to find that the enemy had fled.

We marched after an early breakfast, leaving a detail from each company to await the return of the wagons, which had been sent to Bowling Green the previous day for rations. When near Lebanon we crossed to the Nashville pike, marched eight miles farther, and went into camp at Silver Springs. The field was surrounded by a high fence of dry cedar rails, and in a few minutes huge, crackling fires dispelled the chilliness of the frosty air. Tents were pitched at midnight, upon the arrival of the wagons.

A vague rumor that Morgan intended to give us a dose of the medicine we had labored so hard to administer to him—although it seemed improbable enough in view of our large force—



was sufficient to call us into line at three, to stand at arms till daybreak. During all our march from Wildcat the enemy's cavalry had hovered on our flanks and rear, picking up a very considerable number of stragglers. This elicited from General Crittenden an order forbidding, under the severest penalties, all straggling, for any purpose whatever, when upon the march.

We lay quietly at Silver Springs for nine days. The only stirring event was another insane attempt to catch Morgan, who had reoccupied Lebanon. As the night scheme had twice failed, it was determined to try it by daylight. On November 15th Wood's entire division started with one day's rations in haversacks. Leaving camp at eight o'clock, we were put through at a terrific pace, halting but once in the twelve miles. We reached Lebanon soon after eleven, but the rebels, like sensible men, had mounted their horses and galloped away. They had been gone more than an hour, but General Wood, with a faith in the legs of his soldiers that was sublimely touching, ordered the division to give chase on the double quick. After we had gone a mile at this rate, and everybody—except those on horseback—was badly blown, the general wisely concluded that such a campaign would not pay expenses and called a halt. The effort to catch cavalry with infantry generally failed, for obvious reasons. We tried it several times, and although we had—as we then thought and still think—fair ability as pedestrians, the troopers always got away.

Lebanon, Tennessee, was then a very cheerful appearing town, of perhaps two thousand inhabitants. At this time it had suffered little from the ravages of war. It contained many charming residences—which looked more like northern homes than any we had seen for months—and a large female college. The prevailing sentiment of the people strongly favored the southern cause, and their faces had a vitriolic appearance as we passed. After resting two or three hours we marched leisurely back to camp, arriving at nine o'clock in the evening, weary and footsore.

We settled down to the dull routine of camp life, with daily drills and guard and picket duty. Several foraging expeditions were sent out, sometimes to a distance of ten miles, for corn and other supplies for men and animals. These went strongly guard-





ed, usually by two or three regiments, as the region was infested with prowling bands of hostile cavalry. These trips were very fatiguing, involving long marches and generally the labor of gathering the corn from the standing stalks in the fields and loading the wagons.

During our stay a large train arrived laden with clothing and stores of all kinds, which supplied our wants. The veteran soldiers were generally in excellent health, notwithstanding their long and arduous campaign. The new troops were being rapidly thinned out by sickness. While we lay at Silver Springs six or eight of the Seventy-third Indiana were buried. That regiment was reduced, in six weeks of service, to four hundred men, and often not more than half of these were in condition for duty. It is a singular fact that the large men, the "six-footers," were among the first to quit. In most cases "the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak." Thousands of tall, fine looking fellows, full of lusty life, whom the people at home believed would make "splendid soldiers," filled the hospitals, and many their graves, three months after entering the field of active service. It was usually the small and medium-sized men, tough and wiry, who were best able to endure the hard marching.

On the 19th and 20th we advanced thirteen miles toward Nashville and pitched a camp where we tarried a week. Before our tents were up we were called into line to hear read the order of General Rosecrans on assuming command of the army. The soldiers had long felt that they would be glad to try whether they could not accomplish more under the leadership of some other general than Buell. The brave, hearty greeting of "Old Rosey" to the army was received with prodigious cheering.

We had a foraging expedition on an extensive scale, November 22nd. There was a train of two hundred wagons, in charge of the brigade quartermaster, and accompanied by a heavy escort, consisting of the entire Sixty-fourth Ohio, and five companies from each other regiment of the brigade. Five miles from camp the procession halted on the plantation of a bitter secessionist. His corn was picked and nicely stowed away in cribs. We were glad of this, as it saved us the labor of gathering it in the fields. We tore the roofs from his cribs and transferred their con-



tents to the wagons, in an incredibly short time, while the planter stormed and swore in the most preposterous manner. He couldn't help himself, with the odds of a thousand against one, and he might better have taken a philosophical view of the matter. But he raved like a madman, invoking upon our heads all the curses in the Confederate calendar. An officer finally told him that if he did not "dry up" he would be taken to camp under guard, and he thought best to hold his peace. Then a young woman, wife of one of his sons who was in the rebel army, began where he had left off. With the volubility of her sex she hurled maledictions upon us in a manner quite terrifying. The officer politely suggested that it would be better for her to keep quiet, whereupon she dashed into the house, crying with rage. She was, by long odds, the most spirited and vivacious woman we had yet encountered in the South.

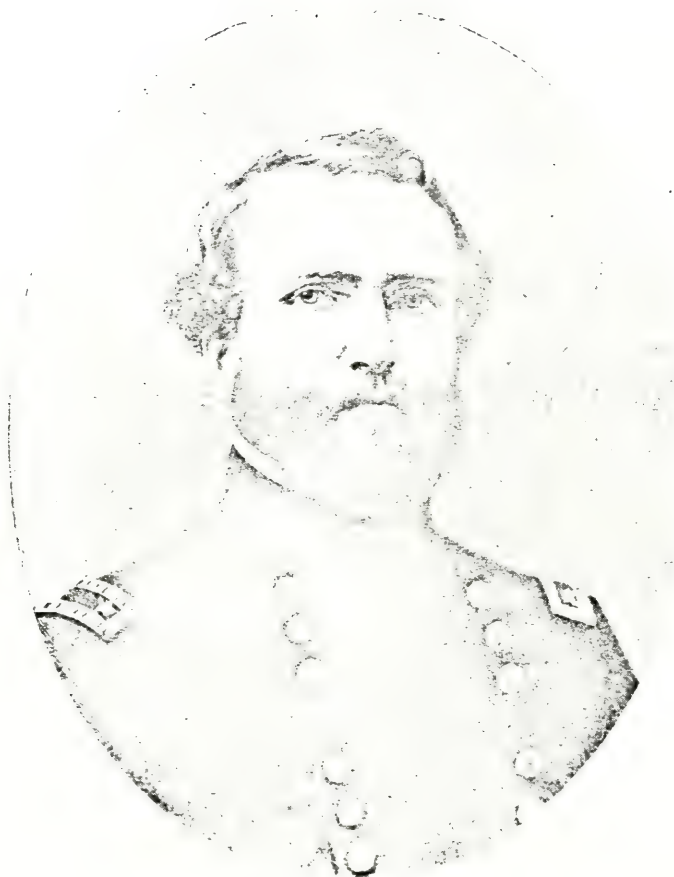
The boys were not slow to forage on their own account. All the poultry, pigs, vegetables and fruit that could be found were promptly confiscated. An old darkey who belonged on the place correctly "sized up" the situation when he said, after surveying the scene:

"Wall, boss, I reckon if you-all hadn't come most of dat ar cawn 'd have gone to de Souf, but it looks ziff Mars' Jeff doan' git much off'n dis place *dis* yeah!"

About the middle of the afternoon sharp firing was heard a mile or two distant. Our work was nearly done, and, as that was not the day we wanted to fight, our sole desire being to get our train safely in, we started for camp. Half the force marched as a rear guard, the remainder being distributed through the train. We kept a sharp lookout for bushwhackers, but were not molested.

On November 26th we broke camp and made another move. We did not take the road till late in the day and then traveled very slowly, hitching along in that inchworm way that always so exasperated the troops. We forded with much difficulty a large stream, the bridge over which had been destroyed. The banks were steep and high, and, according to the custom for such cases made and provided, ropes and men were employed to assist the mules in the work which they were boarded at government expense to do. It took us several hours, with an enormous amount





GEORGE H. THOMAS,  
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.



of shouting and yelling, to get the artillery and wagons safely over. Not till after dark did we resume our march, and then we crept along at a snail's pace. We had only five miles to go, but were more than that number of hours in making the distance. The night was frosty and cold, and our sluggish movements did not suffice to keep us comfortable. Nobody in the brigade had any patience left when, at midnight, we stacked arms. We knew nothing of our whereabouts, in the darkness that enveloped us, but when we arose next day we found ourselves three miles from Nashville, near the railroad leading to Chattanooga. Here we were to stay until the forward movement to Murfreesboro.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

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### UNDER "OLD ROSEY."

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A MONTH AT NASHVILLE—A COMMANDER WHO WILL FIGHT—PREPARING FOR A LAUNCH FORWARD—THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP—WE HAVE SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR—THE PIONEER CORPS—WE GET A FEW RECRUITS—CAPTAIN CHRISTOFEL'S IDEA—GRAND REVIEW BY ROSECRANS—SOME LIVELY FORAGING EXPEDITIONS—A WEDDING AND "HIGH JINKS" AT SUTLER HORNER'S "SHEBANG"—THE BOYS HAVE FUN WITH GENERALS AND COLONELS.

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OUR CAMP was regularly laid out and thoroughly policed. We were pleasantly located, with plenty of good water. Our first day here—November 27th,—was Thanksgiving Day in Ohio, according to the governor's proclamation. The principal thing we had to be thankful for was the end of the





long Kentucky campaign, and especially of that unspeakably tedious march of the previous night. We had no turkey for dinner—in fact we didn't have much of anything, for our rations had run extremely low, and we were anxiously awaiting supplies.

That evening a most appalling thunderstorm burst upon us. The rain fell in floods. The tents flapped and creaked and quivered in the fierce wind, and fully half of them were blown down entirely; while the others were only saved from wreck by their occupants holding the poles and stakes by main strength for fully an hour. Those whose tents were not prostrated had another reason to give thanks, which was not shared by those whose effects were drenched by the storm.

December 1st, soon after noon, very heavy and rapid artillery firing was heard in the direction of Murfreesboro. Far and near the long roll resounded through the camps. Almost in a moment the entire division was in line of battle. These scares were of frequent occurrence during the next three weeks. We were dismissed after standing at arms for an hour, but had scarcely reached our quarters when the drums called us again into line. This time it was for a brigade inspection and review by Colonel Harker, preparatory to a grand review of the army by General Rosecrans, soon to take place.

Under an order from the commanding general a pioneer corps was organized, consisting of two men detailed from each company in the army, with a sufficient number of officers. Well supplied with tools and implements, the special duty of this corps, composed largely of mechanics, was to build and repair bridges, railroads and fortifications, and such other work of that nature as the service might require. The pioneers were fully organized as a separate body, and were to be led into action whenever needed, but they were excused from picket duty. These details were made from our regiments on December 1st and included First Lieutenant William O. Sarr, of the Sixty-fourth, and First Lieutenant Andrew Howenstine, of the Sixty-fifth.

Part of the recruiting squad sent to Ohio while we were at Bridgeport and Stevenson, returned at this time, headed by Captain Cassil, of the Sixty-fifth, now promoted to lieutenant-colonel. He assumed command of the regiment, and Lieutenant-colonel



Young returned to the Twenty-Sixth Ohio. Captain Whitbeck was promoted to major, vice Olds, resigned. The number of recruits and drafted men brought to the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth was small—about seventy for each. These did not go far toward restoring our depleted ranks. The increased length of the lines at dress-parade was barely perceptible. The new men were distributed, six or eight to each company. The drafted men were only called by the government for a term of nine months.

The meager result of the draft was for some days the subject of frequent conversation among the soldiers, who felt so strongly the need of men to fill up the army. I happened one day to be on duty with Captain Jacob Christofel, of the Sixty-fifth, who gave his life a month later at Stone River. All who remember him—and who in the brigade does not?—will recall his dry humor, and his droll way of putting things. I have never forgotten the conversation I had with him, and even after so many years I can almost reproduce his words. Said he:

“The trouble is that the people lack what the boys call ‘sand.’ They talk very bravely about what ought to be done, but they are afraid to come down here and help do it. Enough of them could come, if they wanted to, just as well as you or I, to fill up all these regiments, and give us a force that would just overwhelm those fellows down yonder. It beats all how many sick and halt and blind there are up north, as soon as they begin to talk of a draft! It’s just because they haven’t got the sand! I’m not a doctor, but I believe I could fix up a prescription that would make men of those fellows. I guess if it didn’t do that it would kill them. My treatment would be something like this:

“Let the patient be clothed in a full suit of army blue; let a regulation cap be placed on his head, and a pair of Uncle Sam’s best brogans upon his feet; let a knapsack be strapped upon his back, and a haversack with three days’ rations, and a canteen filled with water be hung about his neck; let a cartridge-box with forty rounds of ammunition be girt about his loins, and a Springfield rifle laid upon his shoulder; let him then take his place in the ranks and obey the command ‘March!’ After a day’s tramp of, say, twenty miles, the patient will probably show signs of weariness; there will be an aching of limbs and a smart-



ing of feet, but he'll get used to that after a while. Very likely he will be hungry. Let him make himself a cup of coffee, toast a piece of bacon on the end of a ramrod, and on these, with two or three hardtack, make his meal. He'll get used to that, too, if he lives long enough. He won't have any dyspepsia or gout or nightmare in consequence of eating too much. Then let him wrap his blanket around him and lie down, with only the sky above him, and his head pillowed on his knapsack. Perhaps he may be drenched with rain before he wakens; he will find that most refreshing. He will be very likely to feel a little stiff and sore in the morning, and perhaps won't care much whether the Union is saved or not. But let the orderly stir him up for roll-call, and then let him get his breakfast and put on his traps for another march. A few days of this sort of thing will have a wonderful effect upon him—one way or the other. A brisk skirmish now and then will be a good thing for him. Let him hear the bullets whistle and the shells scream. If supplies are cut off, and he only gets half or quarter rations, let him help out with parched corn, or flour, or something of that sort. One or two nights each week spent on picket will afford him an excellent opportunity for meditation. When in camp let him be drilled six hours a day in the hot sun. If a few weeks or months of such campaigning does not make a man of him, his case may be given up as one that is without hope."



WILLIAM A. BELL,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

These recruits and drafted men were just from home and had



everything yet to learn. The first evening they spent in camp, one of these embryo soldiers, when the drums beat the sunset call, asked what they were drumming for. On being told that it was "retreat"—the name of that particular call—he began to show signs of alarm and anxiously inquired what we were going to retreat for, and if the rebels were anywhere around there!

Elaborate preparations were made for a grand review by General Rosecrans. Such an event was unknown to our army. The reviews had been monopolized by the Army of the Potomac. Arms were thoroughly cleaned and burnished, accouterments rubbed up, and clothing and knapsacks put in the best possible condition. On the 2nd, and again on the 3rd, of December we were ordered out for the review, but owing to some hitch in the program the general did not appear, and after standing around in imposing array for two or three hours, we were marched back to camp and dismissed. One of the boys, a constitutional grumbler—who grumbled at everything and everybody, because he couldn't help it—declared, after the second failure to connect, that he had had enough of such foolishness, and if General Rosecrans wanted to review *him* he could come to his tent and do it there. But when the drums beat again on the 4th for our third attempt to be reviewed, he was about the first one to step into his place, as neat as a pin from top to toe.

The division formed at nine o'clock and marched to the field where the pageant was to take place. There was not room to extend the whole division in a single line, and the First and Second brigades were formed in front and the Third in the rear. All necessary dispositions having been made, arms were stacked and the men were permitted to rest at ease, to await the coming of the general. Every soldier was fully equipped, as far as possible with the meager supplies we had yet received.

After a delay of an hour, a salute from one of the batteries announced the approach of General Rosecrans. The men sprang quickly to their places, all on the *qui vive* to catch a glimpse of our new commander, into whose hands had been confided the future of the Army of the Cumberland, as it was now designated. The orders were given by brigade commanders, and repeated by those of regiments and companies:

"Prepare for review! To the rear of en order—March!"





This movement having been duly executed, General Rosecrans, resplendent in a gorgeous uniform, topped with epaulettes, followed by his numerous staff, and the commanding officer and staff of each successive brigade, rode along the front of the line, and returned, passing between the opened ranks. The general was then forty-three years of age, stout and robust in appearance, and with a face so singularly pleasant that it seemed to wear a perpetual benediction. As he appeared at the head of each brigade he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. He passed slowly down the line, carefully inspecting the equipments, clothing, physical condition and soldierly bearing of the troops. He manifested a lively interest in the welfare of the men. His keen eye, glancing rapidly from one to another, seemed to detect the slightest deficiency in outfit. If a hat or blouse were worn and ragged, if a canteen or bayonet were wanting, the fact did not escape his notice, and invariably called forth remark. To one whose shoes had long since seen their best days, he said, pleasantly:

"My man, we shall have to march one of these days, and you must have better shoes than those!"

The soldier, saluting, replied that he had long been trying to get a new pair but without success. The general, turning quickly to his company commander, said:

"Captain, why do you not keep your men better clothed? You know that you are held responsible for their condition!"

The captain replied, respectfully, that it had been utterly impossible for him to procure from the quartermaster the necessary supplies. The general made a similar inquiry of Colonel Harker, who assured him that no effort had been spared to provide for the needs of the soldiers of his brigade, and promote their efficiency, but his quartermaster had as yet been unable to obtain sufficient clothing and equipments to make good the wear of the long months of hard campaigning through which the troops had just passed. Rising in his stirrups, and speaking in a decisive tone, General Rosecrans said:

"There must be a thorough stirring up of this matter. The men must stir up their captains, the captains must stir up the colonels, the colonels must stir up the generals, the generals must



stir *me* up, and we must all stir up the quartermasters. There is clothing enough in Nashville and the men shall have it!"

The boys wanted to cheer at this, but they feared it might not be the proper thing to do at that moment, and restrained their enthusiasm until the review was over.

Observing one of our new drafted men, who handled his gun very much as he would a hoe, the general said, with a smile:

"Ah! you are a recruit, I see! We ought to have twenty thousand just such men as you!"

Thus he passed in front of each rank, throughout the long line, with a smile and a pleasant, encouraging word for all. The general and his staff made an imposing appearance, with their profusion of brass buttons and gold lace and their well-fed and richly caparisoned horses. There were two or three ladies in the party, who rode skillfully their spirited steeds. Probably their ears did not catch the half whispered compliments which they elicited from the soldiers as they passed.

The inspection—which was so thorough as to occupy more than two hours—being finished, General Rosecrans and his staff took position in the center of the field and the division passed in review, marching in column by companies. The day was clear, the sun shone brightly, a gentle breeze gracefully waved the beautiful banners, and the scene was a most inspiring one. The long column executed the various evolutions with military precision. Ten thousand stalwart soldiers keeping step to the music of the bands; the lines of burnished arms at a "right shoulder shift"—each company successively coming to a "shoulder" when passing the reviewing party—with the bright bayonets shimmering in the sunlight and the national colors floating over all, combined to form a pageant long to be remembered. It seemed like a grand holiday parade, had we not felt that soon the fierce storm of battle would sweep our ranks, and lay low many a gallant form. It was our first review, and our last, until the Fourth corps carried its tattered but victorious banners past the eye of grand old "Pap" Thomas, at Nashville, in 1865, after we had fired our last shot.

We returned to camp about three o'clock and were relieved from further duty that day. As the soldiers broke ranks they appeared to be overcharged with enthusiasm, and there was loud



cheering from one end of the camp to the other. The boys had "inspected" General Rosecrans, and from the very outset he commanded their fullest confidence. "Ain't he a daisy!" "Bully for Old Rosey!" they shouted, in the free-and-easy army vernacular; thus expressing the highest possible compliments. Although General Rosecrans passed into the shadow of an eclipse at Chickamauga, he never forfeited the affection, esteem and confidence of his soldiers.

During the month of December the utmost activity prevailed in all the departments of the army at Nashville, in preparation for the movement against Bragg at Murfreesboro, which all believed was soon to take place. There was much difficulty and delay in the transportation of stores from Louisville, in consequence of the frequent depredations of Morgan's and Wheeler's cavalry along our "cracker-line." By bold dashes they overpowered the guards and destroyed the bridges at Green river and Bacon creek, and the great trestles at Elizabethtown and Muldraugh's hill. Prodigious efforts were made to repair these breaks as soon as possible, and by the 20th the army was fairly supplied with rations, clothing, ammunition and equipage. The organization adopted by General Buell at the opening of the Perryville campaign was perfected, a number being assigned to each brigade and division. The whole was designated the "Fourteenth Army Corps," and divided into the Right Wing, (McCook); Center, (Thomas); and Left Wing, (Crittenden). Our brigade was still in Wood's division, which was part of the Left Wing.

The troops were drilled constantly when not engaged in picket or forage duty. They were required to keep three days' rations constantly in haversacks, and to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Four roll-calls each day were prescribed—at reveille, noon, retreat, and tattoo. There were frequent alarms which called the troops to the colors, at all hours of the day and night. The practice of standing at arms an hour before daylight was resumed during the last two weeks of our stay. The strictest discipline was enforced and nothing was omitted that could contribute to the efficiency of the army. When it moved it was a compact and thoroughly organized body, in vastly better condition than at any previous time in its history.



With its advance, in the last days of December, began its career of success. From that day the Army of the Cumberland never showed its heels to the enemy save at Chickamauga, and this was more than atoned for two months later, by the magnificent sweep up the rugged heights of Missionary Ridge.

While here we had some very spirited foraging expeditions, which are deserving of brief mention. On December 5th the Thirteenth Michigan, five companies of the Sixty-fourth, five of the Sixty-fifth and two guns of the Sixth battery, went eight miles out the Nolensville pike, with fifty wagons. At the crossing of Stone river our advance was arrested by a rebel battery planted on the farther side of the stream. It threw several shells around us, for which we had no use. Fortunately, they did no damage beyond demoralizing some of the recruits. Our guns returned the fire, but it was determined to withdraw, as we did not wish to provoke a fight. Retracing our steps for a mile, we turned off on a by-road and soon found plenty of forage. We loaded the wagons with hay and corn, notwithstanding an attempt by the owner to argue the matter with us. We just "moved the previous question" and it was carried by a tremendous majority, under the parliamentary rules then in force. We marched back to camp in a driving snow-storm, suffering much from the severity of the weather.

On Sunday, the 7th, our entire brigade took a hand in the game, marching at peep of day, in a keen, nipping air. We went to the place where we had bumped against the rebel battery two days before. The guns were still there, as we discovered by the prompt arrival of a shell, which killed two mules and threw the driver of that team into an uncontrollable panic. Although we had a strong force, it was forage and not fighting that we were after, and we prudently took the back track. A mile from the main road we found plenty of plunder, loading all the wagons with grain and hay.

Sunday appeared to be a favorite day with us for foraging. On the 14th we went again, this time with two brigades, an entire battery, and a company of cavalry. We marched eleven miles, forded two very cold streams, hip deep, and halted in a cornfield of forty acres, the ears still being upon the stalks.





Strong pickets were posted, and then three thousand men stacked arms and went into that cornfield.

"Lawd bress me!" said an old darkey, "but I nebber seed de crap in dat field gaddered so quick sence I'se bawn! You Yanks beat de debbil hisse'f!"

And he was about right. They went through that field like a tornado, and in forty minutes loaded a hundred and twenty wagons with not less than three thousand bushels of corn. Just as we had finished our job the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry dashed up at a gallop. A report had reached camp that we had been attacked by a large force and had more than we could well attend to, and this regiment was sent out to lend a hand. Its services were not required. We returned to camp without molestation.

On the 18th our brigade, with four guns of the Sixth battery, went out beyond the "Hermitage." We loaded the train without seeing or hearing an enemy. We had an extremely fatiguing day, as the distance traveled was twenty-six miles. We were obliged to spend two hours at the crossing of a stream, in tugging at the wagons and yelling at the mules. We did not reach camp till long after dark—drenched and chilled by a cold rain.

Our last expedition of this nature was on Christmas day. It was on a more extended scale than any in which we had previously engaged. Three hundred wagons trailed out the Franklin pike, escorted by three entire brigades, batteries and all—one from each division. Twelve miles from camp we found the rebel pickets, but as we had some eight thousand men we kept right on, brushing them from our front and driving them two miles. There was considerable sharp skirmishing, one of the Fifty-first Indiana being killed and several wounded. At one of the picket posts the "Johnnies" had shown great skill in carving and penciling on the bark of several large trees. A cordial, polite and very neatly written invitation to the "Yanks" to call over and eat a Christmas dinner with them was signed "H. A. Bruce, Co. B, Texas Rangers." We had accepted the invitation, but they were not there to act as hosts, nor was there any banquet spread to tempt our appetites.



After loading our wagons we struck out for camp at a rapid gait. We were far to the front and there was danger that a large force might be sent out to annoy us. The rebel cavalry followed us as closely as they dared, dodging about behind trees and buildings to keep out of range. Late in the evening we reached camp in safety, with all our plunder.

We lost no wagons on any of these trips. Some other brigades were less fortunate, having sometimes a considerable number captured by a dash of the enemy, and driven off or burned.

In these foraging operations the Sixth battery was a conspicuous factor. Its officers and men received many high compliments for the marked efficiency with which they used their guns. While at Nashville the members of the battery were delighted to receive a visit from Colonel Simon Perkins, of Akron, Ohio. The sight of an old familiar face from home was an event of rare occurrence in the army.

During our stay at Nashville a large amount of very poor counterfeit money found its way into the army from the North. Our brigade had a share, and much of it was passed upon negroes and ignorant whites. A few members of the Seventy-third Indiana were bold enough, and foolish enough, to try some of it upon a sutler. They were reported, placed in arrest, court-martialed, and sentenced to forfeiture of a month's pay, to be drummed through camp, and to be confined one year in military prison. The reading of this order on dress-parade, and the spectacle, the next day, of the culprits parading under guard to the tune of the "Rogue's March," had a salutary effect. After that the boys used their counterfeit money only in playing poker, betting enormous sums with utter recklessness.

On the evening of December 12th there was a convivial time at the big tent of Horner, the Sixty-fifth sutler. The occasion was nothing less than a wedding—an exceedingly rare occurrence in camp. The "high contracting parties" were "Dick" and "Sally," two very black contrabands employed by Mr. Horner as man-of-all-work and cook, respectively. The progress of the courtship had been watched by many, and the nuptials caused great sport throughout the entire regiment. Chaplain Burns performed the ceremony. Among the guests were the *elite* of the



colored-servants, cooks and scullions of the brigade. Lieutenant-colonel Cassil, Major Whitbeck, Adjutant Massey, Quartermaster Trimble and, in fact, most of the officers, together with Colonel McIlvaine, Captain Robert C. Brown, Captain Neeper and others of the Sixty-fourth, were bidden to the marriage, and lent their dignity and brass buttons to the festive scene. Horner "set 'em up" with a lavish liberality that could scarcely have been expected of a man who had the face to charge ten cents for a piece of cheese about the size and thickness of a postage stamp. A space was cleared in the tent and there was some lively dancing, to the music of two squeaky fiddles. Considerable hilarity prevailed, and the celebration of the happy event was protracted till a late hour. The privilege of kissing the bride was not insisted upon by the chaplain or any of the officers.

One evening General Wood found himself outside the guard line without the countersign. It was rather late when he appeared, with two staff officers, at "beat number two," on which a Sixty-fifth man was diligently pacing to and fro. The guard halted the party with great suddenness. Very strict orders had that day been given the guards by Captain Coulter, of the Sixty-fourth, then acting assistant adjutant general on the staff of Colonel Harker, that no person be permitted to pass the line at night without the countersign. General Wood told the guard who he was, but to no effect. The corporal of the guard was called but he was equally unyielding. They imagined it might be only a trick frequently resorted to by officers to test the faithfulness of sentinels.

The officer of the guard was then summoned. The moon was shining brightly, and he saw distinctly that it was General Wood, but, remembering his orders, he would not allow him to pass the line. The general reasoned, pleaded, and then swore. The officer was inexorable, but finally compromised by proposing to send the party under guard to Colonel Harker's quarters, where, their identity being established, the guard would be permitted to let them go free. This was accepted, as there was no alternative, and the corporal was charged with the duty. As he marched along with fixed bayonet, by the side of his illustrious prisoner, he chuckled to himself, thinking the joke an excellent



one. Of course, as soon as Colonel Harker saw the general, he directed the corporal to return to his post. Although General Wood had exhibited some impatience at the guard line, he dismissed his escort with a kind word, telling him that if he always did his duty as well, he would be a model soldier.

The same night Colonel Shoemaker, of the Thirteenth Michigan, was caught in the same trap. He was unnecessarily violent at the refusal of the sentinel to pass him, and indulged in some very peppery observations about the stupidity of the "d—d guards." Probably he had been out on a "lark," and he was furious at the proposition to go under guard to Colonel Harker's quarters, for that would "give him away;" but when told that General Wood had just been through that experience, he ceased to object.

Two or three nights later, Colonel Harker found himself belated and was marched to brigade headquarters at the point of the bayonet. He was a thorough soldier and gentleman and took it good-humoredly, complimenting the guards in the highest terms.

The officers, field and line, often resorted to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" to test the vigilance and faithfulness of the soldiers in the performance of guard duty. One of them would accost a sentinel with the remark: "You don't carry your gun right; just let me show you how to handle it." The first time this was played upon a guileless youth, the chances were nineteen out of twenty that he would promptly hand his musket to the officer, eager to avail himself of the advice and instruction so kindly proffered. Then, with the piece at a "charge bayonet," the officer would deliver to the terrified soldier a lecture that was generally sufficient to last him "three years or during the war." He was not likely again to commit the heinous offence of putting his musket into the hands of another while on duty.





## CHAPTER XXXII.

## AN EXCITING HOLIDAY WEEK.

THE ADVANCE TO MURFREESBORO—THROUGH RAIN AND MUD—BRISK AND FREQUENT SKIRMISHING—THE MUSIC OF BULLETS AND SHELL—OUR BRIGADE LOSES A NUMBER KILLED AND WOUNDED—CAPTAIN NEEPER DISABLED—THE FAMOUS "CORNFIELD SKIRMISH"—A PERILOUS ADVENTURE BY NIGHT—HARKER'S BRIGADE CROSSES STONE RIVER—ADVANCES BOLDLY UPON THE ENEMY—IS RECALLED AND WITHDRAWS IN GOOD ORDER—"SAM" SNIDER AND HIS NOSE.

A FEW years after the war General William T. Sherman gave one of his characteristic "talks"—he never called them speeches—to a large gathering of soldiers, at Caldwell, Ohio. He said:

A great many people are attracted by the gaudy show of a military display. They see the bright uniforms, the burnished arms, and the waving banners, and they think it is a very fine thing to be a soldier. But boys, you know and I know that *war is hell!*

The general used the last word, as I quote it here, without a thought of profanity. The illustration is a strong one, but none too strong for the subject. Indeed, many will agree with the



opinion expressed by one of the Sixty-fifth at Stone River, who, as he came out of that fierce fight with part of one ear gone, a knuckle chipped, and two or three bullet holes through his clothes, but still standing by the colors, remarked to his comrades:

"Boys, that does beat hell!"

The word "sheol," given in the revised version of the Bible, might, perhaps, in the opinion of some, be better used in these pages. It might do less violence to refined taste, but to the old soldiers it would be tame and meaningless. The Methodist camp-meeting idea of the place of future punishment, with its fire and brimstone, if interpreted in its fullest sense, could hardly go beyond the horrors of such a conflict as that which took place in the cedar forest in front of Murfreesboro. In this and the succeeding chapters we will see the Sherman Brigade go down into the pit, breathing its sulphurous fumes—blistered by its scorching flame!

The first order for the advance came to us at four o'clock on the morning of December 24th. We struck tents, loaded wagons—which we were told would be left behind—and waited, momentarily expecting the tap of the drum, till late in the afternoon. Then we were directed to pitch tents again, and prepare for an early march on Christmas morning. We were ready at daylight, but were soon ordered again to unpack. Instead of waiting in camp, however, we went out with a forage train, as has been told in the preceding chapter. After our return from this expedition we received an order that the army would positively move on the following day—and that night was the last of our stay at Nashville.

Early on the morning of the 26th, drums and bugle sounded through all the camps of Rosecrans's army. In accordance with previous orders the company wagons were loaded and sent to Nashville, where they were parked to await the issue of the impending campaign. But three wagons were permitted to accompany each regiment. The troops began to march at six o'clock. Crittenden's command, the left wing of the army, moved out by the direct road to Murfreesboro. We got off at nine, in a pelting rain. The entire day was sloppy and disagreeable. There was frequent skirmishing in the advance, with now and



then a few artillery shots, that quickened the steps of the soldiers and kept us all in a state of excitement. The probabilities of a battle were freely discussed. It was generally believed that at last there was a fair prospect that we would get into a fight. It was noticeable that those who, when they thought the war was about over, had most loudly expressed their disappointment, because they were not going to see a battle, were now the most quiet.

After frequent halts, on account of the delay of the troops in front, just before dark we filed off the pike into a muddy field near Lavergne. A spirited skirmish had taken place here a few hours before. Several dead horses lay around, and here and there the ground had been torn up by shells. Things began to have a practical look. This appearance was more impressed upon our minds when we were informed that we must be ready to move very early the following day, as Wood's division would have the advance. The mud everywhere was shoe deep, churned by the ceaseless tread of thousands of men



J. H. CRUTHERS, SURGEON,  
SIXTY-FIFTH.

and horses. Night, dark and dripping, settled down upon the great bivouac. Forty-five thousand men were there and at Triune, a few miles to the right, gathered around the sputtering fires. In the midst of such a multitude there was little chance to get anything to promote comfort. What little there had been was taken by those first to arrive. We could do nothing except spread our blankets upon the wet ground, choosing the spots where there was the least depth of mud.



Rain drizzled down upon us during the whole night. We slept, however, but arose well soaked, and in a most forlorn condition. The Fifty-first Indiana did the picket duty for the brigade. Coffee and hardtack were soon disposed of and we were ready for orders soon after daylight. An early movement was prevented by a dense fog, so thick at times that objects could not be seen at ten yards distance. The rebels were reported to be in force a mile to the front. There was a prospect of a fight as soon as we should attempt to advance. It looked even more that way when, about nine o'clock, the fog having lifted a little, a rebel battery opened fire, throwing several shells in our midst, with the most reckless disregard of consequences. Captain Samuel Neeper, of the Sixty-fourth, was severely wounded in the knee, and two or three men were more or less injured. Captain Bradley placed a section of the Sixth battery in position and gave the enemy his compliments. A desultory fire was kept up for an hour, with frequent rattling of musketry on the picket line. Wood's division stood at arms, ready to receive the enemy should he take the aggressive.

At noon an advance was ordered. We moved in line of battle by brigades, Hascall's leading, with the Twenty-sixth Ohio and Fifteenth Indiana deployed in a heavy skirmish line. There was constant irregular firing, the rebels stubbornly contesting the ground. They slowly yielded, however, and we at no time receded from our forward movement. The Sixty-fifth Ohio and Seventy-third Indiana were in line to the left of the Murfreesboro pike, and the Sixty-fourth Ohio, Thirteenth Michigan and Fifty-first Indiana on its right. As we approached the little straggling village of Lavergne we were much annoyed by the enemy's riflemen, who were concealed in and around the buildings. A few shells from the Sixth battery gave them to understand that we were on the war-path in earnest. A quick advance by the infantry drove them in confusion. The rebel artillery took advantage of every favorable position to retard our progress. But we did not sit down for half a day whenever a shot was fired, as we did under General Buell. We just kept right on, steadily pressing the enemy. One solid shot, or a shell which fortunately did not explode, struck the ground a few yards in front of the Sixty-fifth,





splashing the mud and water in every direction, which made the boys feel solemn. We advanced during the day about six miles, through miry fields, over hills, across swollen streams, and through dense cedar thickets which showered us with water as we forced our toilsome way through them. Long before we stopped for the night we were wet to the skin and thoroughly fatigued.

Toward evening a change of direction brought Harker's brigade in front. One company from each regiment was thrown out upon the skirmish line. As we emerged suddenly from a thick wood we came upon a squad of some thirty rebel cavalry. They were dismounted, and evidently not expecting us so soon. At sight of our advancing line they sprang into their saddles and were off like the wind. Their movements were hastened by a brisk fire from our skirmishers. In their flight the fugitives bore to our right, and dashed into a piece of woods, almost upon the muskets of Union troops which had but a moment before reached that point. They were all captured, except two or three who escaped through a shower of bullets. Having driven the enemy across Stewart's creek, we bivouacked on the north bank of that stream. A bridge which the retreating rebels had fired was saved by a dash of the Third Kentucky. We had another dismal night, with mud everywhere. The Sixty-fifth was detailed for picket, the right wing relieving the left at midnight. Two deserters came in through our line, and were escorted to brigade headquarters.

The 28th was Sunday. We kept it "holy" to the extent of not advancing to disturb the devotions of the enemy—if they had any. We did nothing except to stand picket and wade around in the mud.

Monday, December 29th, was an exciting day. It was in the evening of that day that we had our famous "cornfield skirmish," which was the tightest place we had yet been in, by long odds, and tested the mettle of the boys in standing fire. The army was up betimes. We formed on the colors at four o'clock—long before daylight—and waited patiently, and courageously, for whatever might turn up. But nothing happened to disturb us, and we stood around, half way to our knees in mud, till nearly noon. A spasmodic fire was kept up on the outposts, but neither party appeared to know just what he wanted to do.



We finally moved out, crossing Stewart's creek without opposition. Trouble had been expected here, and before the passage was attempted, two of our batteries threw over a few shells as "feelers," but elicited no reply. We immediately formed line of battle on either side of the pike, as on our advance from Lavergne. Within half an hour we stirred up the enemy's cavalry. Firing began at once, and continued through the day. The companies on the skirmish line were kept busy, but as scarcely anybody got hurt they thought it great sport. The rebel horsemen took care to keep at a good distance, galloping off whenever we began to get within gunshot. The shooting made a great deal of noise, although it was about as harmless as a Fourth of July fusillade. But our skirmishers blazed away incessantly. We marched over the body of one rebel who had been killed. Shots enough were fired that day to destroy half of Bragg's army. Several times Captain Bradley took a hand in the game. His battery was behind us. When opportunity offered he would unlimber two or three pieces; at the command "Lie down!" we would flatten ourselves upon the ground, and the shells would go screaming over us. The rebels had what we used to call a "jackass battery," which replied feebly from time to time. A large house just off the road was set on fire by one of our shells. It was in flames as we passed it, and was soon burned to the ground. We experienced all the fatigue of line-of-battle marching, tearing through woods and thickets, and fording several streams.

About four o'clock we reached the bank of Stone river, soon to be made historic by one of the great battles of the war. The Confederates were in force on the opposite bank. Their appearance seemed to say that if we advanced farther it would be at our peril. Not long after we halted, General Rosecrans and General Crittenden rode up and took a view of the situation. The enemy occupied a ridge half a mile from the river. A mile beyond lay Murfreesboro. Rosecrans, just at nightfall, acting upon a mistaken rumor that the rebels were evacuating, ordered Crittenden to occupy the town immediately, with one of his divisions. Wood's division was designated for this duty. The movement began at once, ours being the leading brigade.



"Skirmishers—Forward, promptly!" said Colonel Harker and ordered the brigade to follow.

Descending the steep bank to the brink of the stream, we plunged in and waded to the other side, the water being in places thigh deep. By this time darkness was fast enveloping us. Such a movement by night, over unknown ground, against an enemy in position, was one of extreme hazard, and General Wood protested to General Crittenden against its execution. Crittenden, however, refused to suspend a peremptory order which he had received from Rosecrans. An hour later the latter revoked the order and directed the recall of the troops that had crossed.

But in the meantime there had been no hesitation on the part of Colonel Harker and his brigade. Without pausing for an instant to question the expediency of the movement, he had ordered the line to push forward rapidly. Emerging from the river, we plunged into a thicket so dense that it seemed scarcely possible for even an unincumbered man to penetrate it. But we got through, with torn clothes and scratched faces, and entered a large cornfield, in which the dry stalks were still standing. The field led, by a gradual ascent, to the ridge occupied by the enemy. Strangely enough, there was no force at the river to dispute our passage.

There was no firing until we had advanced a considerable distance into the cornfield. Then the rebels opened suddenly with a volley that well-nigh made "each particular hair to stand on end." The bullets whistled around us and pattered viciously upon the cornstalks. The enemy being on high ground, the volley passed mostly over our heads. But the bullets came as close as we cared to have them, and quite close enough to appease, in some measure, our yearning desire for a fight. Our unquenchable zeal ought to have carried us right into Murfreesboro that night, but it didn't. In fact everybody was glad enough when the order to retire reached us. We did not know much about war yet, but it seemed to us that our advance was a mistake.

The boys got out of that cornfield in double-quick time, dashed again through the *chevaux de frise* of briers and brambles, in utter darkness, and plunged into the river. There was no



panic, no disorder. They simply wanted to get away from there and they did so, promptly. During the retreat, part of the Sixty-fifth lapped over in rear of the Thirteenth Michigan. The latter thought we were rebels advancing upon them and turned upon us with their muskets, but fortunately did no damage. The enemy continued a desultory fire until the brigade had recrossed the river.

We did not escape without casualties. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had each three or four men wounded. Two were killed in the Thirteenth Michigan and one in the Fifty-first Indiana. It was hardly less than a miracle that the loss was not tenfold greater. Among the wounded was "Sam" Snider, a lad of sixteen, belonging to Company D, Sixty-fifth, and a universal favorite in the regiment. A bullet, flying transversely across his face, struck his nose and made a bad wreck of that organ. The doctors succeeded in patching it up in good shape, and with their assistance nature repaired the damage so that in a short time he returned to duty, with a nose that was good enough for all practical purposes, if it was not quite as ornamental as before.

It may be remarked here that twenty-five years after the war "Sam" was a member of Congress from Minnesota. At the same time the Sixty-fourth was also represented in Congress, Wilbur F. Sanders, the first adjutant of that regiment, being a United States Senator from Montana.

Through some oversight, Companies B and E of the Sixty-fifth, which had been deployed as skirmishers during this escape, did not receive the order to recross the river, and remained on the rebel side for two or three hours. They could plainly hear the commotion in the enemy's camp, caused by the wholly unexpected demonstration. Regiments were forming in line, and the voices of the officers giving commands could be distinctly heard. All along the line the rebels were busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments, with a great noise of axes and shovels. Major Whitbeck, who commanded the skirmishers, thinking that they had been forgotten, finally sent a messenger to Colonel Harker, informing him of their position and asking whether they should remain. The colonel was greatly surprised to learn these facts.

"Get on my horse," said he to the messenger, "ride as fast





as possible, and tell Major Whitbeck to withdraw instantly, but with extreme caution and silence!" The two companies succeeded in recrossing the river without molestation.

It was a strange thing to attempt such a movement, under the circumstances. Unquestionably the order was far less wise and prudent than its revocation. Had we pressed forward we would have encountered, as we afterward learned, a force greatly superior to Wood's division, and with the river between us and the main army the result would most likely have been disastrous.

Van Horne, the historian of the Army of the Cumberland, says of our adventure in the cornfield—Vol. II, page 224:

General Rosecrans countermanded his own order and recalled the troops to their former position. Even this movement was critical, as Colonel Harker's brigade had crossed Stone river, and had driven Breckinridge's advance upon his main line, and Hascall's brigade and Bradley's battery were in the river, advancing in rear. However, Colonel Harker's adroitness and the veil of darkness secured their withdrawal with only slight loss.

Marching back a few hundred yards from the river we bivouacked for the night in the edge of a cotton field.

At last the boys had something to talk about. There were many tales of hair-breadth escapes. Rebel bullets passed within half an inch of the head of every man in the brigade!

As soon as the brigade recrossed the river the Sixty-fourth was ordered on picket, the line stretching along the margin of the stream. The men threw up little barricades of timber, stones and earth. These proved of great service the next day as a pro-



JOHN S. McKIBBEN,  
COMPANY D, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Mortally wounded at Resaca, Ga.,  
May 14, 1864.



tection from the enemy's pickets, with whom there was constant skirmishing. During that day the Sixty-fourth suffered a loss of one man killed—Wesley Hetherington, the first death in the regiment from a hostile bullet—and five or six wounded.

We expected to advance or fight, and probably both, on the 30th, but we did neither. The exercises of the previous day had been of such a character that we had made up our minds that after tramping over four states looking for trouble, we were at last going to be accommodated—and we were, but not that day.

We were called into line at four o'clock and directed to be in readiness to advance at daylight, but that was all. The only movement we made was a very hasty change of position, several hundred yards to the rear, to get out of the way of the shells that a rebel battery on the ridge across the river kept throwing at us. They seemed to have more hardware than they wanted and insisted on sharing it with us. But we were well supplied and their motives were not appreciated. So we just "climbed" for the rear to get out of range. This was about the middle of the forenoon. We could see their cannon glistening in the sunlight, less than a mile distant. There would be a puff of smoke and then whizz! boom! and everybody would be dodging to get out of the way of the pieces. Captain Bradley brought his battery to the front and replied with a lively fire, which soon silenced the enemy's guns. One of Bradley's carriages was struck by a solid shot and badly splintered. The Sixth battery men stood bravely to their work. It was clear that they could be depended upon.

The firing was kept up all day at intervals, not only in our front but at other points on the line. Our pickets, posted along the river bank, were almost constantly exchanging compliments with the rebel outposts.

During the afternoon several pigs wandered within the lines of the Sixty-fifth. They were surrounded and bayoneted without mercy. Our meat rations were running short, and the presence of the enemy did not prevent the boys from looking out for their stomachs. Colonel Cassil viewed the slaughter with complacency. He didn't make any fuss about it, and partook of a spare-rib with evident enjoyment.

Just at dusk we drew rations. The Sixty-fifth was ordered



to report forthwith for picket duty, to relieve the Sixty-fourth. As we moved to the river bank the batteries on both sides opened with a tremendous fire. The roar was terrific, but it was mostly noise, only three or four men in our brigade being wounded by fragments of shell. Captain Bradley had all of his six guns going. He paid strict attention to the rebel battery on the ridge, which had suddenly become very active. We took our positions for the night along the bank, behind the little breastworks which had been thrown up by the Sixty-fourth. The night was comparatively quiet, but we had no sleep save an occasional "cat-nap" when on the reserve.

The remainder of the brigade bivouacked in line of battle, as did both armies, the hostile lines being but six hundred yards apart. It was generally known, even among the soldiers, that the mighty grapple of Rosecrans and Bragg would take place on the morrow. By a singular coincidence, each commander had determined to take the offensive at dawn of the 31st, and both had decided upon the same plan of battle—that is, each was to assail the other's right flank. Rosecrans directed the left wing, under Crittenden, to cross Stone river, attack Breckinridge, commanding the Confederate right, drive him from his position covering Murfreesboro, sweep through the town, enfilade Bragg's main line with artillery, and obtain possession of the roads in the Confederate rear. Meanwhile the right, McCook, and the center, Thomas, were to engage the enemy vigorously in their front and prevent the sending of reinforcements to Breckinridge. All this looked very feasible, on paper, but circumstances which we could not control interfered very materially with the carrying out of the well arranged program. Bragg's plan was to mass, during the night, a heavy column and at daylight hurl it upon the Union right, sweep the line and seize the Nashville turnpike, Rosecrans's avenue of retreat in case of disaster.

There was little sleep that night. Thoughts were intent upon the coming day and what it would bring forth. Who would go down before the storm of battle? Who would escape the deadly missiles? Little wonder that mirth and jest were hushed, and thoughts of home and loved ones filled the hearts of the soldiers. Twenty-four hours later three thousand men lay dead



upon that bloody field of strife, and fifteen thousand more were pierced and mangled by bullet and shell! After twelve months in the field, we were at last fronting the embattled lines of the foe. On that Wednesday, the last day of the year 1862, the men of the Sherman Brigade were to prove of what stuff they were made.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

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### THE FIRST DAY OF STONE RIVER.

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THE MEMBERS OF THE SHERMAN BRIGADE SHOW THEIR METTLE—WE “GATHER AT THE RIVER” TO CROSS AND ASSAIL THE ENEMY—BRAGG STRIKES FIRST, A MIGHTY BLOW—THE UNION RIGHT BROKEN—WE ARE ORDERED TO ITS ASSISTANCE—AWAY AT DOUBLE-QUICK—A SCENE OF WILD CHAOS—“INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL”—FIERCE AND DESPERATE FIGHTING—COMRADES FALL BY SCORES—BOTH FLANKS ENVELOPED—HARKER’S BRIGADE FALLS BACK—RALLIES AND RENEWS THE FIGHT—TWO GUNS OF THE BATTERY CAPTURED AND QUICKLY RETAKEN—THE REBELS HURLED BACK—OUR SADLY DECIMATED RANKS GATHER ABOUT THE COLORS.

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LONG before daylight, officers and orderly sergeants moved quietly along the line and aroused the soldiers. There was no sound of drum or bugle, as the men seized their muskets and took their places in the ranks. For an hour they stood waiting and watching for the dawn. Each man had forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge box and forty more in his pockets, a haversack well filled with rations, and a canteen





of water. Nearly all had blankets, but thousands of these were flung away during the day. The confronting lines were about three miles in length. Stone river, by a sharp bend, cut the Confederate line, so that the main body of the rebel army was on the same side as our own. At the extreme Union left the river flowed between us and the enemy under Breckinridge.

In accordance with the orders of General Rosecrans, Van Cleve's division crossed Stone river at the lower ford and moved in battle array to assail the Confederate right. Our division (Wood's) was to cross at the upper ford, connect with Van Cleve's right, and join in the attack. Wood's leading brigade (Hascall's) was already in the stream and ours (Harker's) was at the brink prepared to follow. No opposition had been encountered, and thus far all was working well. As the sun rose we could plainly see the glistening guns of a rebel battery posted on high ground half a mile from the river, but up to this time they had given no sound.

Now the storm burst with the greatest fury upon the Union right, under McCook. In furtherance of his plan, Bragg had massed at that point two-fifths of his army, and a sudden and most impetuous assault threw McCook's flank into immediate confusion. His position was faulty and the consequences well nigh proved fatal. Many of the troops were not in line but were at breakfast, while the horses of some of the batteries were not even harnessed. Johnson's division, the extreme right, was swept in disorder from the field, after a brief resistance, losing nearly all of its artillery. Davis's division, next in line, was also disrupted and streamed to the rear, a mass of broken battalions. Next was the division of "Phil" Sheridan, and that officer and his men, breasting the tide with superb heroism, checked the onward rush of the enemy and gave priceless moments for General Rosecrans to make the new dispositions demanded by the unexpected onslaught of the Confederates. It is not my province to write a history of the battle, but only of our part in it. I have said thus much to recall the alarming aspect of affairs at the time a staff officer dashed up on a mad gallop and delivered an order suspending our movement across the river, and recalling the division of Van Cleve.

"Attention—Battalion!" and away we went at double-quick



toward the cedar thicket upon the right, whence came the unceasing roar of battle. Immediate succor was needed, and Harker's brigade—soon followed by others—was ordered to the point where the stress was greatest. Just as we started from the river bank the rebel battery, of which mention has been made, opened upon us with shell. One of these missiles struck Company B, of the Sixty-fifth, and burst, killing Joseph Bull—the first man of the Sixty-fifth to fall in battle—and wounding several others. Our rapid movement soon carried us out of range.

On and on we went, at the greatest possible speed. Every man was in his place, his nerves wrought up to the highest tension, and none thought of weariness. We passed through a large space of open ground, which presented a scene of the wildest excitement and chaos that can be conceived. Demoralized stragglers from the right wing were seeking safety at the rear, while officers, mounted and on foot, shouting and cursing, were endeavoring to stay the tide of panic; teamsters, in a delirium of fright, lashed their mules into a furious gallop, as they sought to reach the pike with ammunition, supply and baggage wagons; bodies of troops were hurrying forward to meet the advancing and exultant foe; generals and staff officers gathered here and there giving their orders; while shouts and yells and the braying of mules filled the air with a hideous din. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

Through this mass of frenzied men and animals we threaded our way, still on the double-quick. We saw many wounded making their way to the rear, unaided, or borne upon stretchers, or in ambulances. This was indeed war; the crucial test was before us. Every man clutched his musket with a tighter grip and nerved himself to face the storm, already so near that we could feel its fiery breath. There was no sign of flinching, and yet I may safely say that we hardly felt that raging desire to plunge into the blazing vortex of death, which had so often found expression on our weary marches and around the camp-fires, during the previous year. But the truly brave man is he who realizes the danger and willingly faces it at the call of duty.

Still on, and a shell from a rebel battery bursts above us and the fragments hurtle around us. The droning buzz of spent



bullets is heard. We hastily form in line of battle, connecting with the right of a brigade of Van Cleve's division. "Forward!" and the line moves steadily on. Two hundred yards in advance of us are Union troops fiercely engaged, whom we are ordered to support. The need is not immediate and we are directed to lie down. For a long time, as it seems to us—probably about twenty minutes—we remain prone upon the earth awaiting the issue. A staff officer dashes up to Colonel Harker and points toward the right. The rebels have overlapped the Union line and disaster is imminent.

Instantly each regiment receives the command: "Battalion—Rise up!" We face to the right and dash off upon the run. Farther and farther we go until a line of rebels is descried advancing toward us. We halt, face to the front, and move forward in battle array to meet the foe. The Seventy-third Indiana, Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio are in the first line, supported by the Fifty-first Indiana and Thirteenth Michigan. The Sixth Ohio battery is upon the right of the Sixty-fifth. Two companies from each regiment in front are deployed as skirmishers. Five minutes, and they engage those of the enemy.

Now we are at the edge of the storm. Hissing bullets strike in our ranks and one and then another is stricken down, dead or wounded, Lieutenant Pealer, of Company A, Sixty-fifth, being one of the first to fall, grievously wounded in the thigh. We cannot pause to give them aid; our duty is—yonder. More thickly come the bullets, and soon a dozen, twenty, are stretched



STEPHEN A. M'COLLUM,  
ADJUTANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.



upon the ground. We glance sorrowfully at the sufferers, nor can we repress a shudder as a comrade falls at our side, but we move steadily forward. The skirmishers are withdrawn; the hostile lines are separated by a distance of but two hundred yards.

At last we are face to face with the foe. "Commence firing!" and "Fire at will!" are the orders in quick succession. The enemy delivers a volley and at once the fighting becomes fierce. Officers and men are killed or wounded by scores. In the Sixty-fourth Captain Sweet, of Company K, falls in immediate death. In the Sixty-fifth Captain Christofel, of Company I, receives a fatal wound; Adjutant Massey is thrice hit and mortally hurt; Lieutenant Vankirk, of Company G, is struck squarely in the forehead and falls dead; Lieutenant-colonel Cassil is disabled by his horse, which is shot, falling upon him; Major Whitbeck, upon whom devolves the command of the regiment, is pierced through the shoulder but pluckily refuses to quit the field. The courage and steadiness of the men are above praise. The ground about them is thickly strewn with the dead and dying, but with ceaseless vigor hands fly to cartridge boxes, bullets are rammed home, and muskets blaze defiance to the enemy.

A short distance to our right the Sixth battery is hotly engaged with the rebel artillery, posted at the left of the hostile line. Four guns, embracing the right and center sections, commanded respectively by Lieutenant Oliver H. P. Ayres and First Sergeant George W. Smetts, face directly to the front. The left section, Lieutenant Baldwin, which had been ordered to swing over and go into position a hundred yards to the right and rear, is in a furious duel with two or three Confederate guns which occupy an advanced position on the extreme flank. Baldwin's rapid and well-directed fire silences the guns of the enemy and the section moves quickly up to the line of the battery, taking post at the right of a small building which intervenes between these two pieces and the four others of the battery. Captain Bradley, cool and collected, directs with judgment and deliberation the fire of his guns. Officers and men stand gallantly to their work, serving their pieces with tireless energy. Men and horses are struck, but not for an instant does the firing slacken.

At length the brigade of Van Cleve's division upon our left,





gives way before a charge of the enemy and falls back. By its recession our brigade, which is the extreme right of the line, is seriously compromised, both its flanks being now exposed. Following hard after the retreating troops of Van Cleve, the rebels are swiftly advancing. In a few minutes we will be enveloped. To remain would be fatal and we are ordered to retire. We do so, rapidly, for two hundred yards, but rally behind the partial cover of a cedar fence, and again send our deadly greeting to the enemy.

Before the break in the infantry line, the Fifty-first Indiana had shifted to the right to support the Sixth battery. "Stick to them," shouts Colonel Streight, "the Fifty-first will see you through!" But when the infantry falls back it would be folly for the battery to "stick" longer. An order from Colonel Harker directs its retirement. The rebels are advancing with loud yells and the need of haste is urgent. Every instant of delay increases the imminence of the peril. Quickly the sections of Ayres and Smetts are limbered up and go whirling back nearly to the line of the fence behind which the infantry has rallied. Here the four pieces are unlimbered and again blaze defiance at the foe. Baldwin's section, separated from the others as before mentioned, does not, in the confusion, receive the order to fall back, and so intent are the men upon their work that they are ignorant of the movement to the rear. The section receives a galling fire of both infantry and artillery. Two horses of Sergeant Stewart Miller's piece are killed by a cannon ball, and driver William Corey has an arm torn off. The guns are in the greatest jeopardy, for the exultant rebels are charging toward them. Just in time, the dead and wounded horses are cut loose and the section dashes to the rear. As it reaches a depression in the ground the Confederates deliver a volley from their muskets. The bullets whiz over the heads of Baldwin's men, but strike with deadly effect the two sections which had first retired. Sergeant George W. Howard and Private Samuel M. Scott fall in death, and a number of others are wounded. Horses go down on every hand.

After a brief but fierce struggle at the fence we are again flanked upon the left and our decimated line is torn by a biting enfilading fire. There is no alternative and again we fall back,



with the advancing rebels at our heels. We come upon the Twenty-seventh and Fifty-first Illinois regiments, of Sheridan's division, lying in line. They have been sent to our aid. As soon as we have passed over them they rise, deliver a volley, and charge with fixed bayonets. Before that charge the Confederates recoil, turn about and scamper back to their own lines. Our fighting for the day is ended.

The infantry having yielded its position, the battery can no longer hold its place, and "Limber to the rear!" is again the order. It is executed with desperate haste. Two of the guns—one each in the sections of Ayres and Smetts—have lost eleven of their twelve horses. The four other guns of the battery dash away, but the rebels are close at hand, there is no chance to attach the prolongs, and the two pieces are abandoned. But they have been rendered harmless, for they have been spiked by Corporal David H. Evans. With exultant shouts the rebels take possession of the two guns. Not long do they hold their prize. The Thirteenth Michigan is lying among the rocks, a short distance to the rear. Colonel Shoemaker orders the Thirteenth to charge. Almost in a moment it snatches the guns from their captors, the prolongs are attached, and they are dragged back amidst a tempest of cheers. The battery takes up a new position near the pike. The rebels run out a battery which opens from a distance of four hundred yards. Colonel Harker directs Captain Bradley to "smash that battery." The men spring to their pieces and a few well-aimed shells send the rebel guns galloping to the rear.

We re-formed our broken lines; but how much shorter they were than in the morning! There were many vacant places in the ranks. In the Sixty-fifth but five officers remained unhurt out of sixteen who went into the battle. For the time, the regiment was organized into a battalion of four companies. The enemy made no further demonstration in our front. We stacked arms, and details were sent to bring in as many of our wounded as could be found. Those who were not wholly disabled had made their way to the hospitals. The greater part of our loss was incurred at our first position, and when we fell back we were reluctantly compelled to leave behind those who were so severely



wounded as to be helpless. They fell into the hands of the rebels, and after the latter had been driven back they were between the lines. Every one who could be reached was brought back, but many lay upon the ground, without surgical aid, through all the long and bitterly cold night that followed. They and many hundreds of other wounded suffered unspeakable agonies.

That night at a council of General Rosecrans with his subordinate commanders, a few timorous ones advised a retreat to Nashville.

"Gentlemen," said Rosecrans, "we fight or die right here!"

Before dawn he had readjusted his lines, which were so rudely broken the day before by the blows of his impetuous adversary; confidence was restored, and he was fully prepared to meet the enemy, should the latter again assail him. During the battle of Wednesday, Rosecrans gave abundant evidence of his high personal courage. He rode along the lines in the thickest of the fight, cheering and encouraging his hard-pressed soldiers. While galloping across a field, with his chief of staff by his side, the latter, Colonel Garesche, was instantly killed, a cannon ball taking off his head.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

"DAYS OF DANGER, NIGHTS OF WAKING."

A NIGHT MARCH ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD—HARKER'S BRIGADE RETURNS TO THE LEFT WING—THE REBELS MAKE A STRONG "BLUFF" BUT ARE DRIVEN BACK—HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRING—THE SIXTH BATTERY ON THE PICKET LINE—IT GETS INTO A TIGHT PLACE—FIRED ON FROM FRONT AND REAR—BUCKETFULS OF GRAPE FROM A CHICAGO BATTERY—THE SIXTY-FOURTH CATCHES SOME OF IT—PART OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH ADVANCES FROM THE OUTPOSTS—FRIDAY'S FIGHT ON THE LEFT—WE CROSS AND RECROSS THE RIVER—"PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW"—BURYING THE DEAD—OUR HEAVY LOSSES.

DURING the night—it was a sad New Year eve—we returned to our proper place in Crittenden's left wing. The ground was covered with a heavy white frost, which creaked under our feet as we marched across the battlefield, among the stiffened, lifeless forms of the dead. We went into position just west of the Nashville railroad, and rested till an hour before daybreak, when we were aroused to stand at arms. Sleep was scarcely possible. Chilled and benumbed by the keen, frosty air we were compelled to move about to keep the blood flowing in our veins. Soon after dawn we made a little coffee and ate a hasty breakfast, ready to instantly grasp our arms in case of need.





Bragg evidently thought that Rosecrans ought to know that he was whipped, and retreat. About eight o'clock a heavy rebel force advanced in our front, probably to find out whether there was any fight left in the Union army. The long line was in plain view, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile, moving forward in battle array. The Sixth Ohio and two or three other batteries at once opened a tremendous fire. General Rosecrans rode up and dashed here and there, shouting, "Pour it into them boys! Pour it into them!" The rebels were soon satisfied that our pugnacity was not all gone and they gave it up, the whole line retiring in haste out of range.

Throughout the remainder of the day the armies, weary and sore from the buffetings of the previous day, lay comparatively inactive. Neither was disposed to resume the offensive, though each made every preparation to receive an attack. There was constant firing between the pickets; and sharpshooters, on both sides, with their long-range rifles, made themselves particularly obnoxious.

At noon the Sixth battery was stationed in an advanced position, facing what was known as the "round woods," where it remained during the night, with guns shotted. Captain Baldwin says: "It fell to the writer to be on duty from midnight until three o'clock in the morning. The night was cloudy and dark. About two o'clock cries were heard near our immediate front, asking for help and calling for a cup of water. Corporal Kimberk was directed to take a canteen of water and try to reach the wounded soldier. He had not proceeded more than twenty-five yards when bang! went a gun and the whizzing bullet struck a gun-tire within two feet of the writer. Corporal Kimberk returned and said if that fellow, whether friend or foe, needed any help, some one else might go, for he believed it was a plot on the part of the rebel pickets to make a widow up north, and he was not going to be the man to risk himself on that kind of a game. To stand picket with a battery was something new to us. But here we were, without a solitary infantryman between our lines and the enemy. Consequently we had to exercise extraordinary vigilance. If an attack had taken place there was nothing to meet it but the guns of the battery. Fortunately, the night passed without any movement by the enemy."



Friday morning, January 2nd, half of the Sixty-fifth was ordered on picket. As we relieved those who had been on duty during the night, six or eight pieces of artillery on the other side opened upon us a furious fire. At the outposts were V-shaped piles of rails, which had been laid by our predecessors for a shelter from musketry. Two or three of these were struck by shells and knocked into kindling wood. Several of our men were wounded, but none were killed.

As soon as the rebel guns opened, the Sixth Ohio battery, which had moved to a knoll just in rear of the main line of our brigade, responded with the greatest spirit. For an hour the firing was terrific. We, upon the outposts, flattened ourselves out as thin as possible upon the ground, while the screaming missiles passed both ways directly over our heads. For the time the deafening roar almost deprived us of our senses. The Eighth Indiana battery, which had been firing from the right of the Sixth Ohio, suffered so severely from the rebel "hardware" that it limbered up and galloped to the rear. The Sixth Ohio held its ground bravely. Every man stood to the guns, the steady, rapid fire of which was very effective.

At this time the Chicago Board of Trade battery was ordered up from the rear to engage the enemy. By a strange mistake, its commander, believing the Sixth Ohio to be a rebel battery, halted at a distance of three or four hundred yards, and opened upon it with grape. Before the firing could be stopped the blunderers had killed a number of horses and wounded several men of the Sixth, including Lieutenant Ayres. Captain Bradley was naturally thrown into a paroxysm of excitement and indignation. He thought he could hold his own with any of the rebel gunners, but to be sandwiched between two batteries, firing upon him from front and rear, made things a little too warm for comfort. Lieutenant Baldwin was ordered to proceed to the Chicago battery and stop its firing. Springing upon his horse, he had passed over about half the distance when the Chicago gunners let fly again. By this discharge his horse was killed, but Baldwin, who was uninjured, took the double-quick on foot, reached the battery, and by the use of very vigorous English brought the Chicago people to their senses. The Sixth battery stayed there, and its fire completely silenced the rebel guns. The Sixty-fourth Ohio, which



was supporting the Sixth, also suffered from the ill-judged fire of the Chicago artillerists.

In the afternoon, part of the Sixty-fifth—under the command of Captain Brown, of Company H, and Captain Matthias, of Company K—was personally directed by Colonel Harker to advance from the outposts, charge the rebel pickets and drive them out of a thick grove, from which their fire was exceedingly annoying. We swept over the ground and occupied the grove, the rebels taking to their heels upon our approach. We suffered from their fire, one man of Company H being killed and six or eight in that and other companies wounded. We advanced as far as the spot that had been occupied by the rebel battery with which the Sixth Ohio was so severely engaged in the forenoon. Two exploded caissons and more than a dozen dead horses attested the efficacy of Captain Bradley's fire.

The same afternoon there was more hard fighting on the extreme left. It was not a general engagement. General Rosecrans had returned to his original plan of moving against the Confederate right, and to that end threw a strong force across Stone river. Bragg ordered Breckinridge to dislodge it, and the latter, with his division, attacked savagely. Major Mendenhall, General Crittenden's chief of artillery, hastily drew together ten batteries—fifty-eight guns in all—and posted them on high ground upon the west bank of the river. These guns completely enfiladed the lines of Breckinridge, and their fire, tremendous in volume, was most destructive. The rebels were driven back in confusion, with a loss of seventeen hundred men. The Sixth Ohio was conspicuous in this artillery firing for the rapid manner in which its guns were served. The ardor of its officers and men was illustrated by an incident. General Rosecrans rode up and asked:

"What battery is this?"

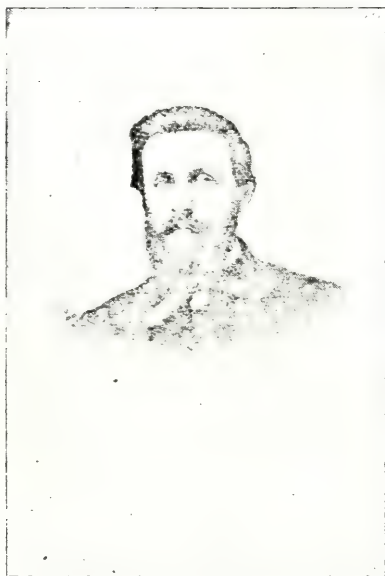
"The Sixth Ohio, sir!" said Captain Bradley, saluting.

"Well, be a little more deliberate and take good aim. Don't fire so d—d fast!"

It was determined to hold the position on the east bank of the river and Crittenden's entire corps was ordered to that side. We crossed in the evening, advanced to a position upon high ground, and threw up intrenchments of rails, logs, stones and



earth. By this time our rations were completely exhausted. For three days we had lived upon what we had in our haversacks when we went into the battle on Wednesday morning. Many of the men had, in one way or another, lost their haversacks during the fighting, and those who had clung to their supplies divided their scanty store with those who had none. While working upon the intrenchments that night, we received the welcome intelligence that a supply train had arrived from Nashville,



SAMUEL L. BOWLBY,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

and we were directed to send details across the river for hardtack, bacon and coffee. The detachments returned about midnight. The conditions were such that no fires could be permitted, and we appeased our ravenous appetites with crackers and raw bacon. We were thankful to be able to do even that.

Saturday, January 3rd, was cold, rainy and wretchedly disagreeable, as we were entirely without shelter. The armies did little to disturb each other, although a continual fire was kept up along the picket lines. As a matter of fact, Bragg, finding that Rose-

crans had no intention of retreating, had concluded to do so himself, and all day Saturday was immersed in the work of preparation for the exodus of his army, sending off by railroad his sick and wounded, and surplus stores and munitions. He kept up a brave show at the front, and his retreat was not suspected, until it was disclosed by the dawn of Sunday.

During Saturday night the river rose rapidly, in consequence of copious rains. Not knowing that the rebels were then getting away as fast as they could, General Rosecrans feared that the





safety of his army would be jeopardized, should the river become unfordable, with Crittenden's corps thus separated from the main body. So, at midnight we were ordered to recross, which we did, in the storm and darkness, by fording, the water in places reaching to our hips. We marched a short distance from the river, stacked arms, and were permitted to rest till daylight.

The news that the rebels admitted themselves beaten and had gone to look for another place to fight, spread with lightning rapidity through the Union army. All that Sunday morning the woods were vocal with shouts and cheers. As appropriate to the day, somebody in the Sixty-fourth started to sing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

The whole regiment caught up the music, and never were the stately strains of "Old Hundred" sung with greater effect. The doxology ran through the entire brigade and spread to others. I know not when or where it stopped.

Soon after breakfast we marched to a spot near the scene of our engagement on Wednesday, and large details, with picks and shovels, were sent from each regiment to bury its dead. It was done in this way in order that the bodies, which had lain for four days, might be identified. It was a mournful duty to gather up the mangled remains of loved comrades and messmates, with whom we had marched so many weary miles, and whose companionship we had enjoyed around so many camp-fires. Those were not unmanly tears that moistened the eyes of the men engaged in this sad task. For the dead of each regiment a long trench, seven feet wide was dug, and the bodies, each tenderly wrapped in a blanket, were laid in side by side and covered from sight. At the head of each was placed a bit of board—a piece of a cracker or ammunition box—with the name and regiment of the soldier marked upon it. No shaft of polished marble was ever reared with more genuine affection than that which found expression in those rude boards above the remains of our heroic and cherished dead.

We found the body of Captain Christofel in the posture in which he had died—sitting upon the ground, with his back against a tree. He appeared so natural that it was difficult, for a moment, to believe that he was dead. A musket ball had passed through his leg, evidently severing an artery. He had tied his



suspenders around the limb, in an effort to stanch the flow of blood. It was without avail, and there, with none to minister to him in his extremity, the life of that pure-minded patriot ebbed away!

Among the dead of Company B, Sixty-fifth, was Morris Johnston. An examination of his body showed that he had been shot through the shoulder, leg and head, and had three bayonet wounds in the abdomen. He was one of the bravest of the brave, but excitable, and his hatred of the rebels was most bitter. Beyond question, he received the bayonet thrusts while lying wounded, when the enemy passed the spot, closely following us as we fell back. Johnston's comrades, knowing his disposition, believe that after he was disabled by the wounds in leg and shoulder, and could not retreat with the fragment of his company, he continued to fire upon the rebels as they came on with mad yells, determined to sell his life dearly, and that he was then shot in the head and bayoneted. The circumstances indicate that such was the case.

The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth went into this battle with less than four hundred men each. The Sixty-fourth lost one officer killed and five wounded; twenty-six enlisted men killed and sixty-two wounded—total, ninety-four. Captain Joseph B. Sweet, who was killed, was a trained soldier, having served some years in the regular army, and was a most worthy and efficient officer.

The casualties in the Sixty-fifth were: Killed, two officers and thirty-eight enlisted men; wounded, nine officers (one mortally) and one hundred and six men; missing, nineteen—total, one hundred and seventy-four. Company B lost in killed and wounded thirty-four out of forty-three engaged.

Of Captain Jacob Christofel I have heretofore spoken. Although not a "military" man, he was greatly beloved for his quaint humor and engaging manners, and his death was deeply lamented. Adjutant William H. Massey was for some months sergeant-major of the Sixty-fourth. His soldierly bearing and business capacity were so much admired by Colonel Harker that, at the latter's request, he was promoted to lieutenant, transferred to the Sixty-fifth, and appointed adjutant, succeeding Lieutenant David G. Swaim. Although the transfer of officers was not usually regarded with favor, the case of Massey was an exception.



He was in all respects a model officer and his death—which occurred April 7th, 1863, at his home in Cleveland—was a personal bereavement to every officer and man in the regiment, as well as to those of the Sixty-fourth. We thank the Sixty-fourth for having given him to us. On the day that he received his mortal wounds his commission as first lieutenant was issued at Columbus. Lieutenant Dolsen Vankirk, of Company G, who fell in instant death, was a young officer of bright promise, brave and faithful to every duty. Some time later, his remains were exhumed and removed to the home of his widowed mother at Sandusky, Ohio.

Of the wounded of both regiments, more than a quarter died of their wounds. The battle of Stone River cost the Sherman Brigade the lives of one hundred and twenty men, out of eight hundred and fifty engaged. Among them were many of the bravest and best non-commissioned officers and privates.

The Sixty-fourth was commanded throughout the action by Lieutenant-colonel Alexander McIlvaine; the Sixty-fifth by Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Cassil, until he was disabled, when he was succeeded by Major Horatio N. Whitbeck. The latter, though wounded, continued to command the regiment until the evacuation of Murfreesboro told that the struggle was ended.

A striking illustration of faithful, patriotic devotion to duty is afforded by the sad case of Martin Bowser, Company C, Sixty-fourth. When the regiment left Nashville to enter upon the Stone river campaign, Bowser was so ill as to be unfit for duty. Eager to share the fortunes of his comrades, he objected to being sent to a hospital, declaring that he would march with the company, if his knapsack could be carried on one of the wagons. Permission for this was given, and Bowser took his place in the ranks and kept it, on the march and through the terrible battle of December 31st, doing his duty with splendid courage. During the long, cold night that followed he was without a blanket. After the brigade changed its position to the left, and the troops were permitted to rest, Corporal William H. Farber and George W. Stewart shared their blankets with him. He lay between them, one blanket being spread upon the frosty ground, while the other barely sufficed to cover the three. A few hours later, when the soldiers were aroused to stand at arms, Farber and Stewart tried to awaken their comrade, but there was no response. Bowser was dead!



The Pioneer brigade, commanded by General St. Clair Morton—in which the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had each one officer and twenty men—performed during the campaign and battle much service that was as valuable as it was arduous and full of hazard. For two or three days before the battle it was engaged in cutting roads, building bridges, etc., to assist the army in getting into position. Much of this work was done under the fire of the enemy's cavalry and skirmishers. During the engage-



JOSEPH CROW,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

ment the stress was so great and the need for troops so urgent that the Pioneer brigade was called in as regular infantry. It fought gallantly, near the center of the Union line, losing heavily in killed and wounded. Those who belonged to that organization may well be proud of its part in the campaign.

The quartermasters, commissaries, and ordnance officers, and those under their command, having charge of the supply and ammunition trains, had an exceedingly lively time of it during the battle. Several times the trains were attacked by the rebel troop-

ers, who made the most desperate attempts to capture or destroy them. Although the teamsters were non-combatants, many of them showed that they had the purest article of grit, procuring muskets and fighting valiantly to drive off the hostile cavalry. The trains were hurried from one point to another, where the danger seemed to be least. A large number of wagons were taken by the enemy during the chaos of the 31st. It was found, however, that Rosecrans had enough ammunition left to fight another battle. Trains loaded with supplies of all kinds were





hurried forward from Nashville, convoyed by strong bodies of cavalry and infantry. During those eventful days and nights the quartermasters and commissaries had all the business they could attend to—and a little more.

Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, writes as follows; "On the evening of December 31st the writer was temporarily laid up for repairs, having carelessly exposed his shin bone to stop a rebel bullet. The restraint thereby imposed suggested the idea of organizing a bureau of information under a tent-fly where I reposed. A bright, active, but unlettered darkey, known by the name of Sam, who had heretofore acted as hostler, was at this stage of the rebellion promoted to the rank of reporter. The events of that day will never all be told, but by the aid of Sam I will try to rescue one or two of them from oblivion.

"A large plantation mansion, just north of the Murfreesboro pike, had been selected to receive the wounded from a part of that bloody field. Something like two thousand victims were promiscuously laid in and around the place during the day and following night, quite a large number of whom were mortally wounded. On the slope of an elevation southwest of the river were deposited, on the succeeding morning, those who had died during the night. This feature of the scene attracted Sam's attention. He reported to me that the number awaiting burial was frightful. I told him to count them. He replied that he had never learned to count so many. I sent him back with directions to cut a notch on a stick for each one. On his return this novel roll had thirty-five notches. The dead after this were removed at night, doubtless to prevent the injurious effect upon their comrades. The second morning the number had increased to over sixty, according to Sam's computation. On the third day he returned with the declaration that such a death rate must soon bring the war to a close. On footing up his sticks I found that one hundred and thirty-five had paid the last installment of the nation's demand. The interment on the third day suspended the darkey's census. In the meantime he kept me pretty well posted on the situation at the front, where almost hourly encounters occurred until January 4th.

"A few yards from me, in another apartment of this field



hospital, lay a remarkably bright Kentucky lad, who had been dangerously wounded. His history brought out the fact that he had run away from home to join our army, while many of his relatives were in the rebel service. For several days the poor fellow's voice kept ringing in our ears—sometimes bemoaning his absence from his command, at others cheering on his comrades in some contest, his fevered brain stimulating his imagination. Sometimes his clear, ringing voice would break out in the cheering strains: 'We'll rally round the flag, boys,' or 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long.' In his more composed intervals his voice would sink to its lowest key, in framing messages he expected to send home in a few days. The fortunes of war had brought this boy's uncle, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate army, a wounded prisoner into this same hospital, and on hearing of the condition and location of his nephew, he paid him a visit soon after. The surgeon who related to me the interview said it was the most touching incident he had ever witnessed. The uncle was not seriously hurt, but he saw at a glance that the boy's fevered dreams would never be realized. He tried to give his uncle a cordial greeting, but his strength would not permit.

"After a moment he said, 'Uncle George, how are you!'

"The colonel answered the question, and added, 'How are you, Frank?'

"'Oh, I'm all right, or will be in a few days!'

"Frank inquired if his uncle was going home soon, and was told that he expected to. He asked the boy what word he would like to send. With a brightening eye and clearer voice he exclaimed:

"'Tell them I'm glad I enlisted. Tell them I'm on the right side, and sha'n't come home till the war is over. Tell Jennie and the rest of them that I follow the old flag.'"

"Then taking the cloth used to moisten and cool his parched lips, he waved it with his trembling hand, while he tried to sing 'Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue.' Seeing his uncle about to leave he beckoned him back and whispered, 'Uncle George, ain't I right?' Whether Uncle George carried that message back to his Kentucky home or not, matters not so much to



me as the assurance I feel that when the celestial messenger comes to gather the sacred dust of the four hundred who sleep in those rude trenches, that young hero will be invested with habiliments which will be outranked by none other."

The following are the official changes, from all causes, which occurred in the organizations of the Sherman Brigade during the year 1862, including, also, the small fraction of the year 1861, subsequent to the organization at Camp Buckingham:

#### **Sixty-fourth Regiment.**

##### **KILLED IN ACTION:**

Captain Joseph B. Sweet, at Stone River, December 31st.

##### **DIED OF DISEASE:**

Second Lieutenant Thomas McGill, at Nashville, March 30th.

##### **RESIGNATIONS:**

Colonel James W. Forsyth, January 1st.

Lieutenant-colonel Isaac Gass, June 30th.

Lieutenant-colonel John J. Williams, August 10th.

Surgeon Henry O. Mack, August 2nd.

Chaplain A. R. Brown, July 13th.

Captain James B. Brown, May 4th.

Captain John H. Finrock, November 5th.

First Lieutenant Cornelius C. White, November 21st.

First Lieutenant Augustus N. Goldwood, August 12th.

First Lieutenant Wilbur F. Sanders, August 10th.

First Lieutenant Marcus T. Myer, November 3rd.

Second Lieutenant John L. Smith, May 31st.

Second Lieutenant Isaac F. Biggerstaff, February 23rd.

Second Lieutenant William McDowell, September 7th.

##### **FROM OTHER CAUSES:**

First Lieutenant Roeliff Brinkerhoff, appointed Captain and A. Q. M. by the president, November 4th, 1861.

First Lieutenant Lorenzo D. Myers, appointed Captain and A. Q. M. by the president, June 9th.

First Lieutenant Ebenezer B. Finley, mustered out by order, July 11th.

Captain Turenne C. Myer, dismissed, December 6th.

##### **PROMOTIONS:**

John Ferguson, commissioned colonel, January 21st.

Major John J. Williams to lieutenant-colonel, June 30th.

Captain Alexander McIlvaine to major, June 30th; to lieutenant-colonel, August 10th.



Abraham McMahon, commissioned surgeon, August 2nd.

Volney G. Miller, commissioned assistant surgeon, August 21st.

Captain William W. Smith to major, August 10th.

First Lieutenant Michael Keiser to Captain, May 4th.

First Lieutenant David A. Scott to captain, June 30th.

Second Lieutenant Norman K. Brown to first lieutenant, November 3rd.

First Lieutenant Warner Young to captain, November 19th.

First Lieutenant Aaron S. Campbell to captain, November 5th.

Second Lieutenant William O. Sarr to first lieutenant, May 4th ; to captain, December 6th.

Second Lieutenant Samuel Wolff to first lieutenant, June 20th.

Second Lieutenant Bryant Grafton to first lieutenant, August 10th.

Second Lieutenant Chauncey Woodruff to first lieutenant, August

11th.

Sergeant-major Dudley C. Carr to second lieutenant, May 31st ; to first lieutenant, August 12th.

First Sergeant Henry H. Kling to second lieutenant, February 23rd ; to first lieutenant, November 19th.

Sergeant Joseph B. Ferguson (transferred from Fifteenth Ohio Infantry) to second lieutenant, August 11th ; to first lieutenant, November 21st.

First Sergeant George Hall to second lieutenant, May 4th ; to first lieutenant, December 6th.

First Sergeant Thomas H. Ehlers to second lieutenant, June 30th.

First Sergeant Thomas E. Tillotson to second lieutenant, August 10th.

First Sergeant Thomas R. Smith to second lieutenant, September 7th.

First Sergeant Frank H. Killinger to second lieutenant, August 12th.

First Sergeant John K. Shellenberger to second lieutenant, November 26th.

First Sergeant David S. Cummins to second lieutenant, November 5th.

Sergeant John Blecker to second lieutenant, November 3rd.

Sergeant James D. Herbst to second lieutenant, December 6th.

### **Sixty-fifth Regiment.**

#### **KILLED IN ACTION :**

Captain Jacob Christofel, at Stone River, December 31st.

Second Lieutenant Dolsen Vankirk, at Stone River, December 31st.

#### **DIED OF DISEASE :**

Second Lieutenant John T. Hyatt, at Camp Buckingham, December 16th, 1861.





Adjutant Horace H. Justice, at Stanford, Kentucky, February 11th.

First Lieutenant George N. Huckins, at Nashville, April 2nd.

First Lieutenant Clark S. Gregg, while enroute northward from  
Pittsburg Landing, May 11th.

Second Lieutenant John R. Parish, at Bridgeport, Alabama, July  
31st.

#### RESIGNATIONS:

Lieutenant-colonel Daniel French, August 8th.

Major James Olds, October 7th.

Surgeon John G. Kyle, August 20th.

Assistant Surgeon John C. Gill, June 24th.

Captain John C. Baxter, February 26th.

Captain Joshua S. Preble, April 14th.

Captain Henry Camp, August 16th.

Captain Edwin L. Austin, November 20th.

First Lieutenant David H. Rowland, June 16th.

First Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong, August 12th.

Second Lieutenant Jasper P. Brady, March 30th.

Second Lieutenant Jacob Hammond, April 1st.

Second Lieutenant Samuel McKinney, June 3rd.

Second Lieutenant Francis H. Klain, November 4th.

#### FROM OTHER CAUSES:

Second Lieutenant John M. Palmer, appointed by the president  
captain and assistant commissary of subsistence, February 19th.

First Lieutenant David G. Swaim, appointed by the president  
captain and assistant adjutant general, May 16th.

#### PROMOTIONS:

Captain Alexander Cassil to lieutenant-colonel, August 8th.

Captain Horatio N. Whitbeck to major, October 7th.

John M. Todd, commissioned surgeon, October 20th.

William A. McCulley, commissioned assistant surgeon, August

21st.

Wilson S. Patterson, commissioned assistant surgeon, October 7th.

First Lieutenant Samuel L. Bowlby to captain, April 14th.

First Lieutenant Lucien B. Eaton to captain, May 26th.

First Lieutenant Thomas Powell to captain, August 8th.

First Lieutenant Francis H. Graham to captain, August 16th.

First Lieutenant Joseph M. Randall to captain, October 7th.

First Lieutenant Nahum L. Williams to captain, November 4th.

Second Lieutenant Charles O. Tannehill to first lieutenant, Au-  
gust 12th; to captain, December 31st.

Second Lieutenant George N. Huckins to first lieutenant, Febru-  
ary 26th.

Second Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong to first lieutenant, April  
14th.



Second Lieutenant John C. Matthias to first lieutenant, May 11th,  
Sergeant Asa M. Trimble to second lieutenant, February 26th;  
to first lieutenant, May 26th.

First sergeant Wilbur F. Hinman to first lieutenant, June 16th.

Sergeant-major William H. Massey (transferred from Sixty-fourth  
Ohio) to second lieutenant, June 3rd; to first lieutenant, July 1st.

Second Lieutenant Frank B. Hunt to first lieutenant, August 8th.

Second Lieutenant Andrew Howenstine to first lieutenant, August  
16th.

First Sergeant Asa A. Gardner to second lieutenant, February 8th;  
to first lieutenant, October 7th.

First Sergeant Peter Markel to second lieutenant, August 8th; to  
first lieutenant, November 4th.

First Sergeant Oscar D. Welker to second lieutenant, April 1st;  
to first lieutenant, November 13th.

Sergeant Joel P. Brown to second lieutenant, August 16th; to first  
lieutenant, December 31st.

Corporal Francis H. Klain to second lieutenant, March 30th.

Sergeant Robeson S. Rook to second lieutenant, April 14th.

Sergeant John R. Parish to second lieutenant, June 1st.

Sergeant Joseph F. Sonnanstine to second lieutenant, June 16th.

First Sergeant Dolsen Vankirk to second lieutenant, August 12th.

First Sergeant Samuel H. Young to second lieutenant, Novem-  
ber 4th.

First Sergeant Franklin Pealer to second lieutenant, November  
14th.

First Sergeant Nelson Smith to second lieutenant, December 31st.

First Sergeant Charles Schroder to second lieutenant, December  
31st.

First Sergeant Otho M. Shipley to second lieutenant, December  
31st.

### **Sixth Battery.**

#### **RESIGNATION:**

Second Lieutenant Edwin S. Ferguson, November 7th.

#### **PROMOTION:**

First Sergeant George W. Smetts to second lieutenant, Novem-  
ber 7th.

### **McLaughlin's Squadron.**

#### **DIED OF DISEASE:**

Major William McLaughlin, on the Big Sandy river, Kentucky,  
July 19th.

#### **RESIGNATIONS:**

Captain Samuel R. Buckmaster, May 26th.

Second Lieutenant Herman Alleuran, September 15th.

First Lieutenant Enoch Smith, September 20th.



## PROMOTIONS:

- Captain Gaylord McFall to major, July 19th.  
Sergeant Richard Rice to captain, May 27th.  
Second Lieutenant Samuel H. Fisher to captain, July 19th.  
First Sergeant John L. Skeggs to second lieutenant, July 19th; to first lieutenant, September 20th.  
Bugler Erastus P. Coates to second lieutenant, September 20th.
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## CHAPTER XXXV.

## SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

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WE DO SOME HEAVY DIGGING AND GRUMBLING—FOUR MONTHS WITH PICK AND SHOVEL—THE FORTIFICATIONS AROUND MURFREESBORO—SOME WILD GOOSE CHASING—OUR COMFORTABLE CAMPS—CARING FOR OUR DEAD—MAILS AND CORRESPONDENCE—THE “UNKNOWN” FAIR ONES—CHANGES IN OUR FIELD OFFICERS—“APRIL FOOL” IN CAMP—A CALAMITOUS JOKE ON THE SUTLERS.

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WE LAY at Murfreesboro nearly six months—the longest stay we made at one place during our four years of service. Such events of special interest as occurred there may be grouped in two chapters.

The designations of the grand divisions of the Army of the Cumberland were changed to the Fourteenth corps (Thomas), Twentieth (McCook), and Twenty-first (Crittenden). We became the Third brigade, First division, Twenty-first corps.

For a few days after the battle we were engaged in getting ourselves into shape for whatever might ensue. Details were sent to assist in burying the Confederate dead—generally where they fell—and disposing of the carcasses of hundreds of horses and



mules that strewed the field. These latter, if left, would poison the air with their foul exhalations. Much of the ground was so stony that it was impossible to dig pits deep enough for their burial, and most of them were destroyed by burning. They were kept covered with blazing rails and logs, sometimes for two days, until thoroughly cremated. From the field of conflict was collected a vast quantity of the debris that always lay thickly upon the ground after a great battle—muskets, accouterments, blankets, overcoats, broken wagons and artillery carriages and caissons. Relics, by tens of thousands, were picked up by the soldiers and sent to friends at home as mementoes of the struggle.

The baggage train arrived from Nashville a week after the battle. Our first camp was about a mile from Murfreesboro, on the Lebanon pike. The ground was low. It rained with exasperating frequency and copiousness, and more than once our camp was literally overflowed—a sea of water and mud. In about a month we moved to a vastly more pleasant and healthy location, on the north side of the river, near the Nashville railroad, and within the line of intrenchments then being constructed. Some weeks later we once more changed our habitation, but by this time the vernal breath of spring had dried the ground and it made little difference where our tents were pitched, so that we were convenient to water.

During the uncomfortable months of January and February we made several expeditions into the surrounding country, foraging, guarding wagon-trains from Nashville, and one or two trips, the purpose of which was never unfolded. One of the latter, a reconnoissance, or something of that sort, to Eagleville, was especially trying to the temper and physical endurance of the men. We started on the 13th of January and were absent four days. The weather was cold, with almost constant rain, and we had a dismal time. Wet, shivering, without shelter except such as we could improvise, the nights were altogether wretched, and the days scarcely less so. We did not lack for something to eat, for we raided chicken-coops and smoke-houses, securing as much as we could carry. One day the brigade struck a large smoke-house, filled with the hams and sides of from fifty to seventy-five hogs, which were being cured for the rebel army. The men immediate-





ly proceeded to take the hams and bacon from the smoke-house, and resumed their march. They carried the meat upon their bayonets, with their guns at a "right shoulder shift." It was a laughable sight to look down the line and see the hams and bacon bobbing up and down with every movement of the men. We returned to our camp bedraggled, muddy and miserable. Probably nobody ever found out what we went for, or what we accomplished by going.

At different times the regiments, and sometimes the entire brigade, went on foraging expeditions. Upon one of these the Sixty-fifth was absent three days. The wagons returned with full cargoes of forage, and the men were loaded down with poultry and vegetables, the result of their efforts "on their own hook." Company E brought in five pigs, about two months old, which were tender, juicy and succulent. Once, our brigade was ordered out in hot haste to recapture a wagon train which the rebels had snatched from its guards. We went out seven or eight miles at a tearing gait, but of course the train was then far out of reach. Some general had the crazy notion in his head that we could overtake the galloping mules, when they had miles the start of us! We returned to camp thoroughly exhausted and wind-broken.

Sergeant George W. Smetts, of the battery, received a well-earned commission as second lieutenant, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Lieutenant Ferguson. He had served faithfully as orderly sergeant of the battery from its organization. Early in February, Captain Bradley was appointed chief of artillery of the division, on the staff of General Wood. He continued in this position during the remainder of his term of service. While his duties during the campaigns that followed, required him to be absent from the battery more or less, yet he made it his headquarters, and was always in command, except at such times as duty called him away, when the battery was commanded by the senior officer present.

Our most vivid recollection of our stay at Murfreesboro is the fact that "spades" were turned up for "trumps." It was determined that the place should be fortified in the strongest possible manner, so that if the rebels ever got possession of it again they would have to fight for it, and fight hard. The army engineers



"spread themselves" in laying out a cordon of forts and other earthworks completely surrounding the town. In the execution of this plan many thousands of men were employed for weeks and months. One day the cars brought from Nashville seven hundred carts to be used in the work, and a portable steam saw-mill for sawing timber.

We had scarcely settled down after the battle when one morning the entire brigade was ordered out for fatigue duty. We had no idea of its nature, but soon found out, to our sorrow. We had struck a job that was to keep us out of mischief for more than a hundred and thirty slowly dragging days. There was very much more "fatigue" about that duty than we relished. We marched to the spot assigned us, and found there several wagons loaded with picks, shovels and axes. We were told to go to digging at once, guided by numerous stakes which marked the projected line of fortifications. The boys did the digging and the officers did the heavy standing around. After a full day of work the men returned to camp, in a thoroughly disgusted frame of mind. The disgust increased as the days wore on and we continued to dig. When it came to protracted labor of this sort the constitutional laziness of the average soldier always asserted itself. He was willing to endure hard marching and exposure to all the rigors of heat and cold and storm, for that was legitimate soldiering, but he drew the line at grubbing with pick and shovel for forty cents a day.

Our men resorted to every "playing off" scheme that ingenuity could devise to evade the obnoxious duty. Even the monotonous round of three or four drills each day would have been preferable, for that came within the proper sphere of a soldier's activity. But week after week we toiled on, digging deep and wide ditches, piling up huge embankments, and making fascines and gabions out of boughs and wire, for the embrasures and inner walls. If we had believed that we would sweep down legions of rebels from the shelter of those fortifications, it would in some measure have assuaged the burden of our grief, but we had not the most remote idea that we would ever have a chance to do that—and we didn't. The rebels tried two or three times, before the war was over, to retake Murfreesboro, but other fellows who



wore the blue did all the fighting behind those mighty breast-works, that we toiled and perspired so long to build. After the work was well advanced, the generals eased up on us a little, and we labored by reliefs, each man being allowed to "knock off" half the day. We were devoutly thankful when our part of the job was finished, and we returned to the old daily routine of camp duty.

One day some of the Sixty-fifth diggers came upon the remains of two Confederates, killed in the battle. They placed them at the bottom of the embankment and covered them with a mountain of earth. Sergeant Dave Miller, of Company I, was led to remark:

"Them fellers 'll have to scratch gravel to git out o' there when Gabriel blows his horn!"

Lieutenant Joseph H. Willsey, promoted January 1st, 1863, from sergeant, Company E, Sixty-fifth, was soon afterward detailed as topographical engineer on the staff of Colonel Harker, a position for which, by ability and education, he was well fitted. He continued to serve on the brigade staff until the close of the war, with conspicuous fidelity and usefulness.

Our camps at Murfreesboro were fixed up in luxuriant style. Most of the tents were raised two or three feet upon frameworks of logs, making them much more comfortable for dwellings. They had fire-places, with chimneys of brick or sticks and clay, and many had floors, and sleeping bunks raised from the ground. These habitations were furnished with improvised chairs of all sorts, and here and there a rude table. The camp was kept thoroughly policed, and good health and spirits generally prevailed—barring, of course, the prodigious amount of growling that was indulged in while we were so long at work upon the fortifications. The boys put in a good deal of their leisure time in playing ball, pitching quoits and other innocent diversions. Every now and then there was a scare, and we would get the old "peep o' day" orders, to turn out at an absurdly early hour and stand at arms till daylight. The many hours we spent in that way during our four years afforded excellent and abundant opportunity for silent meditation and communion with one's self. All the hundreds of times we stood at arms never amounted to anything. It was with us as it was with the young woman who dressed for a ball, although she



had not been invited. She said she *might* get an invitation, and she would rather be ready and not be invited than be invited and not be ready.

On Sunday, March 22nd, we spent the day in an appropriate manner. In the morning each regiment of our brigade marched to the scene of its fighting on December 31st. Arms were stacked and the men were directed to put in order, as neatly as possible, the graves of our dead. This they did, with sad hearts but willing hands. The surface was carefully cleaned, the mounds smoothed, and the names upon the little headboards were carved with knives, so that their identity might not be lost. In the necessary haste of burial this had been done only with pencils, and the names were fast becoming obliterated. The sacred spot was then inclosed by a fence. When the work was finished, the men were called together and a touching address was delivered by Captain Thomas Powell, of the Sixty-fifth, after which an impromptu glee-club sang a number of patriotic songs. Upon our return to camp our route lay through "the cedars," where the battle had raged most fiercely during the hours of that fateful morning. On every hand the trees gave evidence of the terrible conflict—scarred by bullets and torn by shot and shell.

In the chaos following the battle our mails were stopped and more than a week passed before communication was restored. For many days our friends at home were in suspense, not knowing whether their loved ones were dead or alive. Just by way of illustration, I will cite an incident personal to myself. In general appearance there was a resemblance between Lieutenant Vankirk, of Company G, Sixty-fifth, who was killed, and myself. One of the wounded men of Company E saw his body and mistook it for mine. Within two or three days he reached Nashville and wrote home that I was killed. I was mourned by mother, sisters and brother for a week, until a letter written by my own hand reached them. As soon as the mails resumed business they were burdened with letters from the front, giving detailed accounts of the battle.

While we lay at Murfreesboro, a large number of the brigade engaged in the diversion of advertising in northern newspapers for young lady correspondents. The seed thus sown produced an immediate and bountiful crop. Scores of frisky young officers





and men found themselves up to their ears in correspondence. Lieutenant "Polly" Rook, as the boys called him, of Company B, led the procession in the Sixty-fifth. He used to get sometimes twenty-five or thirty letters in a single mail. I, myself, plead guilty to receiving thirty-seven in one day—so says my diary—but that was when our epistolary rations had been cut off for a week, resulting in this large accumulation. This "unknown" correspondence was generally innocent and harmless, without the smallest tinge of impropriety. The soldiers formed the acquaintance, at long range, of many exceedingly bright young ladies, and clever writers, whose only purpose in engaging in the correspondence was to divert the soldiers and help to relieve the tedium of camp life. As for the boys, they found in this pastime much profit and amusement. They might otherwise have occupied themselves in practices much more reprehensible than writing letters to young ladies they had never seen, and were likely never to see. Of the great mass of these letters, both ways, it may be said that there

was not a word in them which might not have been published to the world. It is true that now and then Cupid interested himself in this correspondence, and some matches were thus made which reached full fruition "when the cruel war was over." At Chickamauga a bullet through my right elbow disabled me from writing a letter for two months. Then I opened up again all along the line. A young lady in Boston wrote me: "You ought to have been spy and dodged the bullets," which was certainly very good advice.



ROBESON S. ROOK,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.



During all our army life, whether in camp or on the march, nothing was looked forward to with a keener interest than the arrival of the mail. Sometimes we could get none for weeks at a time and then it would come by the wagon-load. Each division, brigade and regiment had its postmaster. At brigade headquarters the mail was sorted for the various regiments. In each of the latter the cry "Orderlies for your mail" always provoked a yell and a scramble for letters. The value of the best possible mail service for the army, to keep the soldiers in good spirits, was fully realized by the government, and no pains were spared to maintain the slender thread of communication between the men in the field and their friends at home. Breaks were frequent, owing to our movements or the predatory raids of the rebel cavalry, but these were unavoidable. The wonder is that the irregularity was not much greater. Now and then we would hear that a mail had been captured by the "Johnnies" and destroyed. Then the boys would vow to take dire vengeance by putting extra bullets into their muskets the first time they had a chance.

Postage stamps were often scarce and sometimes wholly unobtainable. In the second year of the war, Congress thoughtfully provided for this by the passage of an act permitting letters from the army to be indorsed "soldier's letter" and sent without prepayment of postage, the bill to be settled at the other end of the line. Millions of letters were thus forwarded without stamps. There was also a frequent and long-continued famine of writing materials. Often the soldiers wrote on the brown wrappers of cartridge packages, odds and ends of all sorts, and even on pieces of newspaper. Envelopes enclosing letters received were "turned" and used again. During such campaigns as that from Chattanooga to Atlanta, pens and ink were rarely available except at headquarters, and four-fifths of the letters were written with pencils. As for writing-desks, a piece of an ammunition or hardtack box, a drum-head, any stray bit of board, or a gum blanket across the knee, answered the purpose. The soldiers wrote under all conceivable conditions—during a halt in the march, on the guard reserve, on the picket-post and in the trenches, when a man would often lay down his pencil to seize his musket. It was writing under difficulties, but the soldiers were handy in



everything, and when the spirit moved one to write a letter he always found a way to do it. Nor, it may well be imagined, were these letters any the less welcome at home because they were not models of epistolary beauty and excellence.

Probably half the members of the Sherman Brigade started out with a brave purpose to keep a diary, for their own satisfaction and for the benefit of posterity. To keep up a daily record, with any measure of fullness, often under circumstances difficult and discouraging to the last degree, required about all the perseverance and stick-to-it-iveness that a man could muster. A large part of the diaries perished early, coming to an untimely end before we had been three months in service. I doubt if more than two dozen of the persistent scribblers held out faithful to the end, and even these were more or less spasmodic. There were times when for days it was impossible to write a word. Then it was such a job to bring up the arrears, that a man would generally start in afresh, leaving a gap which he never filled. Diaries were often lost by the accidents of the service, and such a disheartening mishap was very likely to prove fatal. I stuck to it fairly well, my jottings covering more than three-fourths of our entire service; otherwise I fear this volume never would have been written—or somebody else would have done it. On the march I always carried my diary in my pocket, and when a book was filled I sent it home, having the good fortune never to lose one of them. One night at Chattanooga, some worker of iniquity stole my valise from my tent, slashed it open, appropriated all the clothing and valuables, and pitched what he didn't want, including books, letters and papers, into a pond of water. There they soaked till morning, when I found them. Among the wreckage floating calmly on that pond was one of my diary volumes, just filled. I was so glad to recover this, notwithstanding its damaged condition, that I almost forgave the miscreant for his nocturnal foray. In the Sixty-fifth, Captain Edwin E. Scranton, of Company B, Sergeant Arthur G. McKeown, of Company H, and Corporal "Fet" Spellman, of Company E, were the successful "diary fiends" whom I now recall.

While we were at Murfreesboro many of our boys received from their friends in Ohio, boxes filled with sundry articles of clothing,



stationery, notions and "goodies" to tickle the sense of taste and relieve the monotony of army rations. Butter, preserves, canned fruits, maple sugar, pickles, etc., were to us like manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness. These things did not always get through in the best condition, for they would usually be two or three weeks on the journey. A number of boxes and packages sent before we left Nashville did not reach us until five or six weeks after their shipment, and their contents were badly wrecked. Whenever a man who had been at home on furlough returned to his regiment, he brought for "the boys" all the stuff he could manage. After we left Murfreesboro we saw no more boxes from home for two years.

Not long after the battle of Stone River, the main body of the recruiting party, sent to Ohio from Stevenson and Bridgeport, returned, bringing with them a few recruits—not enough to fill a tenth of the vacant places in our ranks.

In March, Lieutenant-colonel Alexander McIlvaine, of the Sixty-fourth, was promoted to colonel *vice* Ferguson; Captain Robert C. Brown, of Company C, to lieutenant-colonel; Captain Samuel L. Coulter, of Company E, to major. About the same time Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Cassil, of the Sixty-fifth, resigned on account of ill health and death in his family. He took leave of the regiment at dress-parade, on March 24th, with a few touching remarks expressing his regret at parting from his comrades, with whom he had served so long. Resolutions conveying a reciprocal feeling on the part of the regiment, were offered by Surgeon John M. Todd and unanimously adopted. Colonel Cassil left the next day for his home, his departure being sincerely regretted. Major Horatio N. Whitbeck was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and Captain Samuel C. Brown, of Company H, to major.

In April the Sixty-fifth received from the state of Ohio a new stand of national colors. That which we had followed so long, faded and tattered, was sent to Columbus for preservation. While we lay at Murfreesboro, a few furloughs were granted to enlisted men, but the number was at no time permitted to exceed one from each of our small companies.

On the first day of April—All Fools' Day—the boys had a





great frolic. Ingenuity was taxed by pretty nearly everybody to "fool" some other body. Few in the camp, from colonels down, escaped being made the victims of harmless tricks and pranks. A soldier of the Sixty-fifth, who was below the average in his reverence for "shoulder-straps," soaked a cloth in red ink, wrapped it around his foot, hobbled up to the quarters of Doctor Todd, and told him he had cut his foot while chopping wood. The surgeon carefully unwrapped the cloth, expecting to find a gaping wound.

"Doctor," said the soldier, saluting with a grace that would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield, "you know this is the first of April!"

The boys who were standing around all laughed, and so did the doctor, for no man in the brigade was more fond of a joke. "Very good, indeed!" he said. "Go it, boys, fun is better for you than medicine!"

The "Johnnies" perpetrated a serious "April fool" joke on the sutlers of our brigade. All five of them started from Nashville for Murfreesboro, their wagons loaded to the guards with a fresh stock of seductive goods—for the paymaster was expected soon. They traveled in company for greater safety, upon the well-recognized principle that "in union there is strength." Near Lavergne, a squad of vagrant Confederate cavalrymen dashed upon them and captured the entire caravan, with a single exception. Horner, of the Sixty-fifth, was at the head of the procession with his outfit, and by lashing his mules into a furious gallop he managed to escape. The looters reveled in the spoil, for a sutler's wagon was always a bonanza to the rebels. Horner, who was scared within an inch of his life, put up the prices and made the boys pay extra, to compensate him for his fright.

There was a chap in Company E, Sixty-fifth, who always kept himself and his belongings in the neatest condition possible. He was a fine looking soldier, and he knew it. Whenever the company was formed for drill or dress parade, he always wanted to stand in the front rank, where he could "show off." But when the men were called into line, on the morning of the battle of Stone River, he thought it might be a little more comfortable to have somebody in front of him, who would serve as a sort of breast-



work and shield him from the bullets. He quietly said to the one who usually stood behind him:

"Jack, you may take the front rank today if you want to!"

But for all that he did not flinch, and he found that in the confusion of battle, front or rear rank made little difference.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### STILL AT MURFREESBORO.

GOOD-BYE TO OUR HOOSIER FRIENDS—GENERAL WOOD LEAVES US BUT RETURNS—THE WASTE OF WAR—FAST DAY—WE BUILD A "CHURCH"—A WHIRL TO LEBANON—VALLANDIGHAM—A HOMICIDE IN CAMP—PHIL SHERIDAN (NOT THE GENERAL) AND "HAPPY JACK"—THE "PUP" TENT AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED—THE SOLDIER AND HIS "PARD."

IN APRIL we bade farewell to our Hoosier comrades of Harker's brigade. Colonel Streight was placed in command of an expedition, the purpose of which was to destroy railroads and manufactories in northern Alabama and Georgia. He took with him the Fifty-first and Seventy-third Indiana as part of his provisional brigade. "Hard luck" befell the expedition. It was overwhelmed near Rome, Georgia, by a large body of rebel cavalry under Forrest, and on the 3rd of May, after severe fighting—in which Colonel Hathaway, of the Seventy-third was killed—Streight surrendered his entire command of nearly fifteen hundred men. The officers were taken to Libbey prison in Richmond.



Streight was one of the hundred or more who escaped from that famous prison by means of the tunnel. He took the field again with his regiment, which had been exchanged, but did not rejoin our brigade.

When organizing his expedition Colonel Streight asked for the Sixty-fourth Ohio regiment, but Colonel Harker would not consent to its separation from the Sixty-fifth. The latter was not to be considered for detachment, as it must of necessity remain with its colonel, commanding the brigade. So Streight was compelled to seek elsewhere. In view of the complete disaster that overwhelmed the expedition, the members of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth have abundant reason for gratitude that they were not part of it. The gap in our brigade was filled by the Third Kentucky, Colonel Henry C. Dunlap, and, a few weeks later, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, Colonel Emerson Opdycke, both excellent and ably commanded regiments. Before we left Murfreesboro the Thirteenth Michigan ceased to be a member of our brigade.

After the departure of the Fifty-first and Seventy-third Indiana some sixty soldiers of each of these regiments—convalescents, and men returned from detached service—reported to Harker's brigade and found themselves homeless. The Fifty-first detachment, commanded by Captain Haley of that regiment, was temporarily attached to the Sixty-fourth Ohio. The Seventy-third squad was assigned to the Sixty-fifth. It was known as "Company Q," and was commanded by Lieutenant Hinman. Its orderly sergeant was Job Barnard, in later years a distinguished practitioner at the bar in Washington, D. C. These detachments remained with us nearly three months. They left us in the Sequatchie Valley, about the last of August to rejoin their regiments, which had been exchanged and were preparing again to take the field.

About the middle of April General Wood was transferred to another field of duty and General John M. Brannan was assigned to the command of our division. The officers of the Third brigade assembled at Colonel Harker's headquarters, to bid farewell to General Wood and meet the new division commander. General Wood made quite a speech, in which he reviewed the battle of



Stone River, and spoke in terms most complimentary of the regiments and battery of Harker's brigade. "No men could have done better!" he said. After introductions and hand-shakes all around, General Brannan invited his guests to sample the contents of sundry bottles. Nearly everybody "took the oath," according to the manners and customs of those days in the army. Six weeks later General Wood returned to the division, and continued to command it until the change of organization after the battle of Chickamauga.

I find in my diary, under date of April 20th, 1863, a memorandum which illustrates the waste of sixteen months of such service as we had been through. At the date given, of the ten orderly sergeants of the Sixty-fifth who shouted "Left! Left!" at Camp Buckingham, but two remained upon the rolls of the regiment. Of the eight others, two had died of disease; one was promoted and killed at Stone River; one promoted and resigned on account of disabling wounds received at Stone River; two discharged by reason of disability; one promoted and resigned for disability; one—save the mark!—reduced to ranks and deserted. Gardner, of Company D, and Hinman of Company E, now both first lieutenants, alone were left. Both "stuck it out" until the last gun was fired.

Here are a few lines from my diary, April 21st, which I am sure will awaken palpitating emotions in many hearts: "This evening I saw in a newspaper the following sentiment offered by a young lady in Ohio at a soldiers' dinner: 'The young men in the field—*their arms* our defence; *our arms* their reward!' That suits us exactly! When the pretty girls 'present arms' after this cruel war is over, won't we 'fall in' and 'salute!' I think after 'three years or during the war' of service, we will still be capable of 'bearing arms'—of that kind."

While we lay here a great deal of tattooing with India ink was done. In a circular from headquarters it was recommended that each soldier have his name and regiment put upon his arm, so that he might be identified if killed in battle. Many adopted the suggestion, and the tattooers had plenty of business. The names were often supplemented by flags, cannon, muskets, sabers, tents and other warlike emblems. "Si" Wagner, of Company K,





was the leading artist in the Sixty-fifth. He decorated the arms or legs of scores of our men. In the Sixty-fourth "Happy Jack," whenever he was sober enough, did a rusing business.

The 30th of April was a "fast day," appointed by the president, and its observance was enjoined upon the army. To us there seemed to be a sort of grim humor about the idea of the soldiers keeping fast day. As if we had not already done fasting enough to count for all the fast-days of our natural lives. The picks and shovels were allowed to rest, and for that we were thankful. We kept the day by carefully abstaining from oysters, porter-house steak, roast turkey and pumpkin pie, but we "got away" with our usual rations: breakfast—coffee, hardtack and bacon; dinner—hardtack, bacon and coffee; supper—bacon, coffee and hardtack.

Considerable religious interest was manifested in the brigade and we built a "church"—at least that is what we called it. There was a decidedly primitive appearance about it, as it was composed of poles covered with brush. It was dedicated on Sunday, June 7th. There was no church debt on it. Sermons were preached, forenoon and afternoon, by ministers belonging to the Christian Commission. The services were largely attended, hundreds being unable to get within the rude enclosure. Two weeks later we marched and left that church behind.

Early in May, Harker's brigade, including the battery, was ordered on a reconnoissance to Lebanon, some thirty miles distant. Lebanon had been the boyhood home of Captain Bradley, and he was glad of the opportunity to revisit the scenes of his early life. The years that had come and gone while he served in the regular army, had obliterated not only the landmarks but the people also. He saw no one who could remember his family. We returned to camp without any particular incident, either going or coming. It was another case of chasing an *ignis fatuus*.

A few days afterward another expedition went out foraging, and, as usual, a section of the battery accompanied it. The officers' mess provided bugler Charles Smith with greenbacks and coffee for the purpose of trading for chickens, potatoes, etc. He stopped on the road at a plantation, made his purchases and rejoined the train. When the train returned in the afternoon he went to the



house for his "truck". He was invited into the back yard, and was immediately surrounded by a squad of rebel cavalry and taken prisoner. They took him three miles over the hills to their camp, which was in charge of Colonel Breckinridge, and the next day paroled him. He returned to camp bearing a letter from Colonel Breckinridge, thanking the officers' mess for the donation of eatables captured from Smith.

About the last of May there was considerable of a stir over the arrival at Murfreesboro of Clement L. Vallandigham, an Ohio politician of note, who, for the public utterance of disloyal sentiments, had been sentenced to banishment into the Confederate lines. With a strong escort he was taken to the outposts and, under a flag of truce, delivered to a rebel officer. He belonged to the class known in the phrase of the time as "Copperheads," corresponding to the "Tories" of the revolutionary war. Vallandigham went by way of Chattanooga and Richmond to Wilmington, North Carolina, where he ran the blockade. From the West Indies he went on a British vessel to Canada, establishing himself "over the border" at Niagara Falls. He was nominated for governor by the Democratic party of Ohio, on a "martyr" platform. At the election, in October, he was overwhelmingly defeated by John Brough, who received more than one hundred thousand majority of votes.

Mention has been made of the marriage, shortly before we left Nashville, of Dick and Sally, two of Sutler Horner's "contrabands." In May, before the honeymoon had scarcely waned, the "green-eyed monster" caused a homicide in camp. Dick thought one of the other negroes was too attentive to Sally, and fired a pistol bullet into his rival's head, killing him almost instantly. The affair created a great stir in the camp. Dick was at once placed under guard, but the outcome of the matter I do not know.

Everybody remembers Phil. Sheridan, the wild Irishman of Company I, Sixty-fifth, just as he remembers Phil's counterpart, "Happy Jack," of the Sixty-fourth. They were "two of a kind" and never so happy as when they were filled up with "commis-sary." Phil. spent about half his term of service in the guard-house, and "Happy Jack" was a good second. Sheridan was



court-martialed at Murfreesboro for absence without leave, and was compelled to wear a ball and chain for thirty days, doing all sorts of extra and fatigue duty about the camp. In moving around, always with a guard carrying a fixed bayonet, Phil had to pick up the ball—a twenty-four pounder—and carry it in his hands. He was bubbling over with Irish wit, and it was worth a day of guard duty to hear his sallies.

"What a rich man Uncle Sam must be," he said one day, "to be able to give us such foine jewelry to wear!"

He would sit for an hour at a time and talk to that ball, calling it his "pet," "doll," "baby," "kitty" and other endearing names. He would take it in his arms and fondle it in a way that kept everybody laughing. Phil was proud of his name, because it was the same as that of a distinguished soldier who won the largest measure of fame. When, at Chattanooga, General "Phil" Sheridan became the commander of our division, *our* Phil remarked:

"Well, byes, they say I've got to take command o' this division. The order says Philip Sheridan, an' that's me. I'm goin' ter make ye hump yerselves, too!"

No doubt Phil would have selected "Happy Jack" for his chief of staff.

It was always the duty of the orderly sergeant to spring at the first sound of the reveille, and stir up the company for roll-call. This was very rarely omitted, and only in extraordinary emergencies. All soldiers were naturally, intrinsically and essentially lazy, and they considered early rising as one of the greatest crosses they were called upon to bear. Many of them hurled all sorts of language at the orderly when he yanked open the tent and yelled: "Turn out for roll-call!" When engaged in an active campaign, or in the direct presence of the enemy, no objection was made. If shots were heard on the picket line, or at the first blast of bugle or tap of drum, every man would throw off his blanket, buckle on his accouterments and take his place in line. It was when lying idly in camp, with no enemy near to molest or make afraid, that he grumbled at getting up early, or tried to make the orderly believe he was sick, in the hope of getting "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to





WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS,  
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.





sleep." The duty of attending roll-call was as incumbent upon the company officers as upon the soldiers. Indeed, an officer was expected to be to his men an example of punctuality and faithfulness in the discharge of every duty. Generally speaking, the officers had more comfortable beds than the soldiers, and the inclination to occupy them as long as possible was correspondingly greater. So it was that some of the captains and lieutenants were often tardy in making their appearance at roll-call, and frequently they would not show up at all. Hence the words which the boys used to sing to the tune of the reveille, as the plaint of the orderly sergeant :

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
 I can't get 'em up in the morning;  
 I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
 I can't get 'em up at all !  
 The corporal 's worse than the private,  
 And the sergeant 's worse than the corporal,  
 Th' lieutenant's worse than the sergeant,  
 And the captain's the worst of all !  
 I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
 I can't get 'em up in the morning;  
 I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
 I can't get 'em up at all.

Colonel Harker, as all know, was a rigid disciplinarian, whether in camp or on the march. When in the immediate command of his regiment, he frequently arose, even before the reveille, and took an early promenade through the camp, to note the varying degrees of promptness with which the different companies formed for roll-call. To a company, the members of which were prompt and soldierly, he would speak words of compliment and commendation, not only to the officers and the orderly, but to the men themselves. If the soldiers came out of their tents tardily, and in a half-dressed, slovenly condition, the colonel's eyes would snap and he would deliver a brief but forcible lecture that was not soon forgotten.

It was at Murfreesboro that we were introduced to that contrivance which continued to be our intimate friend and companion while the war lasted, the "pup" tent, a new and revised edition of field habitation. It was of light canvas or duck, and was made in halves, with buttons and button-holes by which they could be



fastened together. When this was done the combination formed the palatial residence of two men. On the march each "pard" carried one of these sections. Upon going into bivouac, five minutes sufficed, with knife or hatchet, to cut two forked stakes and a ridge-pole, over which, in five minutes more, the cloth was stretched and pinned down at the corners. A triangular piece, or, in default of that, a rubber blanket, closed one of the "gable ends," and the habitation was complete. The ridge was but three or four feet from the ground, and an entrance could only be made by bending low or getting down upon hands and knees. It was of the same shape as an old-fashioned triangular chicken-coop, and not very much larger. Its official designation was "shelter tent," but the boys thought this somewhat vague, as all tents are intended for shelter, and they promptly christened it the "pup."

These tents—the lowest point that could be reached by the gradual process of shrinkage from the big "Sibley"—were received by the soldiers with a feeling akin to amazement. They could not conceive how such things could be made comfortable habitations for human beings. They thought Uncle Sam was "playing it pretty low down" upon them and gave full, free and emphatic expression to their disgust. The advent of the "pup" tent was greeted with the same absence of enthusiasm that marked our first acquaintance with the hardtack. In the end the result was the same; we came to regard it as a thing indispensable. In such campaigns as those which followed, the enormous baggage-trains with which we started out in 1861 could not be permitted to encumber the army. We had already experienced the discomfort of living wholly without shelter when, for days, weeks, and in one case months, our baggage wagons were far in the rear. If a man carried his tent on his back—and each half did not weigh more than two pounds—he was always sure of a shelter, such as it was. They grew in favor daily, and after we became accustomed to them we would not willingly have exchanged them for "Sibleys" or "Bells," with the chance of not having the latter half the time.

Some time before we left Murfreesboro we received the "pups" and surrendered the others. The soldiers put them up, amidst a fusillade of jests. The mischievous boys gave them all



sorts of grotesque names, and placed upon or above them such legends as these: "Ladies' bonnets done over!" "No loafing allowed here!" "Services here next Sunday." "Meals at all hours!" "Pups for sale here." "Jones & Smith, attorneys-at-law; office up stairs." "Boarding and lodging."

The advent of the "pup" tent compelled the soldiers to "pair off." They slept, and usually cooked and ate, by twos. On the subject of the soldier and his "pard" the writer feels that he cannot improve upon a sketch in "Corporal Si Klegg," depicting this feature of life in the army, and it is appended as a fitting close for this chapter:

With rare exceptions every soldier had his "pard." Troops on taking the field and adjusting themselves to the peculiar conditions of army life, mated as naturally as birds in spring-time. The longer they remained in the service the more did they appreciate the convenience of this arrangement. During the arduous campaigns, two constituted a family, eating and sleeping together. They "pooled" their rations, and made an equitable division of labor. On the march, if a patch of sweet potatoes, a field of "roasting ears," or an orchard in fruit were reached, one would carry the gun of his comrade, while the latter laid in a supply for their evening meal, and then hastened forward to his place in the column.

On going into camp one would look for straw while the other went in quest of a chicken or a piece of fresh pork. Then, while one filled the canteens at the spring or stream, the other gathered wood and made a fire. All became prime cooks, and this part of the work was also shared. If it was to be a "regulation" meal, one superintended the coffee, pounding up the grains in a tin cup or can with the butt of his bayonet, while the water was coming to a boil, and the other fried or toasted the bacon. If either were detailed for guard or fatigue duty, he knew that the wants of his inner man would be provided for by his "pard," and a portion of any choice morsel would be scrupulously saved for him. If one were ill, or more "played out" than the other, after a toilsome march, his companion cared for him with all the tenderness of a brother. If one were imposed upon by quarrelsome comrades, he could always safely depend upon his "pard" to stand by him to



the last extremity. At night they lay together upon one blanket, with the other as a cover. It is not probable that Solomon ever snuggled up to his "pard" under a "pup" tent, but he seems to have had the correct idea when he wrote (Ecclesiastes, iv:11): "Again if two lie together then they have warmth, but how can one be warm alone?" There were many times when they hugged each other like two pieces of sticking-plaster, in the vain effort to generate heat enough for even a measurable degree of comfort. When two congenial spirits were thus brought together, nothing but death, or a separation at the call of duty, could sever the ties that bound them.

It will not be deemed strange that many, after living together for a few days or weeks, found themselves mismated. In fact it was about as much of a lottery as getting married is popularly believed to be; and divorces were as frequent as in the hymeneal experience of mankind. A fruitful source of domestic eruptions was the gradual development of a disposition on the part of one of the pair to "play off" on his more energetic comrade, and shirk his part of the labor so indispensable to their welfare. The soldiers were afflicted with chronic laziness so far as the performance of irksome toil was concerned. It was considered proper and right to shirk general fatigue duty as much as possible, but when a man was too lazy to help get his own dinner, or go foraging for sweet potatoes, he placed himself outside the pale of christian forbearance. Then his "pard" went back on him, and sometimes a riot occurred that aroused the whole camp. The upshot of it generally was that the "drone" was left to shift for himself, while the busy bee, finding it easier to provide for one than for two, buzzed around alone until he could pick up a more congenial mate.

Incompatibility of temper broke up many of these hastily formed partnerships. Sometimes one had an excess of appetite, and in times of scarcity ate more than his share of the common stock of rations. Then there *was* trouble, and plenty of it. These and other causes often disturbed the harmony of intimate association, and it generally took some time to get the "pards" properly adjusted. The ravages of disease and the deadly missiles of battle made sad havoc with these ties of brotherhood. Few bereavements are more keenly felt than were those among comrades of months and years.





Here and there, in every company flock, was a "black sheep," who seemed to be a misfit everywhere. Nobody paired with him, and—perhaps as much from his own choice as from the fact that he seemed to have no "affinity"—he lived much like a crusty old bachelor in civil life. He made his own fire, boiled his coffee in a kettle holding just enough for one, and ate his meal alone. Then he rolled himself in his blanket like a mummy and lay down, having, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that no bed-fellow would kick the cover off in the night and expose him to the copious and chilling dews.

In the company to which the writer belonged there was a little fellow of Teutonic birth, (Herman Hance,) who had a snore that was like the sound of a fish-horn. When he slept it was never silent. He would begin to tune up his bazoo as soon as he closed his eyes, and by the time he was fairly asleep it would be at full blast. Enough imprecations to sink a ship were nightly heaped upon that unfortunate youth. Sometimes the boys made it so warm for him that he would get up in high dudgeon, seize his blanket, go off back of the camp and crawl into a wagon. Then when he got to snoring it would set all the mules to braying. Once when the company was sent, at night, to occupy a position very near the enemy, and silence was a necessity, Herman was actually left behind, as a prudential measure, for fear he would go to sleep and snore. But he snored his way through the war to the very end. In all the hard fighting only one bullet ever touched him, and that did not in the slightest degree impair his snoring machinery. Of course he never had a "pard." A chap tried it the first night in camp, but half an hour after they lay down, he got up in a rage and left the Dutchman's bed and board forever.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE BUGLES SOUND "FORWARD!"

ROSECRANS AGAIN THROWS DOWN THE GAGE OF BATTLE—ONCE MORE ON THE ROAD—OF COURSE IT RAINS—HARVESTING A FIELD OF WHEAT—RATIONS ARE SHORT—COMPANY D'S SHOWER OF FRESH PORK—BRAGG EVACUATES TULLAHOMA—WE COME TO ANCHOR AT HILLSBORO—THE DOCTOR, THE STALLION AND THE JACK.

ON WEDNESDAY, June 24th, 1863, we started on the Tullahoma campaign, with Chattanooga as the objective point, in the dim, uncertain future. The army of General Rosecrans had been largely augmented by new troops and the gathering in of all outlying detachments that could be spared, and it now took the field stronger by fifteen thousand men than when it advanced from Nashville to Murfreesboro. The long inaction of Rosecrans had been viewed with impatience by the powers at Washington and by the people of the north. Much pungent correspondence passed between Rosecrans on the one hand and Secretary Stanton and General Halleck—who was commander-in-chief under the president—on the other. The rela-



tions between Rosecrans and the government became very much strained. The former declared that he would not advance until he was ready—his army in such condition that he could make a successful campaign.

In the afternoon of June 23rd, orders were disseminated through the camp directing us to move early the following morning. Beyond this we knew nothing, but it was not difficult to surmise that we would march directly upon Bragg's army, which, since the battle of Stone River, had been lying about Tullahoma and Shelbyville, some forty miles southeast from Murfreesboro. We were ordered to leave behind, within the fortifications, half the wagons and all surplus baggage, and to march with three days' rations in haversacks and nine days' in the supply trains. There was the usual bustle incident to breaking up a long-established camp. We had accumulated many personal belongings which could have no place in an active campaign. These we carefully packed for storage, and few indeed of them did we ever see again. 'Twas ever thus. Hasty letters were written to friends at home, knapsacks were packed, cartridge-boxes examined and replenished, and at a late hour we lay down to sleep, ready and eager to take the road. We had grown weary of camp life, and the prospect of new adventures was like an elixir to the soldiers.

It may be remarked, in passing, that by this time not a few had wholly discarded the knapsack—as most of the veterans did a year later. They had learned the wisdom of reducing the weight to be carried to the very minimum. Non-essentials of every kind were abandoned. Not one man in twenty took with him an extra blouse or pair of trousers. A change of underclothing was desirable, and the necessary garments, adding little to the burden, were rolled in the blanket, which was tied at the ends and, like a great sausage, thrown over the left shoulder. In the summer, many obeyed the injunction to the apostles to "provide neither two coats." The heavy overcoat, though often a good thing to have, was on the whole deemed a superfluity—at least it was not considered worth the trouble of carrying. A man would get along comfortably with his blanket, poncho and "pup" tent, trusting to luck to get an overcoat upon the approach of cold weather.



We got off by the Bradyville pike, at seven o'clock on the 24th. Soon it began to rain and kept it up all day. As we went swishing along, with soaked and dripping garments, it seemed like old times. After a march of eleven miles we camped near Cripple Creek, in a large field of wheat which had just been harvested, the grain being in shock. In five minutes after we broke ranks the last sheaf had been confiscated for bedding, to keep us out of the mud. The planter, of whose premises we had taken such unceremonious possession, stormed so violently that he was placed under guard and held a prisoner until his wrath had cooled. For an hour before dusk the familiar sound of heavy cannonading was heard three or four miles to the right.

It rained all night and all the next day. We resumed the barbarous habit of turning out at four o'clock in the morning and standing at arms, and continued it for an indefinite period thereafter. We jogged along through another sloppy day and toward night filed into a field of standing wheat. It didn't stand long, for the brigade turned itself into a reaping machine and did its work thoroughly and quickly. During the day our advance skirmished smartly with the enemy's cavalry. In the afternoon there was long-continued cannonading on the right. We afterward learned that McCook had defeated the rebels at Liberty and Hoover's gaps.

We were ordered to march at five o'clock Friday morning. We were ready, but after standing around in the mud till noon were directed to pitch tents and spend the night there. Two or three professedly loyal denizens of the neighborhood made so much disturbance on account of the work of our foragers, that Colonel Harker, in a state of unwonted excitement, directed Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck to cause the arrest of all offenders in the Sixty-fifth. The storm-center seemed to be over Company D, which was enveloped in the incense arising from sizzling ham and tenderloin. Every member of that company seemed to be engaged in cooking a tidbit from a freshly slaughtered pig. I happened to be the first officer upon whom Whitbeck's eye rested, and he ordered me to proceed at once to company D, ferret out the offenders, and arrest them in the name of the United States of America. Buckling on my "toad-stabber," to give myself an im-





pressive appearance, I put on a stern look and proceeded upon my mission. That one or more pigs had come to an untimely end through the agency of Company D, individually or collectively, was an obvious fact. The evidence was cumulative and undeniable. But where that fresh pork came from no man knew—at least that is what everybody said. I appealed to Lieutenant Gardner, whom I found squatting under a "pup" tent, gnawing a savory spare-rib.

"Well," he said, as he wiped the grease from his mustache and smacked his lips, "you've heard that it sometimes rains toads and angle-worms! The fact is it rained pieces of fresh pork this morning, and my boys just held out their gum blankets and caught 'em. Fact, sure 's my name 's Asa Gardner!"

Clearly, the only way by which the wrongs of outraged justice could be avenged was to arrest the whole company. I did not feel myself sufficiently numerous to do this, and I did not want to snatch Gardner baldheaded, although he was a guilty partaker and at least an accessory after the fact. So I traveled back and made to Colonel Whitbeck an official report in writing, setting forth the singular freak of nature by which the pork had found its way to Company D, and venturing to suggest that it was a dispensation of Providence to save that excellent company from starvation. I was afraid the colonel would order me under arrest for not discharging my duty better, but he didn't. He just winked and said he guessed the matter might drop there. How



LORENZO D. MYERS,  
QUARTERMASTER, SIXTY-FOURTH;  
CAPTAIN AND A. Q. M.



he settled the account with Colonel Harker, I never learned. Lieutenant Gardner sent to my quarters a nicely-cooked and fragrant section of pig, and I devoured it with a thankful heart—and stomach.

On Saturday the reveille sounded at three o'clock, with orders to march at four. Still it rained, and we lay around, expecting momentarily to hear the "Fall in!" until noon, when we ventured to pitch tents again. Two hours later we snatched them down and got off. Then the sun came out and fairly blistered us with its scorching heat. Three hours' march, and we arrived at a long, steep, stony hill, slippery from the rain. The wagons reached the summit after an unusual amount of tugging and pushing and sweating and yelling. Three miles farther and we went into camp. Sunday we marched—or rather waded—twelve miles in mud ankle deep. The wagons did not get through till after dark. My valise had fallen out and been run over. Its contents were a sight to behold. Our mess-chest had got smashed and was thrown away, with all its contents. But we had learned not to mind little things like these. They were what made army life so interesting.

Monday we lay in camp. Somebody set fire to a grist-mill near by, and I and K of the Sixty-fifth were detailed as fire-companies, Captain Matthias acting as chief. After an exciting time, with camp-kettles and horse-buckets, the flames were extinguished. Tuesday we marched to Manchester. On Wednesday, July 1st, while on the road headed for Tullahoma, we were suddenly halted and officially informed that the latter had been evacuated by Bragg, and that the rebels were in full retreat toward Chattanooga. After a due amount of cheering and yelling over the good news we faced about and marched back to Manchester.

Starting soon after break of day the next morning, we marched to Hillsboro and thence to Pelham. Part of the day we were upon the same road which we had traveled in our retreat from Bridgeport and Stevenson, nearly a year before. We spent two days vibrating like a pendulum between Hillsboro and Pelham, passing four times over the same track. Everybody asked everybody else what we were trying to do.

We passed the "glorious Fourth" in camp near Pelham. We had been on half-rations for nearly a week, and celebrated the day



chiefly by foraging extensively. Two or three companies were sent out from each regiment, in addition to which nearly every man did more or less—generally more—on his own account. This was one of scarcely a dozen days in our whole term of service when rations of “tanglefoot”—a gill to each man—were issued by order from headquarters. Evidently the general thought the boys had been having a pretty hard time of it since leaving Murfreesboro, with rain, mud and short rations, and he would stir them up with a little of the exhilarating beverage, and stimulate their patriotic emotions. It had the desired effect and it was a noisy day. Discipline was relaxed somewhat and the boys were permitted to do about as they pleased, so long as they kept within reasonable bounds. Here and there one took too much license—and whisky—and found himself in the guard-house before night. At sunset Captain Bradley marshaled the Sixth battery and fired a national salute of thirty-four guns, which was greeted with lusty cheers. It will be recalled that we spent the Fourth of July the previous year at Mooresville, Alabama. Judging then from the rate of progress we had made in the six months since entering the field, we confidently believed that when another year had passed we would have driven the rebels into the Gulf of Mexico and be exploding fire-crackers at home. Subsequent events caused us to revise the schedule, and our departure for home was indefinitely postponed.

Three days longer we lay at Pelham. Two days' rations were issued which we were told must last six. This was getting the matter of food down to a fine point. Some of the boys suggested a prayer meeting, to see if our scanty store could not be augmented in the same way as were the “five loaves and two small fishes” from which “five thousand, besides women and children,” ate and were filled. Foraging expeditions were sent daily into the adjacent region, and from the proceeds we managed to eke out our small supply. One of these forays for something to eat is remembered on account of the fluent and vigorous profanity of two or three women, at one of the places visited.

On the 8th we broke camp and marched back to Hillsboro. In the evening official dispatches were read conveying intelligence of Union victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, which threw



the soldiers into a frenzy of rejoicing. The woods re-echoed again and again with tempestuous and long-continued cheering. Two days later we moved a short distance and established our camp near a splendid spring which afforded a copious supply of clear, cold water. Here we spent five dull, hot, lazy weeks, while General Rosecrans, the first stage of the campaign having been completely successful, was preparing once more to launch his army forward.



SAMUEL C. HENWOOD,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, 1863. On one of those scurrying trips between Hillsboro and Pelham occurred the incident of the doctor, the stallion, and the jack—famous in the annals of the Sixty-fourth. Surgeon Abraham McMahon rode a spirited iron-gray stallion, of which he was very proud. On the day in question the regiment came to a halt in the edge of a grove, in which was a log stable. Near the latter was a fine, large "jack," which stood with its long ears erect, looking defiantly at the Yankees who had invaded his bailiwick. The surgeon thought he would have a little diversion, and at the same time make some fun for the boys. Tickling the flanks of his horse with his spurs, he charged upon the jack at full speed, bent on putting the long-eared animal to flight. But the dispenser of blue-mass and quinine had reckoned without his host; for that jack developed a quality and quantity of "sand" that amazed him. The jack stood motionless, calmly viewing the scene, until the stallion was within a few paces. Then, as quick as thought, he threw back his ears, and with open mouth and outstretched neck, started upon a counter-charge, braying as only a jackass can.





The doctor and his snorting charger were unanimous in reaching the instant conclusion that they had waked up the wrong passenger. The horse wheeled about, barely in time to escape the teeth of his adversary, and started for the rear at a mad gallop, in full retreat, closely pursued by the bawling jack. Both horse and rider were in a panic. They flashed along the front of the regiment, while the jack, with head up and tail flying, followed like an avenger, the very incarnation of the southern Confederacy. The men fairly yelled with delight, while many, who had not the fear of shoulder-straps before their eyes, ventured to remind the doctor, "Here's yer mule!" His scheme to make a little sport was pre-eminently successful, but not just in the manner he had planned. The doctor was rescued from his peril by the presence of mind—and body—of a dozen soldiers, who, with fixed bayonets, closed in behind the horse as he shot past, and stood firmly at the position of "guard against cavalry." The dauntless jack dashed upon them. A bayonet was jabbed into his head and broken off, but he kept on, driving everything before him. The men broke to escape his teeth and heels. Then the victorious brute, with a contemptuous glance at the fleeing horse and rider, came down to "common time" and, with the broken bayonet protruding from his head, returned to the position he occupied at the beginning of the fracas. It goes without saying that the valiant doctor was often thereafter rallied on his exploit with the jack. How the officer who was responsible for it accounted upon his quarterly return for that broken bayonet, does not appear—probably "lost in action."



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### SUMMERING AT HILLSBORO.

BLACKBERRIES AND MOSQUITOES—AN ABUNDANCE OF BOTH—FOUR MONTHS' GREENBACKS—VARIOUS HAPPENINGS IN CAMP—THE SIXTY-FOURTH GETS A NEW CHAPLAIN—HE WAS SHOCKED BECAUSE WE MARCHED ON SUNDAY—THE MULE-DRIVERS GAVE HIM A SET-BACK—THE SIXTH BATTERY AND THE REBEL YANKEE.

THE two prominent features of our life at Hillsboro were blackberries and mosquitoes. These were about equally numerous, and were a fair "stand-off," the pleasure and comfort derived from the berries being counterbalanced by the pestiferous annoyance of the bloodthirsty "skeeters." Few fruits of bush or vine are more conducive to health than blackberries. Within a few miles of our camp were hundreds of acres of bushes, loaded with large, luscious fruit. A small squad from each company was permitted to go out daily and pick berries, and these parties always returned with an abundant supply. When it became necessary to go some distance from camp, detachments of forty or fifty from each regiment, with arms, and in charge of



officers, were sent. Although it was hot, fatiguing work, the men enjoyed it, and there were no laggards when details were made for the "blackberry squads." Being in camp we were able to achieve highly satisfactory results in the way of cooking, and we had blackberries in every style, morning, noon and night. The mosquitoes seemed to be fully imbued with the spirit of the south, in their insatiable thirst for Yankee blood. They swarmed about us day and night, and especially upon the picket posts, where they were exasperating in the extreme.

While here the "line" officers of the Sixty-fifth adopted the plan of "messing" together. For a year there had been often but one, and never more than two officers with each company. The little "messes" began to be lonesome affairs, and it was decided to pool everything and have a treasurer to keep the account of all outlays, each officer paying his share of the expense. This plan was kept up till the end. It proved both pleasant and economical. The company officers were brought together two or three times a day, and the frugal meals were made doubly enjoyable by the laugh and jest that were never wanting. Two or three negroes were employed as cooks and scullions. It is true that under this regime most of the "servants" named on the pay-rolls were mythical beings, having no existence but in name, but Uncle Sam paid for them just the same. Nobody permitted the allowance of ten dollars a month for "servant" to get away.

On the 25th of July we received four months' pay and every-



JOHN K. SHELLENBERGER,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



body felt as if he owned a bank. The next day our reserve baggage train, which we had left at Murfreesboro, came up and was received with great enthusiasm. The baggage was in that chaotic and fragmentary condition usual in such cases, but we were glad to get it in any shape.

When on the march the soldiers always folded the bottoms of their trousers closely around their ankles and drew over them the legs of their stockings. This prevented the trousers from flapping about the legs and seemed to make marching easier. One day at dress-parade—when everybody was expected to appear at his best, and officers, especially, were careful to “dress up”—one of the officers of the Sixty-fifth startled the regiment by marching out with his trousers carefully tucked in his stockings. He was a little absent-minded at times, and upon this occasion evidently thought he was going upon a tramp. When the officers marched up in line to salute the regimental commander, the latter called his attention to the matter, greatly to his chagrin and confusion.

One day, when intelligence came that John Morgan and his band of raiders had been captured in Ohio, the boys yelled with an extra amount of steam. Morgan had caused much pain in our stomachs by so often cutting our cracker line, and it was a peculiar satisfaction to know that, at least for a time, he would not molest or make us afraid. While at Hillsboro, the subject of a brigade band was agitated. We had been without music since a year before, when our regimental bands were taken from us. At a meeting of the officers of the brigade the sum of six hundred dollars was subscribed for the purchase of instruments, and an application for permission to organize a band was forwarded to Washington. It was “turned down” and the scheme fell through, much to our disappointment. At this time there was scarcely one band to each division in Rosecrans’s army.

On the 13th of August a serious accident occurred. During the forenoon the heat was extreme. This was followed, in the afternoon, by a thunderstorm of appalling violence, accompanied by a high wind which made rude havoc with the camp. A tree was blown down and the top fell on several tents of the Sixty-fourth, injuring a number of men, four of them severely.

On the 15th a detachment of officers and non-commissioned





officers from each of the two regiments left for Ohio, to take charge of a body of drafted men assigned to the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth and bring them to the front. Before we left Hillsboro the nine-months' drafted men, who had joined the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth a few weeks before the battle of Stone River, were mustered out of service, their term having expired. Less than fifty were received by each regiment, and this number had been reduced nearly half by sickness and the casualties of battle. Most of the drafted men rendered faithful service during the short time they were with us.

Captain Thomas Powell, of Company E, was chosen by the officers of the Sixty-fifth for chaplain of that regiment, Reverend Burns having resigned. An application for Powell's transfer to that position was forwarded to Columbus, and it was granted some months later.

One day Simon Snyder, a teamster of the Sixty-fourth, applied for a pass to go outside the camp lines. It was duly approved by the regimental and brigade commanders, and Snyder took it in person to the headquarters of General Wood, the court of last resort. Simon had been somewhat neglectful of his ablutions, and his clothing was not as clean as it should have been, in view of the fact that the troops had been for some time in camp, with good facilities for cleanliness. General Wood looked at the pass and at the applicant; then he broke out:

"Go back at once to your quarters, sir; wash yourself well and put on a clean shirt; then come to me and I will give you the pass!"

When Snyder returned to division headquarters he would scarcely have been recognized as the same man.

The following story of a chaplain's first Sunday in the army, told by Adjutant Chauncey Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, will be appreciated, for all remember how we spent a majority of our Sundays:

"About the middle of August, 1863, while we were encamped at Hillsboro, Chaplain R. G. Thompson joined the Sixty-fourth, and immediately set about repairing the spiritual breaches in a regiment that had for many months been without a clerical representative. Notice was read on dress-parade, that a preaching



service would be held on the first Sunday after his arrival. Other regiments were invited to come over and draw fresh rations from the 'bread of life.' Some pains were taken to fit up an auditorium; the chaplain reviewed and revised his manuscript so as to fully meet all expectations; he shaved and blackened his shoes on Saturday afternoon; and on Sunday morning every thing seemed auspicious to the chaplain for a field day in his new command. Colonel McIlvaine, who presided at the breakfast table, asked him to invoke a blessing, which he did with unusual fervor, considering the simplicity of our meal, including thanks for the encouraging prospects of a holy, quiet Sabbath in the midst of 'God's first temples.' His voice had hardly died away, when an orderly from headquarters dropped a scrap of paper upon the colonel's tin platter. Opening it the colonel read: 'Have your command in readiness to move immediately.' The chaplain looked around for some explanation, and inquired what it meant?

"The colonel said: 'It means just what it says, and if you get a square meal today you will have to pitch in now!'

"The chaplain raised his hands in sorrowful amazement and exclaimed, 'What, march on the Holy Sabbath!'

"This first rude shock to his sensitive moral nature was not the only one, even that day. He accompanied the train, and a brisk shower made the roads very slippery. A steep hill, a few miles from the starting point, stalled nearly every team, and detachments of men were required to help them up. The spiritual shepherd of the Sixty-fourth declared to the adjutant that night, that he could not conceive how a Holy God could prosper an army of such unholy men; that he had heard more profanity that sacred day than during all his previous life. The adjutant, who had often heard the teamsters exhort their mules under trying circumstances, gave full credit to his declaration."

Another incident happened to Chaplain Thompson, which assisted in opening his eyes to the depravity that existed in the army, and to the extent of the field of usefulness that was spread out before him as a preacher of the gospel to the Sherman Brigade. Soon after his arrival at Hillsboro, he put on his new uniform and called at brigade headquarters, to pay his respects to Colonel Harker. It happened that while he was sitting under a



"fly," talking with the colonel, a soldier approached with "Happy Jack" under guard. Jack was very "full," and Colonel Harker sternly ordered that he be at once taken to the Sixty-fourth for condign punishment. Jack had caught sight of the stranger, with shining shoulder-straps and brass buttons, and asked him who he was.

"My name is Thompson: I am the new chaplain of the Sixty-fourth Ohio," was the courteous answer to the rude question.

"Ha!" said Jack, as he offered his hand to the spiritual director, "ye're goin' ter be our chaplain, are ye! I was a chaplain meself once, an' a divil of a chaplain I was, too!"

Colonel Harker's eyes snapped, the guard hustled Jack away, and the chaplain mused upon the magnitude of the work committed to him—the regeneration of the Sixty-fourth Ohio.

Quoting again, from Captain Baldwin: "On one of the expeditions from Hillsboro, in which the battery participated, we went up toward the Cumberland mountains into one of the many rich coves, where we found a very nice plantation owned by a Connecticut

Yankee by the name of Parker, who had emigrated to Tennessee in the 50's. We borrowed his scythe and cut what green oats we could load up. We then visited his house, and having learned in the mean time that he was a rebel conscript officer, and that he was ten times meaner than an armed rebel, we decided to secure some hams without asking if he had any to spare. We made a careful search of the house but found nothing. They claimed that the rebel cavalry had eaten them out. We determined to



RICHARD M. VOORHEES,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



return to camp when a little colored boy told us that if we would let him go back to camp with us he would tell us where to find lots of stuff in the house. This was assented to, and following his instructions a bureau in the parlor was removed, which uncovered an opening under a stairway. There we found nearly a barrel of green coffee, a dozen gallons of honey and a quantity of hams and bacon, corn meal and flour. These supplies were transferred to the wagons and on arriving at camp we not only had a well filled train but a young darkey to help the cook.

“Within sight of our camp there lived a widow and her only daughter. As the members of the different commands had literally taken everything from the place, even to the fences, she appealed to Captain Bradley for protection. This was readily given and a guard was detailed as requested. A detail was also made to cut up a lot of wood for her, and when the army finally moved we saw that she had a reasonable amount of supplies left for her support. One day the ladies were invited to camp to an army dinner. Our officers' mess being blessed with a splendid cook (John Wagner), we were enabled, with the aid of our Dutch bake-oven, to get up a first-class meal, even to northern light bread. Their wonder knew no bounds on seeing the bread and they could not believe that we baked it in camp. They asked how it was made and said they never saw any light bread before in their lives.”





## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## A RAPID PROCESSION OF EVENTS.

THE ADVANCE TOWARD CHATTANOOGA—A TOILSOME CLIMB—IN THE SEQUATCHIE VALLEY—WE FARE SUMPTUOUSLY—CROSSING THE TENNESSEE RIVER ON FLATBOATS—A RECONNOISANCE UNDER THE SHADOW OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—THE REBELS EVACUATE CHATTANOOGA—WOOD'S DIVISION MARCHES IN—WE PUSH THE ENEMY BEYOND LEE AND GORDON'S MILL—A WEEK OF CONSTANT SKIRMISHING—JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

ON THE 16th of August a stir was created in camp by orders to march immediately. We were directed to reduce all baggage as near to the zero point as possible, and the men threw away the surplusage of clothing and articles of various kinds that always accumulated during weeks of camp life. We started about ten o'clock, taking the familiar road to Pelham, this being the fifth time we had traveled it within a few weeks.

The weather was excessively hot and before we had gone a mile perspiration flowed literally in streams. At noon, as might have been expected, it began to rain furiously. The main road was so cut up as to be impassable for wagons and artillery, and we



took a by-path which was little better. Our brigade was detailed to assist the train—a job that everybody would have been glad to shirk. We were distributed for a mile, a squad to each wagon, and there was continual tugging and yelling. Not less than a dozen wagons became hopelessly stalled and had to be unloaded. Two hours after dark we halted, a mile beyond Pelham, and, wet and exhausted, threw ourselves upon the ground.

We turned out at four in the morning and prepared to ascend the mountain—the same range which we had crossed with so much difficulty the previous year. The ascent was two miles in length, steep and rocky. It was impossible to get the wagons up with full loads. Half the contents of each was unloaded at the foot of the hill, for a second trip. We marched two-thirds of the way to the summit, stacked arms, and returned to begin our task. And what a task it was! At six o'clock the first wagon started up. All day, and until eleven o'clock at night, we toiled almost without cessation—thirty men to each wagon, pulling with ropes, lifting at the wheels and, of course, yelling like savages. The artillery required twelve horses to each gun and caisson. The heat was intense and large numbers of men and animals gave out entirely. When night came on, great fires were built at short intervals and the long hill presented a wild, weird scene of confusion and excitement. We only succeeded in getting the wagons up with the first half of their loads. Never in our lives were we more utterly overcome with fatigue.

A few hours of sleep, and we were up at daylight to finish our work. The men were stiff, lame and sore but they “limbered up” with exercise, their lungs were rested, and they tugged and yelled as aforetime. Even brigadiers, colonels and smartly-dressed staff officers stood by the wayside, yelling and swinging their arms like lunatics, in their efforts to stimulate the mules. We wondered if Bonaparte's army made such a racket when it crossed the Alps. In any event, his soldiers could not have been more rejoiced to reach the summit than were we when our last wagon halted at the top of that hill. After an hour for rest and coffee we resumed the march, going into bivouac long after dark, in another baptism of rain.

We were off at early dawn next morning and marched half a



mile to a stream bearing the euphonious name of Gizzard creek, where we stopped for breakfast. At noon the line officers' mess of the Sixty-fifth ate dinner at a cabin where there was a family of ten children, the oldest not more than fifteen. The matron placed at our disposal all the table furniture she had, consisting of half a dozen broken plates and two or three rusty knives and forks. We gave her some bacon and hardtack, a little coffee and sugar, and a dollar for the use of her house, which she said was more money than she had seen in six months. The day's march was an arduous one of twenty miles. The only excitement of the day was caused by rattlesnakes, of which the men killed eight or ten. We passed through Tracy City—a majestic name for six or eight straggling houses.

The next day, August 20th, having crossed the plateau, we reached the descent, which was as long and as rough as the hill by which we went up. The division got down safely, the only casualties being the breaking of a few wagons. We were now in the beautiful Sequatchie valley, a fertile and productive region, lying between two high ranges. Fruit and vegetables were plenty, and during the ten days of our stay we fared sumptuously. We were not required to drill much, and did little except guard and picket duty, with an occasional detail to escort a supply train from Bridgeport or Stevenson.

One day there was a big scare caused by the report of a citizen that two or three regiments of rebel cavalry were sweeping down the valley. Colonel Harker ordered out the brigade in hot



JOSEPH B. FURGESON,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



haste and we went on the gallop for two or three miles, when it was found to be a false alarm. Then Colonel Harker skillfully turned the affair into a brigade drill and we charged around for two hours, returning to camp in a melting condition.

Early in the morning of September 1st, the bugies sounded "Forward!" We marched to Jasper, where we rested a day, and on the 3rd reached the Tennessee river at Shellmound. There we were to paddle ourselves across on flatboats. The ammunition and hospital wagons continued on to Bridgeport, to cross by the pontoon bridge. Half a dozen boats, each capable of carrying two wagons and a dozen mules at a cargo, were our only means of ferriage. These had to be propelled by poles and paddles, across a stream half a mile wide, and it was slow and tedious work. It took all day and half the night to get our brigade over.

The division had a herd of cattle, and it was proposed to cross them by swimming. One of the boats was loaded with cattle as a "bait," and a sturdy steer was tied by the horns to the stern. The boat was pushed off and of course the steer had to swim for his life. A thousand men, more or less, surrounded the cattle and with terrifying shouts drove them into the water, while the men on the boat employed their most persuasive arts to coax them to follow in the wake of the steer. They swam bravely for a time, and there was much rejoicing over the apparent success of the aquatic experiment. But before a quarter of the distance had been passed, the cattle showed that they were poor navigators. Either they lost their reckoning or their faith failed, for they began to swim around in circles, in a state of evident demoralization. After floundering for a few minutes they all struck out for the shore from which they had launched. There was no alternative, and they had to be ferried over in squads.

As soon as we had crossed we went into bivouac to await the passage of the rest of the division. Many of the officers and men spent two or three hours in an underground ramble, by the light of torches, in Nickajack cave, near Shellmound, said to be miles in extent. One of the chambers, with its labyrinth of stalactites, is equal to anything in the famous Mammoth cave, of Kentucky.

We waited a day for Van Cleve's division to cross the river,





the boats being kept running day and night. The opportunity for bathing was greatly enjoyed by thousands who fringed the banks. By noon of the 5th we were in motion again, camping for the night within twelve miles of Chattanooga, without a sign of the enemy. Rosecrans's entire army was now south of the Tennessee, the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps having crossed without molestation at points below. It was in the nature of a surprise that Bragg did not dispute the passage of the river. It was afterward learned that he was awaiting heavy reinforcements, then on the way to join him. With his augmented army he fully expected to destroy Rosecrans, and was willing that the latter should pass to the south bank, thus assuring his ruin, as Bragg believed.

On Sunday, September 6th, we advanced—two brigades of Wood's division—to within a mile and a half of "the nose" of Lookout Mountain, the van skirmishing sharply with the Confederate cavalry outposts. We evidently stirred up the rebels in that vicinity, for at the signal stations on the mountain the flags were being waved with frantic energy. Withdrawing a short distance,

we went into bivouac and prepared to spend the night. About ten o'clock company officers were summoned to regimental headquarters and informed that we were in great jeopardy and must get away from there as quickly as possible. It was ascertained, or at least believed, that a large force of the enemy was on its way to get in our rear and cut off our retreat. The sleeping soldiers were aroused and, swiftly and silently, we moved back three



JOSEPH ANDREWS,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY C, AND FIRST  
LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.



miles, took position on a high hill, put the artillery "in battery" and passed the remainder of the night unmolested.

We remained quiet during the forenoon of the 7th, but in the afternoon Harker's brigade was directed to make a reconnoissance toward Lookout. We pushed half a mile beyond the farthest point reached the previous day. Companies B and F, of the Sixty-fifth, were deployed as skirmishers. Reaching a skirt of dense underbrush, it was found that the rebel pickets were posted along the farther edge of the copse. Their hostile intent was disclosed by the snapping of a cap on one of their muskets. Our skirmishers could see nothing, owing to the dense thicket, but they opened fire on general principles. The rebels responded with a harmless volley and then took to their heels.

Our sharp advance provoked a severe fire from the enemy's artillery. Corporal Herman Beitel, of Company F, Sixty-fifth, a most excellent soldier, was instantly killed by a fragment of shell which struck his head and literally tore away the upper half. We had with us a section of the Sixth Ohio battery, but owing to the dense wood it was not possible to use the guns. Having fully developed the presence and position of the enemy, which was the object of the movement, we faced about and rejoined the other brigade, at the spot where we had camped the previous night. The body of Corporal Beitel was carried back by members of his company and buried that evening near the bivouac.

General Wood was greatly pleased with the manner in which this reconnoissance was conducted. In his official report of the campaign he bestowed unstinted praise upon Colonel Harker and his brigade, using these words: "I know of no parallel to this masterly reconnoissance in all military history."

We did not move on the 8th. Palmer's division joined us and we felt a greater sense of security. Wagner's brigade, of our division, had been sent to occupy Waldron's ridge, on the bank of the river opposite Chattanooga, and about this time it was beginning to toss shells into the town.

The 9th was a day of stir and excitement. We were in line of battle at three o'clock, and when dismissed were ordered to march at six. This was countermanded and we were directed, with only arms, haversacks and canteens, to go upon another re-



connoissance. Just as the line was formed the program was again changed and we were told to "take everything along." The men hastily buckled on their "traps" and off we went at a rapid pace. Soon rumors floated along the column that Bragg had evacuated Chattanooga. We took them to be only "grapevines." Presently a regiment of mounted infantry, of Wilder's brigade, came up from the rear and passed us at a gallop, the men shouting that they were going into Chattanooga. Our boys answered that it would be "some other day," but, to our surprise, within a few hours we were in the town, ourselves.

We neared Lookout, but not a shot was heard. As we rounded the point of the mountain, far below the frowning cliffs, our eyes discerned, through the clouds of dust that filled the air, the spires and buildings of Chattanooga. A wave of prodigious cheers swept along the column, and this was repeated again and again. The blood which was the price paid for Chattanooga, was to be shed a few days later. But the soldiers knew not, recked

not, of the future. They thought only of the present, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy in the possession, so easily gained, of the Confederate stronghold. As we entered the town the street was lined with people gratifying their curiosity to have a look at a crowd of real live "Yankees."

"Why," exclaimed an urchin of twelve, "you look just like we-uns! They told us you-all had horns!"

"There's a brigade right behind us that's got horns!" said



JOHN J. WILLIAMS,  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.



ready Phil Sheridan, of Company I, Sixty-fifth. "I'd like to have a good 'horn' meself jist now!"

We learned that the rebels began the evacuation the day we made our reconnoissance and were received with such a warm artillery fire. This was the fact, although it can hardly be supposed that the advance of our brigade scared them out. We passed acres of deserted camps covered with debris of every kind. We halted and stacked arms in front of a large house which had been occupied as the headquarters of Lieutenant-general Polk. Within were found two Confederate flags. Colonel Harker took possession of one, and the other was torn into shreds by the boys for relics. We bivouacked for the night half a mile southeast of the town. A large detail from the brigade was made for provost duty during the night.

While rambling about the outskirts of the bivouac, Quarter-master-sergeant Charles E. Baker and Commissary-sergeant William H. Farber, of the Sixty-fourth, came upon two fine three-year-old colts capering about in a field. Regarding it as a dispensation of Providence, to relieve them from the irksome toil of 'hoofing it' with the train, they at once set about the capture of the animals. After some strategic maneuvering they were successful and led their "mounts" in triumph to where the train was parked. Congratulating themselves upon their "soft snap," they were busily engaged in improvising the necessary riding gear, when a well-dressed lady, on horseback, rode up. As soon as her eye fell upon the brace of colts she gave notice that they belonged to her. She said her name was Crutchfield, and exhibited a safeguard for her property, bearing the signature of General Thomas J. Wood. Of course the captive animals were instantly released and turned over to a negro servant who accompanied the lady. The next day Baker and Farber, disgusted and crestfallen, took it afoot, as usual.

Wood's division made but a short stay in Chattanooga, moving out the next morning—September 10th. Wagner's brigade was left to occupy the town. After marching a few miles, through clouds of suffocating dust and overpowering heat, we invaded Georgia, the soil of which state we had not before trodden. We camped near Rossville, the divisions of Van Cleve and Palmer be-





ing near us. A collision occurred in the evening between Palmer's pickets and a detachment of rebel cavalry, which resulted in a brisk skirmish, and warned us that we were in the presence of the enemy. A heavy picket line was thrown out and we lay down to sleep.

That evening our pickets sent to Colonel Harker's headquarters a negro, from whom was learned the first definite and reliable information respecting the whereabouts of Bragg's army, and its course after leaving Chattanooga. The intelligence was immediately transmitted to General Wood, and by him sent to General Rosecrans. It changed the direction of our march the following day.

We were aroused at a very early hour to stand in line of battle. After a hurried breakfast at daylight, we were off by half past five. Retracing our steps three or four miles, we took the road to Lafayette and pushed rapidly forward. We soon ran into a hornets' nest. Five companies of the Sixty-fourth and five of the Sixty-fifth were thrown out as skirmishers, the main body of our brigade, which was in the lead, following in line of battle. The dense thickets through which we forced our way rendered the movement fatiguing in the extreme. Firing was brisk and frequent, and a number of our skirmishers were wounded. Many panic-stricken rabbits started from the bushes and galloped away with nimble feet.

"Go it, cottontail!" shouted one of the boys. "If I was a rabbit I'd run, too!"



NATHAN M. WELLS,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.



The rebels resisted stubbornly but were gradually forced back by the momentum of our column, their evident purpose being only to check our advance. We passed several of the enemy's dead, and from prisoners we learned that the force opposing us was a cavalry brigade commanded by General Wheeler. About the middle of the afternoon we came to a pause at Lee and Gordon's mill, on the bank of a stream called the Chickamauga, a name soon to be made historic by one of the fiercest struggles of the war. The ball was to open in a few days and Harker's brigade had tickets for front seats. A third of each regiment was sent on picket, and the line was established under a brisk and exceedingly annoying fire from the enemy. We passed an almost sleepless night, being called into line three or four times by alarms upon the outposts. In the morning the divisions of Van Cleve and Palmer arrived, works were thrown up along the bank of the stream, and the position became tolerably secure. Our brigade lay at a bend of the creek, near the large grist-mill from which the place takes its name.

Of our advance from Chattanooga to Lee and Gordon's mill General Wood said in his official report: "The service of Colonel Harker's brigade was extremely hazardous, and was performed with the greatest judgment, skill and gallantry. The men and officers of his command deserve the highest praise."

On the 12th one company was detailed from each regiment of our brigade, the whole under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Bullitt, of the Third Kentucky, and ordered to "clear our front." Crossing the stream, we deployed upon either side of the road and swept forward at a rapid pace. After passing our picket line we very soon stirred up the enemy and the climate became extremely warm. Bullets flew around us with the same uncomfortable sound that became so familiar to our ears at Stone River. We drove the rebel skirmishers half a mile, when a hostile battery opened savagely upon us. Colonel Bullitt wisely concluded that we had gone far enough, and ordered a halt. We lay down and held our position while the rebel shells burst all around us. We were singularly fortunate, losing none killed and but three or four wounded.

Colonel Harker, with three regiments and a section of the



Sixth Ohio battery, came out at double-quick to support us. Har-ker at once determined to experiment with his plan of capturing batteries, in which he had drilled us so often while we lay before Corinth. He sent the Third Kentucky to the left and the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio to the right, while the Sixty-fourth Ohio and Bullitt's detachment of skirmishers advanced directly in front. If the rebels had stayed, we might have got the battery, but they didn't. They limbered up and galloped to the rear, and after charging about for an hour we gave it up and returned to the north bank of the stream.

Toward noon of the 13th there was a great scare. It was reported that the rebels in heavy columns were advancing upon us, and instantly all was bustle and excitement. Staff officers dashed madly about with orders, regiments and brigades took their assigned places, and every preparation was made to receive the expected onslaught. It proved to be one of the false alarms so frequent under such circumstances. There was much heavy skirmishing but the attack did not come. We were kept at high pressure until night, when matters quieted down and we breathed freely again.

Next day the Sixty-fourth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio were sent upon a reconnoissance. Without going far they found the enemy strongly posted, provoking a fire which wounded three of the Sixty-fourth. Four days longer we lay at Lee and Gordon's, in comparative quiet. The utmost vigilance was not for a moment relaxed and there was much picket duty,



DUDLEY C. CARR,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.



standing in line of battle and building breastworks. The air was full of the wildest "grapevine" rumors. We heard that General Sherman, with a million men, more or less, from Vicksburg, had reached Chattanooga and was on his way to the front; and that Burnside, with another host of blue-coats, was marching down from Knoxville at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and his advance had already reached Ringgold. Nothing could be more absurd and preposterous than the reports which hourly reached our ears, not one in ten of which was based upon even the smallest shadow of fact.

September 18th, our last day at the mill, was full of excitement. In the morning a rebel battery opened viciously upon our pickets but was soon silenced by a few well-directed shots from Captain Bradley's guns. The brigade formed in line at the breastworks and remained all day, the men being only permitted to retire a short distance to the rear, one-third at a time, for their meals. Firing at the front was almost without cessation. As darkness came on we were ordered to spend the night at the intrenchments. We did not know, but everybody believed, from the trend of events during the previous few days, that the morrow would witness the mighty struggle between the two great armies.

Both Rosecrans and Bragg committed grave errors during the ten days that elapsed between the evacuation of Chattanooga and the battle of Chickamauga. Leaping to the conclusion that Bragg did not intend to fight and was in full retreat, Rosecrans disposed his forces for pursuit. While Crittenden, as we have seen, occupied Chattanooga and moved immediately out upon the roads by which Bragg's main body had retired, Rosecrans had sent McCook and Thomas far to the southward, to assail Bragg's flank and rear. In consequence of these movements the Union corps became so widely separated that, five days before the battle, nearly sixty miles of valley and mountain lay between Crittenden on the left, and McCook, on the right, with Thomas about midway between them. It was easily possible for Bragg to fall upon and overwhelm one or more of these corps, which were too remote from each other to give mutual support. The facts were fully known to Bragg, and he made dispositions for an attempt to crush first Crittenden and then Thomas, but there was an inex-





plicable lack of energy in carrying out his orders and nothing was accomplished. He wished to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of heavy reinforcements, then near at hand—Longstreet, from Virginia; Buckner, from East Tennessee; and two divisions from the army of Joe Johnston in Mississippi.

As soon as Rosecrans discovered his error in supposing that his adversary did not intend to fight, he made all haste to concentrate his scattered army. Thanks to the supineness of Bragg, he was able to accomplish this, by the utmost effort. The troops of McCook, marching night and day, over difficult roads, barely connected with Thomas, who had joined Crittenden, before the long-gathering storm burst upon Rosecrans. Bragg's army had been increased by fully thirty thousand men, raising its fighting strength to near seventy thousand. Rosecrans had for battle, including the reserve corps under Gordon Granger, about fifty-seven thousand men. The weight of numbers was therefore very considerably to the advantage of the Confederates.

There was little sleep that night in either army. Bragg was perfecting his arrangements to attack the following morning, while Rosecrans was hastening forward the troops of McCook and making dispositions to meet the shock, which could no longer be avoided. As we lay on the bank of Chickamauga creek, all night we heard the tread of hurrying feet, and the clatter of galloping hoofs. It was the night before the battle!



## CHAPTER XL.

## CHICKAMAUGA.

THE BATTLE OPENS ON THE UNION LEFT—WE GO IN SOON AFTER NOON—SEVERE FIGHTING AND HEAVY LOSSES—OFFICERS AND MEN FALL BY DOZENS—THE SIXTH BATTERY HEAVILY ENGAGED—THE DESPERATE CONFLICT OF SUNDAY—MAGNIFICENT CONDUCT OF HARKER'S BRIGADE—MAJOR BROWN MORTALLY WOUNDED—CAPTAIN BRADLEY SAVES HIS GUNS—THE ARMY FALLS BACK TO CHATTANOOGA—THE ADVENTURES OF SOME OF OUR WOUNDED.

AT THREE o'clock in the morning of Saturday, September 19th, we were aroused to stand at arms. All was quiet until daylight, when brisk firing began between our pickets, on the other side of the creek, and those of the enemy. We were constantly on the alert, momentarily expecting a development of the attack. An hour passed, another and another, and although the firing increased there was nothing that sounded like a battle. About eight o'clock a large mass of the enemy was observed moving toward our left, across the bottom land which lay in our front, on the other side of the stream. The trees there had been girdled and were dead. The marching col-



umn of rebels could be distinctly seen, not more than six hundred yards distant. General Wood, whose headquarters were near by, came running up in a high state of excitement, and at once ordered the Sixth battery to open fire. Its guns played the overture to the battle of Chickamauga. Captain Bradley's shells very quickly caused the rebels to change their course and get out of range by a detour. They disappeared from our front, their evident purpose being not to attack at Lee and Gordon's but to mass against the Union left.

About an hour later the storm broke, a mile or more to our left. It was Bragg's plan to turn that flank, gain our rear, and secure the roads leading to Chattanooga. Owing to the dense forest the embattled lines were hidden from our view, but the smoke rose in clouds above the trees, while the volleys of musketry and the roar of artillery were startling and incessant. The companies from our brigade which were on picket became heavily engaged. They held their position with admirable pluck, and were not able to rejoin their respective regiments until after nightfall.



JOHN K. ZEIGLER,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20th, 1863.

Three hours longer we lay in our position at the mill, expecting each moment to be ordered into the battle. Every man stood, musket in hand, with full cartridge-box and forty additional rounds on his person; and field officers were beside their horses ready to spring into the saddle. The roar of the conflict increased in volume as the wave of battle swept along the line. No pen can describe the intensity of emotion that causes the heart of



the soldier to throb during these moments of eager, anxious, almost breathless waiting.

It was three o'clock when a staff officer dashed up with an order for Colonel Harker. As the latter leaped into his saddle there was little need for the command "Attention!" for every officer and soldier was in his place, ready for instant response.

"Forward—Double quick—March!"

Away to the left we went. The hot air, like the breath of a furnace, was heavy with clouds of choking dust. We passed scores of ambulances filled with wounded, and hundreds of men, bleeding but not disabled, going to the rear in search of hospitals. Three quarters of a mile and we were near the scene of conflict. Spent bullets began to fall about us. We could hear the cheers and yells of the combatants. Filing off the road into the wood upon the right we halted and hastily formed line of battle—the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio on the right, and the Third Kentucky, Sixty-fifth and Sixty-fourth Ohio successively to the left. Advancing about one hundred yards we received from the enemy a murderous volley, losing many officers and men. The loss of the right wing of the Sixty-fifth was especially severe, Lieutenants Samuel C. Henwood, of Company A, and Nelson Smith, of Company G, being instantly killed, and Lieutenants Asa A. Gardner, of Company D, and Otho M. Shipley, of Company H, severely wounded, besides many excellent soldiers.

Assailed in flank, we were compelled to change front to the rear, the movement being executed under fire with almost the same precision as upon the drill ground. Soon afterward, Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck, commanding the Sixty-fifth, was sorely wounded and was carried from the field. Major Brown succeeded to the command. The rebels seemed to be all around us and it was difficult to tell which was the front and which the rear—in fact it was front in two or three directions at the same time. We were again compelled to change position, and in doing so struck the flank of a rebel regiment, from which the Sixty-fifth and Third Kentucky swept off two hundred prisoners and sent them safely to the rear. Harker's brigade, although its ranks were being rapidly decimated, presented to the enemy an unyielding line, holding its own against all opposition. After being engaged for







CULLEN BRADLEY  
CAPTAIN, SIXTH BATTERY.



about two hours the enemy's fire ceased in our front and we were not again attacked during the day. Fighting upon the extreme left and also to our right continued until nightfall.

During the action the Sixty-fourth was dispatched to fill a gap in another division, caused by the giving way of a regiment—the Eighth Kansas. The gap had become so extended that both flanks were exposed, but the Sixty-fourth moved steadily forward, driving the enemy before it, until Colonel McIlvaine ordered a halt, directing the men to lie down in the dense timber which covered the field. While the regiment was in this position it was so far in advance of the Union line that a considerable body of rebels came up in its rear. Forty or fifty of them, including half a dozen officers, stumbled upon the Sixty-fourth. Upon being ordered to surrender they did so and were sent to the rear. The Confederate General Gregg, with several officers of his staff, unaware of the presence there of Union troops, rode up. Refusing to surrender, they wheeled their horses and attempted to escape. They were fired upon, and General Gregg fell from his horse, severely wounded. Colonel McIlvaine obtained possession of his sword. The small detail which had been sent to the rear with the prisoners inadvertently struck the ragged edge of the enemy's line. In the melee that ensued the prisoners made their escape, and John McFarland, one of the guards, was wounded and made captive. The position of the Sixty-fourth, far in advance, with no immediate support upon either of its flanks, was one of imminent peril, and an order to fall back was gladly obeyed. This closed the fighting of the Sixty-fourth for that day.

During the mix-up of the Sixty-fourth and the Confederates, Robert C. McFarland, of Company E, disarmed five Mississippians, marched them from the field and delivered them to the provost-marshal of the division. One of the prisoners was about six feet and a half high. "He looked big enough to eat me up!" said McFarland in relating the incident.

Among the prisoners taken by Harker's brigade were a number from Longstreet's corps, of Lee's army, which had been sent from Virginia to reinforce Bragg. It was easy to distinguish them from the soldiers of Bragg's army by their clothing. Most



of them wore the regular Confederate uniform, while the dress of the western men was a "go-as-you-please" matter, with every imaginable variety of garments and head covering. Scarcely any two of the latter were clothed alike.

"How does Longstreet like the western Yankees?" they were asked.

"You'll get enough of Longstreet before tomorrow night!" was the answer, which proved to be very close to the truth.

From Lee and Gordon's mill the Sixth battery moved with the brigade about a mile and a half to a point near the Viniard house, where the Lafayette road bends toward Chattanooga. Two batteries had already been stationed at the right of the road, under the personal supervision of Major Mendenhall, General Crittenden's chief of artillery. The Sixth battery remained a short time, in column, waiting for orders, the infantry meanwhile passing rapidly to the front. The road was skirted with timber and underbrush.

Beyond this curtain, upon the right, was a stretch of open bottom-land, extending some three hundred yards, and upon the farther side of this a thick wood.

Not long after the battery halted, a heavy force of rebels emerged from the wood and started across the bottom, with the evident purpose of driving everything before it. The fighting instantly became severe. The two batteries which were in position, heretofore mentioned, showed a great lack of steadiness. Indeed, they abandoned their positions and in great confusion re-



LOUIS SCHNEIDER,  
CORPORAL, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, 1863.



tired across the road, some of the carriages passing to the right and some to the left of the Sixth, which was still in column. It was a moment calculated to demoralize the best soldiers, but the Sixth showed not a sign of weakness.

The Union line, some fifty yards from the road, was hotly engaged. No orders had been received by Captain Bradley, but with the instinct of a soldier, he at once perceived that if the battery was to render any service there, whatever was done must be done quickly. He ordered the battery forward by the left flank. Wheeling by the left a small hill was reached, a short distance in rear of the Viniard house, and at the edge of the open field. Instantly the command "In battery!" was given and guns and caissons were quickly whirled into position. During the movement from the road the battery was compelled to cross a deep washed-out ditch, which it did without mishap, although under ordinary circumstances this would have required time and labor.

The trails of the guns had scarcely touched the ground when the long line of rebels was seen advancing, squarely in front. The battery opened at once with all its guns, and the firing was fast and furious. The center section, commanded by Lieutenant Smetts, consisting of twelve-pound Napoleon guns, loaded with canister; while the other pieces fired shells with one-and-a-half-second fuse. The fire was most effective and deadly. The rebels, who had charged to a point within fifty yards of the guns, quailed before it, wavered, and retreated to the cover of the timber. Here they could be seen re-forming their shattered and disordered lines for another effort.

During the lull, to secure a better position, the battery moved quickly some thirty yards to the left and rear, where the guns were posted in the field and the limbers in the edge of the wood. Up to this time the battery had been without support, but at its new position the Seventeenth Indiana, of Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, now on foot, was stationed partly in its rear and partly upon its left flank. Soon the rebels advanced again, with desperate determination, and with a courage that challenged admiration, in the teeth of a terrific fire from the battery and the repeating rifles of the Indianians. The Confederate ranks were rapidly thinned, but the ragged line swept on almost to the





muzzles of the cannon. Mortal men could no further go, and the torn and broken battalions fled again to the shelter of the woods. A third attempt was made, but the spirit of the Confederates was broken, and this, the final charge, was quickly and easily repulsed. The assailants sullenly retired and did not reappear. The bottom, over which they had thrice advanced, was thickly strewn with the dead and wounded.

In this engagement the battery suffered a loss of Private Charles Weeks killed, and Lieutenant George W. Smetts and five enlisted men wounded, and two missing. The center section suffered most severely, there being, after Lieutenant Smetts was wounded, but two cannoneers remaining—Privates F. W. Beebe and John C. Weber. The battery fired more than two hundred rounds of ammunition, the limbers being three times replenished from the caissons. The battery held its position till dark, when, under orders, it moved some distance to a point near the Widow Glenn house—the headquarters of General Rosecrans—where it bivouacked in a peach orchard for the night. There was a scarcity of forage, and about nine o'clock a detail scoured a corn-field, securing a few "nubbins" and a quantity of stalks which were distributed among the hungry horses.

Thus far the battle was wholly indecisive. Both Rosecrans and Bragg had suffered great losses, but neither had gained any marled advantage. With the same spirit they had shown at Stone River, the two commanders, without a thought of relinquishing the field, girded themselves to renew the contest the following day. Bragg received during the night a fresh division of Longstreet's corps from Virginia, accompanied by Longstreet in person, and with the fullest confidence in the outcome, made his dispositions and issued his orders for a renewal of the battle at dawn. Polk was to take the initiative by hurling a mighty column upon the Union left, which was already much shattered by the blows it had received. Rosecrans, aware of his inferiority in numbers, was content to act upon the defensive, and disposed his divisions with that end in view. Wood's two brigades—Wagner's being at Chattanooga—were moved some distance to the left and placed in the front line. They covered their front with a strong barricade of logs and earth. During the night the



wounded were cared for, as far as possible, some of the field hospitals being filled to overflowing. All the surgeons and hospital attendants in the army were busily engaged in binding up wounds and closing the eyes of the dying.

In the evening after the first day's battle, General Wood and Colonel Harker—both "regulars"—were talking together at the headquarters of the latter. General Wood said:

"This battle is not over yet; no doubt we will have to fight again tomorrow. If I were given my choice between regulars and volunteers, I would choose volunteer troops. They will 'stick;' you can fight them as long as you please. I say this from my experience with them at Stone River and in the battle today. The regulars are too sharp. They know when they are whipped but the volunteers don't; they will fight as long as they can pull a trigger."

It was noticeable thereafter that General Wood treated the volunteers with more kindness and forbearance than during the early months of his association with them.

Sunday morning found the battlefield enveloped in a dense fog, which delayed the onslaught of the enemy. It was nine o'clock when Polk delivered his attack upon the Union left. The fighting at once became terrific. Harker's brigade held a good position, with the Sixth Ohio battery admirably posted. Within an hour the brigade began to feel the pressure of the enemy and soon became severely engaged. The rebels advanced in great numbers and made the most determined efforts to breach the line, but all their assaults were magnificently repulsed. Colonel Harker rode along the ranks with flashing eye, speaking words of commendation and encouragement. Dashing up to the battery, the guns of which were being worked with desperate energy, he shouted "Bravo! Pour it into them, boys!" The rebels at length abandoned the attempt and sullenly retired.

Shortly before noon a most unfortunate event occurred, innocently caused by the two brigades of Wood's division. General Rosecrans had dictated to a staff officer the substance of an order to General Wood. The officer reduced the order to writing, but did it so carelessly as to render it easily liable to misinterpretation. Its language fully justified the wrong construction given



to it by Wood. Supposing that he was carrying out the wish of his chief, General Wood withdrew his brigades from the line and marched them by the flank some distance to the left "to support Reynolds," passing to the rear of Brannan's division, which intervened between him and Reynolds. By this movement a gap was opened which McCook, who had been directed to move up to the left, failed to close in time to prevent disaster.

As fortune—or misfortune—would have it, Longstreet was at that moment advancing a force of five divisions for a supreme effort to disrupt the line at that point. Perceiving the gap, he thrust his troops into it, assailing with the greatest fury the exposed flanks, upon the right and left. The effect was immediate and disastrous. Five Union brigades upon the right of the gap rapidly crumbled and were driven from the field in dire confusion and disorder. They were hopelessly broken and fled in panic, yielding to the enemy forty pieces of artillery.

General Rosecrans, who at this time was in rear of the right wing, was caught and borne away by the tide of fugitives. Believing that the day was irretrievably lost, he determined to ride as quickly as possible to Chattanooga and make preparations for defense there. If his surmise that his whole army was routed had been correct, this would have been the wisest thing for him to do. But he was mistaken in his conclusion, and his abandonment of the field, at the crisis of the battle, will ever stand against him as a fault, which threw an eclipse upon a career that up to that time had



JOHN A. GILLIS,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.



been brilliantly successful. After consultation, it was decided that General Garfield, his chief of staff, should endeavor to make his way to Thomas, whose guns could still be heard pounding away upon the left. Fortunate would it have been for our beloved "Old Rosey" if he had taken the same course.

When the rebels burst through the gap in the line, General Wood halted his two brigades, formed them facing the enemy, and endeavored to stem the tide of disaster, then at its flood. The rebels assailed Wood with the greatest fury and for a time the fighting was most severe. The total rout of the five Union brigades to the right of the gap enabled the enemy to sweep around to the rear of Wood, and there was imminent danger that his brigades would be enveloped and destroyed. General Thomas, now sole commander on the field, ordered the gradual withdrawal of the troops to the position on the Union left, which he was holding with the utmost tenacity. When this order was received, Wood was already slowly retiring toward the left, forced to do so by the stress of the persistent attacks of overwhelming numbers. His troops fought stubbornly at every point, yielding ground only upon compulsion. They retired in good order, every regiment preserving its organization. The ranks were rapidly thinned by the casualties of battle, but there was no disposition to give way—no symptom of disorder or panic. Harker's brigade was conspicuous for its steadiness during these trying moments.

Taking advantage of a slight elevation, Wood's division made a determined stand, holding the rebels in check for an hour. Two or three charges were bravely met and repulsed, the losses on both sides being heavy. On this line fell many of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth, among them Major Samuel C. Brown, of the latter, mortally wounded. He had succeeded to the command of the regiment the previous day, when Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck was disabled by a dangerous wound. He was borne from the field, placed in an ambulance, and sent to Chattanooga. Captain Thomas Powell commanded the regiment during the remainder of the battle.

Withdrawing from this line, by order of General Thomas, Harker's brigade took a strong position on Snodgrass hill. This was the key-point of a series of irregular elevations, having a





semi-circular trend, and designated as Horseshoe ridge, upon which General Thomas had disposed the twenty-five thousand men he had drawn thither, and which position was maintained until nightfall.

"This hill must be held and I trust you to do it!" said General Thomas to Colonel Harker.

"We will hold it or die here!" was Harker's response.

And Snodgrass hill *was* held. During the remainder of that awful struggle, Harker's brigade yielded no foot of ground. Its courage, mettle and endurance were indeed put to a crucial test. Rarely in the history of wars have soldiers been called upon to meet an emergency more critical, to face a danger more threatening. The confidence felt by General Thomas in Colonel Harker and his brigade was not misplaced. Officers and men vied with one another in their valor and devotion. Conspicuous in an army of brave men, their conduct challenged admiration, and elicited from General Thomas the rich tribute of thanks and unstinted praise. No language can overstate, or magnify beyond its value, the service rendered by Harker's brigade during the closing hours of that September Sunday.

The fighting upon the slopes of Snodgrass hill was most desperate and sanguinary. Again and again the Confederate commander hurled his gray masses against the hill, in vain attempts to carry the position; as often they recoiled before the deadly fire which swept their ranks. Forming his brigade in two lines,



JACOB BYERS,  
CHIEF BUGLER, SIXTY-FIFTH.



Colonel Harker adopted the excellent plan of firing by volley, each regiment in turn advancing to the crest, discharging its guns, and then falling back under cover of the hill, to load while another was delivering its fire. Such volleys, in quick succession, are much more effective than a desultory fusillade in which each individual fires at will. The very handsome manner in which this volley firing was maintained, each regiment in perfect order and aligned upon its colors, evoked from General Thomas and General Wood many expressions of the warmest commendation.

No braver, cooler man ever faced the deadly blast of battle than Colonel Emerson Opdycke, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, of Harker's brigade. While the storm was beating with its fiercest fury upon Snodgrass hill, Colonel Opdycke sat upon his horse, at the summit, sweeping the field with his keen eye, and with his sword indicating to his men where to direct their fire most effectively. Unheeding the bursting shell and hissing bullets, he sat, calm and collected, a scene for a painter. He was the very incarnation of soldierly bearing and manly courage. It chanced that in changing its position the Forty-first Ohio, of Hazen's brigade, passed near him. Opdycke had served for a year as a captain in that regiment, having been selected for the colonelcy of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth on account of his conspicuous capacity as an officer. As the Forty-first marched past, Opdycke was instantly recognized and the whole regiment joined in a greeting of tempestuous cheers. Colonel Opdycke was touched by the demonstration and lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the compliment.

Toward evening, when the soldiers were wearied with two days of fighting, General Wood rode along the line of his two brigades and ordered the men to cheer—and they did, with great gusto. It revived their own spirits and may have had a depressing effect upon the enemy; for this was one of the ruses sometimes employed to convey the impression that re-inforcements had arrived, or that good news had been received. In this case the shouts were vigorous and prolonged, General Wood, himself, swinging his hat and leading the chorus.

An incident will illustrate the spirit which animated the soldiers. After the first volley, Robert C. Ford, of Company C, Six-



ty-fourth, took position behind a sycamore tree, a few yards in front of the line. Here he remained, loading and firing with deliberate aim, until his cartridge-box was empty. The tree was struck repeatedly but Ford was not touched.

It was in front of Snodgrass hill, at a tall pine tree which still stands to mark the spot, that General John B. Hood, then in command of Longstreet's corps, received, soon after three o'clock, a musket-ball in the leg which necessitated amputation at the thigh. It is more than likely that the bullet which struck this shining mark sped from one of the muskets of Harker's brigade. General Hood recovered from his wound, and we formed an intimate acquaintance with him during the latter half of the year 1864.

Thomas was hard pressed, for the strength of the enemy was twice his own. The arrival of General Steedman, with two fresh brigades of General Granger's Reserve corps, was most timely. The exceedingly gallant fighting of Steedman and his troops was the deciding factor in the struggle. Beaten, baffled and bleeding, the Confederates gradually drew off, their ardor abated. As the last rays of the descending sun, struggling through the clouds of smoke, tinted the hills and valleys thickly strewn with the dead and dying, the long and desperate contest ceased. General Thomas richly earned the soubriquet which was bestowed upon him, the "Rock of Chickamauga,"—as that great Confederate leader, General Thomas J. Jackson, for his unyielding firmness at Bull Run, was given the name of "Stonewall," by which he will ever be known in history. All through that afternoon Thomas remained the only officer upon the field above the rank of division commander, both McCook and Crittenden having followed Rosecrans to Chattanooga.

It will be remembered that the Sixth battery, on the evening of Saturday, the 19th, was in bivouac near the Widow Glenn house. Two hours after midnight, while the readjustment of the lines was in progress, the battery was aroused and ordered to pass a considerable distance to the left. This movement was only accomplished by cutting a passage through the woods. Striking a cross-road, the battery filed to the right upon it and about seven o'clock halted near the main road. Here the horses were watered and fed, and the men drew rations and made coffee. The officers'



rations were placed upon the rack of the battery-wagon—and from that moment to the present, the officers never again saw those rations.

The battery was now separated from the infantry of Harker's brigade. About nine o'clock it once more pulled out, moved to the main road, and thence some distance toward Chattanooga. Leaving the road, it passed to the right about a quarter of a mile, where it halted, near the division of General Negley. It was ordered to go into position on a hill, which was reached by a strong pull up the acclivity, passing through a peach orchard. At the top of this rise was the Union line, just in the edge of the woods. The guns were ordered "in battery" and everything was put in readiness for action. Here it was rejoined by Wood's two brigades—Harker's and Colonel George P. Buell's.

There being no place to station the caissons near the battery, First Sergeant George W. James, who had them in charge, was directed by Captain Bradley to park them in rear of a thick growth of underbrush, some distance away, which he did.

Meanwhile "the battle was on once more," and a rebel battery, nearly opposite the Sixth, opened with great spirit, from a point near the Brotherton house, becoming at once exceedingly noisy and troublesome. Captain Bradley was directed to see if he could not quiet the obnoxious battery. At the word the men sprang to their pieces and some forty rounds were fired with the utmost possible rapidity. The ammunition bearers galloped to and from the limbers, and the gunners wielded their rammers with desperate energy. The pace was too hot for the rebel artillerymen, and their guns were completely silenced.

Not long afterward the battery was ordered to limber up and move still farther to the left, with Harker's brigade. It was at this time that the unfortunate gap was left in the Union line and the disaster to the right occurred. It has heretofore been told how the Confederates rushed through the gap, enveloped Wood's flank and swept around into his rear. The battery followed the quick movement of Harker's brigade to the left for some distance, when its progress was arrested by dense underbrush through which it was not possible to pass. The position of the battery was made still more perilous by a mad rush of Union troops which







JOHN FERGUSON  
COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.



had abandoned their line and were seeking the rear. The exultant Confederates were fast closing around the battery, with shouts and yells, and the moment was critical in the extreme.

The only possible avenue of escape was by a detour over the hills to the westward, in the hope of reaching the Crawfish spring road. There was not an instant to be lost, for, indeed, escape seemed to be impossible. The order was given, and through a chaotic mass of wagons and half-crazed men and animals, the drivers lashed their horses, dragging the guns along. The stampede was similar to that confused mass through which Harker's brigade had threaded its way, when moving from the left to the right, on the first day at Stone River. Estep's Eighth Indiana battery, of Buell's brigade, was captured entire—guns, caissons and all. These guns were immediately turned and used by the Confederates upon their fleeing adversaries. It was only by the courage and address of Captain Bradley, and the steadiness and persistence of his officers and men, that the Sixth Ohio battery did not share the fate of the other. After almost superhuman effort all the guns, with their horses, reached the road. Moving rapidly some distance toward Rossville, they were soon out of immediate danger. The caissons had become detached, and the separation from the infantry of Harker's brigade was hopeless. But Captain Bradley had plenty of fight in him yet, and, with only his guns and limbers, he reported to General Negley, whose shattered division had fallen back to that point. Several times during the afternoon the guns went into position and were fired with excellent effect. The gradual movement was with Negley's division to Rossville.

We left the caissons of the battery behind a copse, in charge of First Sergeant James. When the break came, James, being without orders, was compelled to act upon his own judgment, and to act quickly. He started the caissons to the rear at a gallop. They dashed down the steep hill—the greatest skill being necessary to avoid the trees—and emerged into a field. Two of the caissons and the battery wagon fouled against trees and became immovable. Their abandonment was inevitable. There was barely time to unhook the horses and get away, before the rebels were upon them. Upon reaching the road, this was found to be



so blocked with a mass of ammunition wagons that a passage was impossible. Major Mendenhall, General Crittenden's chief of artillery, who happened to be there, had watched the descent of the caissons, and informed Sergeant James that the only way of escape was to climb a high hill on the opposite side of the road. The attempt was at once made and was successful. James and his men, with four caissons, at length reached the Rossville road, moved to near that place, and went into park.

Of the fate of the guns James knew nothing. He had great reason to fear that they had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. He rode back in the hope of getting some tidings of the rest of the battery, but for a time his quest was wholly fruitless. About six o'clock he had the good fortune to meet Captain Bradley, and the greeting on both sides was most hearty. Bradley told James that two orderlies had been sent, at the time of the break, with orders relative to the caissons, but neither of them got through. During the evening the six guns and four caissons were



ARTHUR L. SOMERS,  
FIRST SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

reunited at Rossville. The battery was a little disfigured, but still ready for any duty which it might be called upon to perform.

General Garfield, after a perilous ride, reached General Thomas and acquainted him with the condition of affairs. He remained at Thomas's side during the rest of the day, giving all the assistance in his power. He sent a dispatch to Rosecrans at Chattanooga, informing him that the day was not lost. "Thank God!" fervently exclaimed Rosecrans, leaping from his chair as though



he had received a galvanic shock. "Gentlemen," he said to Crittenden and McCook, who were with him, "this is no place for you; go at once to your commands!" Rosecrans immediately ordered abundant supplies of ammunition and rations to be sent by wagons to Rossville, to which place he directed Thomas to retire the army.

The sun was near the horizon when the rebels made a last desperate effort to dislodge Thomas. It failed, and they fell back, after awful slaughter, and the battle of Chickamauga was ended. During the night General Thomas, with consummate adroitness, withdrew the army to Rossville, where, at the gap, it was placed in an almost impregnable position. The rebels followed in the morning but refrained from making an attack. For the time their appetite for fighting had been fully appeased. At points favorable for the ruse, the Union troops were marched again and again around hills, in view of the enemy, to convey to the latter a fictitious idea of the strength of Thomas. The rebels were content to remain quiet, and there was little except artillery firing during the day. The Sixth battery rejoined Harker's brigade on Missionary Ridge, the morning of the 21st. In the afternoon it was engaged with the enemy, firing about one hundred and thirty rounds. The night which followed was occupied in the withdrawal of the army to Chattanooga, pursuant to the orders of General Rosecrans, without the loss of a man. The troops were at once assigned their positions along the line chosen for defense.

In a certain sense the Confederates won a victory at Chickamauga. They captured nearly sixty pieces of artillery and five thousand prisoners, and forced Rosecrans to give up the field. But Chattanooga was the prize of the summer's campaign, and this was held by the Union army with a grasp that could not be broken. From the day that Wood's division entered it, no Confederate flag again floated over it. The total Union loss in the battle was above sixteen thousand; that of the Confederates was more than twenty thousand.

Harker's brigade suffered its full share of casualties. In the Sixty-fourth, Captain John W. Zeigler was killed and two officers were wounded; sixteen enlisted men were killed or died of





wounds and forty-seven were wounded—total, sixty-six. In the Sixty-fifth three officers were killed and five wounded; enlisted men, eighteen killed or died of wounds, fifty-nine wounded and twenty-four missing—total one hundred and nine. In the battery Lieutenant Smetts was severely wounded, and of the enlisted men one was killed, six were wounded, and three captured.

It has been mentioned that Major Samuel C. Brown, of the Sixty-fifth, was mortally wounded in the afternoon of Sunday. He died at Chattanooga the following day. He was a noble soldier and a most lovable man—brave as the bravest, but with a heart as tender and gentle as the heart of woman. No member of the Sixty-fifth who gave his life for his country was ever more deeply and sincerely mourned by his comrades.

In no spirit of discrimination—for all faced death nobly on that eventful day—especial mention should be made of brave, stalwart Sergeant George W. Harlan, of Company B, who bore the colors of the Sixty-fifth through the fighting of Saturday and part of Sunday. On the latter day, when the battle was at its fiercest, Harlan was severely wounded in the arm but clung to the flag, which was soon stained with his blood. He even seized a musket and continued to use it upon the enemy until ordered by Captain Powell, commanding the regiment, to go to the rear and have his wound cared for.

I am sure that I will be pardoned for pausing a moment to lay a sprig of laurel upon the grave of Corporal Wilbur F.



WILLIAM FIES,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.



Hulet, Company E, Sixty-fifth, who fell on Sunday. During the year that I carried gun and knapsack he was my "pard." We slept under the same blanket and drank from the same canteen. He was a brave, true man, whom I loved as a brother.

In the morning of the first day of the battle, fourteen officers of the Sixty-fifth gathered under a tree at Lee and Gordon's mill and ate their hardtack and drank their coffee together. We were a family, without jar or discord. None of the survivors of that company will ever forget the occasion. Before two days had passed, two of the group were dead and five were wounded; and our major was at the point of death. Eighteen years later I stood again under the same tree, and the scene of that September morning in 1863 was as vivid before my eyes as though it were then being enacted. Such impressions time cannot efface.

The following is extracted from General Wood's official report:

But our inferiority of strength did not appall my men. Their courage and steadfast resolution rose with the occasion. I do not believe that history affords an instance of more splendid resistance than that made by Harker's brigade and part of Buell's brigade from one o'clock P. M. until nightfall of September 20th. \* \* \* In the late campaign Colonel Charles G. Harker has peculiarly distinguished himself. He made two most daring and brilliant reconnoissances, almost without parallel in the annals of warfare; and his personal gallantry on the battlefield, the skillful manner in which he handled his brigade, holding it so well together when so many other troops broke, and his general conduct, are worthy of all praise. I earnestly recommend his immediate promotion to the rank of brigadier-general.

Colonel Harker, in his official report of the operations of his brigade at Chickamauga, said of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio that he expected much of them, remembering their gallant conduct at Stone River, but they "exceeded even my most sanguine expectations." Of the Sixth Ohio battery he said: "Captain Bradley maneuvered his battery with matchless skill, saving his guns when almost any other officer would have lost the entire battery."

Honorable Charles A. Dana, then assistant secretary of war, was present at the battle of Chickamauga. In his official dispatches relative to the magnificent fighting of Sunday afternoon, he said:



Our troops were as immovable as the rocks. The enemy hurled against them repeatedly the dense columns which had routed Davis and Sheridan in the morning, but every onset was repulsed with dreadful slaughter. \* \* \* Every division general bore himself gloriously, and among brigade commanders Harker, Turchin and Hazen especially distinguished themselves. \* \* \* Harker, who had two horses shot under him on the 19th, forming his men in four lines, made them lie down until the enemy was close upon them, when they suddenly rose and delivered their fire with such effect that the assaulting columns fell back in confusion leaving the ground covered with the fallen.

General Henry M. Cist, in his volume, "The Army of the Cumberland," says:

There was no more splendid fighting done on that field of terrible conflict on the 20th than was done by Thomas J. Wood and his division.

The invaluable services of Harker's brigade at Chickamauga have been universally recognized. Four or five years ago, when I was doing newspaper scribbling in Washington, D. C., I went to the war department one day to see if I could get for myself a set of the Chickamauga maps, which had a short time before been issued by the government. Accosting the "regular" colo-

nel in charge of the office I made known my errand. In answer to his question as to whether I had served in the army, I told him that I was a member of Harker's brigade. His eye brightened as he immediately handed me what I wanted, with the remark:

"Any man who was in Harker's brigade at Chickamauga deserves a set of those maps!"

Here I will digress from the narrative of the brigade as a



LEONARD C. CONN,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY F, SIXTY-FOURTH.



whole, and in a few paragraphs follow the fortunes of some who were wounded at Chickamauga. I only speak of myself to explain why I was at the hospital. While commanding Company I, during the fighting of Saturday afternoon, a bullet plowed a furrow across the front of my body and then went like a streak of lightning through my right elbow. The wound bled profusely, and Corporal "Jack" Sims thoughtfully pulled out the tail of his shirt, tore off a strip, and tied it tightly around my arm. Then he seized his musket and went to blazing away again while I started to find a doctor. Brave Corporal Sims was killed a few minutes later. I fell in with a number of members of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth who also found it necessary to repair damages. After a long search we reached the field hospital of Wood's division. Already some two hundred wounded were there and more were constantly arriving.

"Hello, Lieutenant, they've 'winged' you too, have they? I'll attend to you in a few minutes."

This was Doctor Todd's cheery greeting as his eye fell upon me. After he had finished binding up the stump of an arm which he had just amputated, he examined my wound and dressed it in fine style. Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck, and Lieutenants Gardner and Shipley of the Sixty-fifth and Lieutenant Smetts of the battery, were there, all suffering from grievous wounds. Corporal McKelvey, of Company B, Sixty-fifth, a true, brave soldier, was brought in, mortally hurt and died soon afterward. There lay "Pete" Raudebaugh, of Company K, Sixty-fifth, a mere boy, with a desperate wound directly through the body, from front to rear. Next day he fell into the hands of the enemy. In making up the list of casualties in the regiment he was reported killed, for no one imagined that he could live longer than a few hours. Two weeks later an exchange of wounded was made and "Pete" was brought to Chattanooga. To his comrades his appearance was like a resurrection. He recovered, served till the end of the war and, so far as I know, is living today. Doctor Todd said that not one man in a hundred would survive such a wound.

A field hospital just after a battle is the most gruesome and harrowing picture presented by the changing panorama of war.





Words seem to have no meaning when one attempts to portray the awful scenes of suffering and death. All through the hours of that long night, by the light of blazing fires, the surgeons and their assistants moved about among the hundreds that lay upon cots or upon the ground around the tents, stanching the wounds and administering food and cordials and water to the sufferers. Often a pulseless, motionless form was borne away and laid in the fast lengthening row of those to whom death had come. I cannot dwell upon the painful subject. It was more than thirty years ago, but even while I write my eyes moisten as the picture of unutterable woe rises before me in all its vividness.

The next morning it was rumored about the hospital that a body of rebel cavalry was near at hand. A number of wagons and ambulances were filled with such of the wounded as were able to be moved and these were started for Chattanooga. All who, like myself, were able to walk, set off on foot. Within half an hour the rebels had taken the hospital and all of its occupants were prisoners. I was one of a squad of some twenty members of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth who made their way to Chattanooga that day. It was an excessively painful and fatiguing journey. The heat was almost overpowering and the air was thick with dust. Water was only found at long intervals. All were more or less weakened by loss of blood, and some were only able to keep along by the constant assistance of their comrades. But we pressed on, fourteen long, weary miles, and toward evening we reached the town, in a condition of utter exhaustion.

At the time of our arrival the belief was general that the Union army had been routed, and officers were working with desperate energy to collect and organize the stragglers and make preparations to prevent, if possible, the complete wreck and destruction of the army. The town was in a panic. All day the wounded had been arriving from the battlefield and it seemed that every house was a hospital. It was only after a long search that we found shelter and a place to lie upon the floor and rest. Unable to find a surgeon, we dressed one another's wounds, divided around the few crackers in our haversacks, without coffee, and then stretched ourselves upon the hard floor to sleep. From three o'clock Saturday morning until Sunday night we had scarcely closed our eyes.



We were a sorry looking company the next morning, and I am sure our looks did not belie our feelings. But we heartily shared the universal rejoicing over the fact that our army, though defeated, was not whipped. A semblance of order was soon restored in the town and the wounded were fed and comfortably cared for. On Tuesday we were removed to a great field hospital across the Tennessee river, three miles from Chattanooga. On the following Friday a long train of wagons and ambulances filled with wounded left for Bridgeport. It was a two days' trip, over a villainous road, hilly, rough and stony. By this time our wounds had just got fairly sore, and the rude jolting of the wagons caused to many excruciating pain. One of the wagons capsized and its ten or twelve passengers were dumped in a heap. Fortunately none received more serious injury than a bad shaking up. Those whose locomotive machinery was unimpaired walked much of the way from choice. From Bridgeport we went by rail to Nashville, and a few days later the officers and some of the men were granted furloughs and went home. It was worth being wounded to spend six weeks in Ohio.

One member of this forlorn squad, whose adventures I have narrated, was Corporal "Nate" Flaisig, of Company K, Sixty-fifth, who had a bullet hole through his arm. In a talking match there was probably no man in the Sherman Brigade who would have been "in it" with Flaisig. His tongue was set on a swivel and was always in motion, with the rapidity of a sewing-machine. He could "blow" louder and more continuously, and tell more improbable "grapevines," than any other man I ever knew. We used to wonder how he contrived to eat or sleep. If he could have had a fair chance to talk the rebels to death the war would have ended long before it did. It is a wonder that so many of the Sixty-fifth survived.

On the rack of the battery wagon, lost on Sunday, the officers carried an improvised mess-chest, made of a six-pound ammunition box. This was filled with canned fruit, turkey, goose, etc., about three days' rations, all of which the enemy enjoyed, while those who suffered the loss were compelled to put up with corn in the ear.



## CHAPTER XLI.

## TWO MONTHS "BOTTLED UP."

BESIEGED IN CHATTANOOGA—DIGGING AND PICKETING—PINCHED FOR FOOD—RATIONS REDUCED TO ONE QUARTER—THE SIXTH BATTERY IN FORT WOOD—"PHIL" SHERIDAN COMMANDS OUR DIVISION—"JOE" HOOKER ARRIVES—THE CRACKER-LINE REOPENED—OHIO SOLDIERS VOTE FOR BROUGH—EXECUTION OF TWO DESERTERS—GRANT TAKES COMMAND—PREPARING TO BURST THE FETTERS.

THE two months immediately following the battle of Chickamauga were full of toil, hunger, fatigue, anxiety, sleepless nights and general discomfort for the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland. They were in a tight place—"bottled up." Chattanooga was under siege.

Daylight of September 22nd saw the army disposed in a line covering the town, from the river above to the river below. The rebels followed closely, but only skirmish lines showed themselves. The Union soldiers fell to with picks and shovels and axes; and for a week they did little but dig and go on picket. There was no repetition of the grumbling heard at Murfreesboro. With fifty thousand yelling rebels investing the town, the boys thought



it would be very comforting to have heavy forts and breastworks behind which to stand, and they toiled day and night without a murmur. Had Bragg pushed his whole army at the heels of Thomas, he might, perhaps, have retaken Chattanooga, but he would have had to pay a heavy price for it. He halted at Missionary ridge and it was then too late. The defensive works grew like Jonah's gourd and the place was made so strong as to defy assault.

The Sixty-fifth having been deprived of its field officers by the disablement of Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck and the death of Major Brown, Lieutenant-colonel William A. Bullitt, of the Third Kentucky, was assigned to its temporary command. He continued to ride at the head of that regiment for nearly five months. He was a thorough soldier and a cultured gentleman, and he became greatly endeared to both officers and men. His conspicuous courage and capacity for command challenged their admiration, while his engaging manners and unvarying courtesy won their warmest personal regard. To this day "the boys" have the kindest recollections of Colonel Bullitt.

The Confederates occupied Missionary Ridge and Lookout mountain, planting at all available points batteries of heavy guns, which were at times exceedingly annoying. What was still more exasperating, they secured possession of both the river and the railroad, and thus completely cut off the lines of supply for the Union army. Jefferson Davis visited the rebel camp, and in a speech to the soldiers assured them that the army of Rosecrans was their legitimate prey, and that in a few days it would be either starved into surrender or compelled to fight its way out.

It cannot be denied that for a time things looked "squally." The soldiers were very soon put on half rations, and not long afterward this scanty allowance was cut in twain and they received daily but the meager pittance of quarter rations.

How to sustain the army became a serious question. Supplies could only be obtained from Bridgeport. The direct wagon road—as well as the river and the railroad—was effectually blockaded by the enemy. The only route open was a circuitous one, nearly sixty miles in length, by way of the Sequatchie valley and crossing Waldron's ridge. The road through this rough,





mountainous region was about as bad as it could be, while the attacks of bodies of rebel cavalry rendered the transportation of stores as dangerous as it was difficult and uncertain. General Wheeler was exceedingly active in harassing the trains. On one of his forays he captured and burned four hundred wagons and drove off two thousand mules. During the early days of the siege, partially successful attempts were made to use the short route, passing near the point of Lookout mountain, but this had to be abandoned on account of the annoyance from Confederate sharpshooters. By one of these, on the 8th of October, George M. Mankin, a teamster belonging to Company B, Sixty-fifth, was killed.

Five or six days after the battle, a train of several hundred wagons was sent to Bridgeport for supplies. It was guarded by a strong infantry escort, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Robert C. Brown, of the Sixty-fourth Ohio. Accompanying it were forty or fifty ambulances, and in these and in the wagons a large number of wounded men were carried, among them being the party mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter. They were anxious to escape from Chattanooga and were willing to take the chance of getting through. The train was in charge of Quartermaster Tip S. Marvin of the Sixty-fourth. It was menaced by rebel cavalry at several points, but by the skillful maneuvering of both Colonel Brown and Lieutenant Marvin, the perilous trip was made in safety both ways, these wagons taking to Chattanooga the first rations that were received after the battle. At one point were passed the ruins of a train, dispatched two or three days before, which had been captured and destroyed.

There was small opportunity for foraging to supplement the meager supplies of food for men and animals thus precariously obtained. To the northward, across the river, was a region of barren hills, which had long since been stripped of everything edible. It was infested by Confederate cavalry, which pounced without mercy upon any stray detachments of Union troops that went in quest of something to eke out their pitiful supply. To find even corn it was necessary to go long distances, thus increasing the hazard. On one occasion a number of wagons, with an escort under the command of Lieutenant Benjamin F. Trescott,



of the Sixty-fifth, traveled more than sixty miles, being absent five days. The train was fortunate in eluding the hostile cavalry and returned well loaded.

As the days and weeks wore on the supplies grew less and less. The soldiers became reduced to dire straits. They prigged ears of corn from the mules and horses and resorted to every possible stratagem and device to obtain food. Hundreds, gaunt from hunger and worn by toil and watching, gave out entirely and

thronged the hospitals, whence many were daily borne to the city of the dead.

In all this deprivation, labor and suffering, the officers and men of Harker's brigade bravely and patiently bore their part. Always when the soldiers were compelled to undergo unnecessary hunger, exposure and fatigue, by reason of official blundering or incompetency, it was their habit to "cry aloud and spare not," but when it was unavoidable, as in this instance, they submitted with an uncomplaining patience that was no less heroic than their conduct in



JOSEPH P. WEIR,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FIFTH.

battle. Harker's brigade was almost constantly at the front, performing its full share of picket duty and work upon the fortifications. Many of the picket posts were exposed to great danger from the fire of the enemy. Skirmishing along the outer lines was almost incessant. There was scarcely a day or a night during which the men were not one or more times aroused by an alarm and summoned to the works, there to stand at arms, frequently for hours.



The Sixth Ohio battery occupied an important and commanding redoubt called Fort Wood, named after our "Tommy," by whose division it was built. In this work, about one hundred and fifty feet square, were placed eighteen guns, varying in caliber from three-inch rifles to four-and-a-half-inch siege guns. Captain Bradley and his men frequently amused themselves by distributing shells along the Confederate picket line. On account of the great and increasing scarcity of forage, most of the artillery horses, as well as those of the cavalry, were sent by a devious route over the mountains to Stevenson, the necessary men accompanying them. Of the battery horses which remained, nearly all died. The number of mouths to be fed was reduced as much as possible. Of the batteries, only men enough to work the guns remained in Chattanooga.

On the 9th of October the organization of the army was changed. In pursuance of orders from Washington, the Twentieth and Twenty-first corps were consolidated and the corps thus formed was christened the Fourth. General Gordon Granger was assigned to its command. Generals McCook and Crittenden were both relieved and sent to the rear, their conduct at Chickamauga—particularly in leaving the field at the crisis of the battle—having been deemed unsatisfactory. The divisions of the new Fourth corps were commanded, respectively, by Generals John M. Palmer, Philip H. Sheridan and Thomas J. Wood. In the shuffle our brigade, married to a brigade of the old Twentieth corps, became the Third of the Second division, which designation it retained till the close of the war. We lost Wood as our commander but gained Phil. Sheridan, to have served under whom is a source of pride to every soldier that he led on so many glorious fields. Under the new organization the brigades of the Fourth corps consisted of from eight to ten regiments each. Ours contained nine, viz:—Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio; Third Kentucky: Twenty-second, Twenty-seventh, Forty-second, Fifty-first and Seventy-ninth Illinois. Colonel Harker was retained in command; there was no danger that so brave and capable a soldier as he would be superseded. The regiments were small, their average strength not exceeding two hundred and fifty men each for duty. The Illinois regiments with



which we thus became associated were composed of excellent material, tempered in the fire of battle. The Fifty-first was commanded by Colonel Luther P. Bradley, a superb soldier, and the Seventy-ninth by Colonel Allen Buckner, a Methodist preacher with a voice like a fog-horn.

About the middle of November Lieutenant Baldwin, who had been sent to Ohio from Hillsboro, rejoined the battery, with twenty recruits. He succeeded in getting through several large boxes of good things from friends at home, after overcoming the greatest difficulties. For a few days the battery tables were garnished after the manner of a Sunday school picnic.

The dark cloud that enveloped the Army of the Cumberland began to show a silver lining when word was received, about the last of September, that the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, under General Hooker, had been detached from the Army of the Potomac and were on their way to Chattanooga, to re-inforce the Army of the Cumberland. They reached Bridgeport early in October and soon became an important factor in the problem. The transfer of these twenty-seven thousand men from Virginia, a distance of above twelve hundred miles, in seven days, affords a striking illustration of the value of the railroad in modern warfare. It was also officially announced that General Sherman—"Uncle Billy"—had started for Chattanooga with several divisions of the Army of the Tennessee, from Vicksburg and Memphis. All this greatly cheered the hearts of the pinched and hungry soldiers at Chattanooga. They knew that they would have to hang on but a little longer, when they would be able to arise, like Samson, and shake off the fetters that bound them.

General Rosecrans was relieved from the command of the army on the 19th of October, and was succeeded by "Old Pap" Thomas. It was with deep regret that the army parted with "Old Rosey," for he was greatly endeared to his soldiers. But they had boundless admiration for Thomas, and confidence in his ability to lead them to victory. Though sometimes slow, he was always safe and sure.

During the last days of October the bacon and cracker question was happily solved. A large detail from Hazen's brigade, floated down the river in pontoon boats, in the night, from Chatta-





nooga to Brown's ferry and effected a lodgment on the south bank. A force which had marched down on the north side was quickly ferried over, and the point was made secure before the rebels had recovered from their surprise at the audacity of the movement. General "Joe" Hooker now appeared upon the scene with his troops from the east. He established himself in Look-out valley, successfully resisting all the efforts of the rebels to dislodge him. By this operation the blockade of the river to Bridgeport was effectually raised. The next day a steamboat loaded with rations for the Union army arrived from that place. The loud and prolonged shouts and yells which greeted the whistle of the boat were never exceeded in fervency and volume by any of the previous or subsequent vocal efforts of that army—and this is saying a good deal. In a few days supplies were abundant and the soldiers once more reveled in the luxury of full rations. The direct wagon road to Bridgeport was reopened, and by reason of the presence of Hooker's troops, supply trains were reasonably secure against molestation.



NATHANIEL M'D. COE,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The 13th of October was "election day" for Ohio soldiers. It was the first time they exercised the right of suffrage under the law which permitted soldiers in the field to vote. The voting was conducted in the same manner as elections at home. All interest was centered in the contest for governor, between John Brough and Clement L. Vallandigham. The voice of the soldiers was nearly unanimous for Brough. Vallandigham received two votes



in the Sixty-fourth and eleven in the Sixty-fifth. Most of the boys were at a loss to understand why any soldier should vote for him, though none questioned his inalienable right to do so if he chose.

About this time the United States government began in the Department of the Cumberland the enlistment of colored soldiers. As elsewhere, they were organized into regiments entirely distinct and separate from the white troops, and were officered solely by whites. The races would not mix, any more than will oil and water.

Adjutant Woodruff writes: "During our unwilling and protracted fast at Chattanooga, the line officers of the Sixty-fourth organized a common mess for cooking and conserving their meager allowance for subsistence. For their convenience they built a rude structure from material picked up all over the camp. A pious old darkey by the name of Peter, who assisted in this official restaurant, conceived the idea of taking the lead among his colored brethren in enlisting in our army. He obtained the use of the aforesaid restaurant to hold a meeting to fire their loyal hearts. A score or more responded. When old Pete marched them inside and opened the exercises, some of our boys outside the hall listened and reported the substance of the orator's opening remarks, which were as follows:

"'My dear brederen, you see de white sogers is fitin' to make us free. I want you-all to put yo' shoulder to de wheel and h'ep 'um—but we mus' ax de Lawd to he'p, too. So we'll begin dis' meetin' by singin' dat good old hymn, 'Hark frum de tombs a doleful soun'.'

"All voices joined heartily till they reached the last part of the verse—

'Ye livin' men come view de groun',  
Whar you-uns must sho'tly lie.'

"These words must have been too suggestive, for it was never recorded that they did much to open the cracker line, or carry 'Old Glory' up Missionary Ridge."

On November 13th was witnessed a sad scene, typical of the severe and inexorable character of the laws of war. Sheridan's entire division was marshaled, forming three sides of a hollow square, to witness the execution of two deserters, by shooting.



They were not members of Harker's brigade. One of them had enlisted, after desertion, in the Confederate army and had been captured. The condemned men were marched around the interior of the square, with a guard of soldiers, to the music of the "Dead March." One of the culprits was so overcome in the face of death that his limbs tottered and he was scarcely able to walk without assistance. The other put on a bold front, determined to "die game." He saluted the officers as he passed along the lines and when, without a tremor, he knelt upon his coffin and the bandage was tied over his eyes, he placed his hand upon his left breast and said to the executioners, in a firm voice, "Aim right here!" The firing squads did their work well, both of the wretched men being instantly killed. When this unpleasant duty must be performed it is merciful to fire with certain aim. In a squad detailed to execute the death penalty upon a comrade, there is always one musket loaded with a blank cartridge, so that each member of the party may hope that he has the harmless weapon.



DAVID WALTER,  
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY I, AND  
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

On the 16th of November a paymaster captured Harker's brigade and stuffed four months' pay into the pockets of the soldiers. After the road to Bridgeport was opened, a few brave sutlers crept up to the front and it may easily be imagined that after the visit of the paymaster they reaped a rich harvest.

An incident of the Chickamauga field may be told here. During the engagement Henry Shewey, of the Sixth battery, lost a diary, which had been carefully kept from January 11th, 1863



to September 16th, 1863. It was taken from the pocket of a dead Confederate, by a soldier of Company G, Forty-ninth Ohio, and remained in his possession for twenty-six years. He then, in 1890, gave it to Thomas G. Watkins, of the battery, by whom it was sent to the widow of Shewey. It is not difficult to imagine how highly this memento is prized.

At the time that General Rosecrans was relieved, an order was issued from the War Department creating the "Military Division of the Mississippi," in which was included the Department of the Cumberland, and assigning to its command General Ulysses S. Grant, the hero of Donelson and Vicksburg. Grant at once started for Chattanooga to personally direct operations. He dispatched to Thomas: "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards!" and the sturdy Thomas answered: "We will hold the town till we starve!" The Army of the Cumberland was not at any time so confined that it could not have escaped by crossing the river and retreating to the northward, but it was determined not to give up blood-bought Chattanooga, and the army clung to it until succor came, with a tenacity unsurpassed in the history of the war.

General Grant was received by the army with the largest enthusiasm and cordiality. Wherever he appeared he was greeted with salvos of cheers. He immediately betook himself to the task of forcing Bragg from the position that made things so uncomfortable for the army in Chattanooga. By the 20th of November General Sherman had arrived with twelve thousand men. Hooker had his two corps well in hand, and a plan of operations was rapidly matured. Symptoms of activity were everywhere apparent. The soldiers were ordered to keep their haversacks full, each man to have eighty rounds of cartridge, and all to hold themselves in readiness for instantaneous movement.





## CHAPTER XLII.

## MISSIONARY RIDGE.

SHERMAN'S EFFORT TO BREAK THE CONFEDERATE RIGHT—THE "BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS"—ORCHARD KNOB TAKEN—FOUR DIVISIONS OF THOMAS SWEEP MISSIONARY RIDGE—A MAGNIFICENT ASSAULT—SHERIDAN AND HARKER—THE CREST CARRIED—ROUT OF THE REBELS—CHICKAMAUGA IS AVENGED—SHERIDAN'S PURSUIT—A VICTORY WON BY THE RANK AND FILE—OUR LOSSES—GRANT AND THOMAS ON ORCHARD KNOB—GREWSOME SIGHTS ON THE FIELD.

OPERATIONS were begun on the 23rd of November, by an attempt to dislodge the enemy from the north end of Missionary ridge, next the river. This effort was made by General Sherman, operating from the extreme Union left. In his "Memoirs," (Vol. I, page 362), General Sherman says:

General Grant explained to me that the men of Thomas's army had been so demoralized by the battle of Chickamauga that he feared they could not be got out of their trenches to assume the offensive; \* \* \* that he wanted my troops to hurry up and take the offensive *first*, after which he had no doubt the Cumberland army would fight well.

It is more than likely that events which occurred very soon



thereafter caused General Grant to revise his opinion, that Thomas's soldiers would cower timidly in their trenches and that they "could not be got out to assume the offensive." Sherman went in, but he could not overcome the obstacles presented and failed to carry the ridge.

On the 24th General Hooker fought that brilliantly successful action celebrated in song and story as the "Battle above the Clouds," by which he hurled the Confederates from Lookout mountain. Dawn of the 25th disclosed the stars and stripes floating from the point of the mountain, evoking prodigious cheers from the beleagured army. During the 24th and the forenoon of the 25th Sherman kept hammering away at the Confederate right, but made little progress against the very heavy force which Bragg had massed to oppose him and to secure the menaced flank.

Meanwhile Thomas had not been idle. On the 23rd Wood's division, Sheridan's supporting, was directed to advance and develop the enemy in front of the center. At the word the men leaped nimbly over the intrenchments, without a sign of the demoralization which General Grant had imagined to exist among "the men of Thomas's army." As Colonel Robert C. Brown, of the Sixty-fourth happily expressed it: "What a relief it was to get out of our old works where we had stood, like cattle in a stall, for two months!" With the greatest gallantry, Wood's soldiers swept forward like a tornado, driving the rebels before them, and seizing Orchard Knob, a high elevation half a mile in front of the Union works. The entire Fourth corps and part of the Fourteenth—portions of the latter being with Sherman and Hooker—moved out to the advanced line and firmly held it.

On the 25th the four divisions of Johnson, Sheridan, Wood and Baird formed in line from right to left in the order named. They were ordered to advance at the signal and take the rifle-pits skirting the base of Missionary Ridge. At four o'clock the signal was given—six guns in quick succession fired from Orchard Knob. Grandly the line moved forward over the intervening space, in the teeth of a biting fire of musketry from the rebel works at the base, and a shower of shells from the artillery upon the crest of the ridge. There was no wavering or halting for an instant.



They quickly overran the rifle-pits, killing or capturing such of their defenders as had not fled in panic to the shelter of the main line of intrenchments upon the summit.

The soldiers had gone to the limit of their orders; what should be done next? It must be one of three things—retreat, remain where they were, or go forward—which should it be? The men with muskets answered the question for themselves. They *would* not retreat; they could not stay at the base without being exposed to a deadly plunging fire from the ridge. By a common inspiration they went—forward! Color-bearers sprang to the front and the men eagerly followed with loud cheers. Right up the steep ridge they clambered, undeterred by a thought of the desperate nature of the assault. And it had the sanction of no official order! Some of the generals, fearing the result, endeavored to recall their troops, but nothing could stay the impetuous rush of those “demoralized” men, who, Grant feared, would not fight. Finding it impossible to check the ardor of the soldiers, the officers joined in the charge, springing to the front of their divisions, brigades and regiments, and striving to outdo the men in their zeal and courage. Both Sheridan and Harker were conspicuous, cheering and animating the soldiers by their own frantic enthusiasm. The fire of the enemy was terrific and destructive, but the assailants faltered not. The cannon upon the crest could not be depressed sufficiently to sweep the hill, but the rebel gunners ignited shells with short fuses



HENRY C. PARR,  
FIRST SERGEANT, CO. E, SIXTY-FOURTH.  
Killed at Rocky Face Ridge,  
May 9th, 1864.



and threw them over to burst as they rolled down. Harker's brigade went up directly in the teeth of a rebel battery. At first the guns did much execution, many officers and men being killed or wounded by grape and canister. The brigade kept on up the ridge and was soon comparatively well covered from the artillery fire.

On and still on, until the crest was reached. Over the works the assailants leaped, into the very blaze of the hostile muskets. The line was pierced in half a dozen places almost at the same instant. Such valor could not be withstood. Instantly the Confederate line began to crumble. A few minutes more and thousands were fleeing in panic and rout. Other thousands threw down their arms and surrendered. Regiments were captured almost entire, and battery after battery was taken.

Harker's brigade rolled over the works directly at the headquarters of General Bragg. The latter, with several of his staff and subordinate commanders, barely escaped capture. Five guns of a battery were seized in an instant. Colonel Harker leaped astride one of the cannon, swinging his sword with one hand and his hat with the other, shouting like one demented. In fact "Thomas's soldiers" seemed an army of lunatics. Every man was in a paroxysm of jubilant enthusiasm. Chickamauga was avenged!

It was now sundown. Sheridan's division kept on at the heels of the fugitives, capturing prisoners by hundreds. It continued as far as Chickamauga creek, which was not reached till long after dark. Here the order was given to halt, and the men, breathless and exhausted, gave over the chase. They fairly hugged one another in the exuberance of their joy, and shouted and yelled until they could scarcely utter a sound. Falling back a short distance, the division went into bivouac for the night. Sometime after midnight there was a sudden alarm, occasioned by a few shots from the enemy's pickets. Harker's brigade sprang to arms and fired a volley into the darkness. After that the rebels remained quiet and there was no further disturbance.

Since the war there has been a protracted controversy—and it never will be settled—which brigade or division was the first to pierce the Confederate line on the crest of Missionary Ridge. In-





deed, it is a matter of small moment, for there was glory enough that day to go around, with a liberal portion for every officer and soldier in those four divisions. Historians agree that the rebel works were carried almost simultaneously at six points. General Henry M. Cist, who was on the staff of General Thomas, in his volume, "The Army of the Cumberland," of the Scribner war series, says: "The center part of Sheridan's division reached the top first \* \* \* and crossed it to the right of Bragg's headquarters." Very few, if any, went over the works ahead of the spry men of Harker's brigade, of Sheridan's division, and none are entitled to more honor than they and their gallant leader. They certainly earned the right to yell as loud as anybody, and this privilege they exercised to the fullest extent.

This wonderful victory was not gained without the cost of many valuable officers and men—about thirty-five hundred in the four divisions, nearly two thirds of which fell to the two divisions of Sheridan and Wood. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were singularly fortunate in the smallness of their losses. Captain Henry H. Kling, of the Sixty-fourth, commanding Company D, was instantly killed when near the crest. He was an excellent officer and his death was deeply lamented. That regiment also lost three officers wounded, three enlisted men killed and twenty-three wounded. The Sixty-fifth lost but one man killed and one officer and thirteen men wounded. The wounded officer was Lieutenant Joseph F. Sonnanstine, one of whose legs was badly torn by a grape-shot as he was leading his company up the ridge. It was, of course, purely a battle of infantry on our side. The Sixth battery, in Fort Wood, was not engaged, except in shelling the rebel lines prior to the advance of the Union troops.

The assault upon Missionary Ridge was one of the most gallant exploits recorded in ancient or modern warfare. It stands alone as a brilliant and far-reaching victory won by the rank and file, in actual disobedience of orders. The captures were more than six thousand prisoners, forty-five cannon and many battle-flags.

The following is an extract from the official report of Colonel Alexander McIlvaine, of the Sixty-fourth:

It is due to the officers and men of this command to say that in the charge across the field, the ascent of the ridge and the assault upon the



rebel line, they displayed the greatest courage and valor; and when the stupendous magnitude of the perfectly accomplished undertaking is taken in consideration, their heroism reflects additional luster upon our flag, and will serve to honor the name of the Sixty-fourth, with the many others which participated in that immortal achievement, while its history remains.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bullitt, (of the Third Kentucky,) commanding the Sixty-fifth, said in his report of the battle:

The position in which my regiment found itself was in front of a battery which belched forth a stream of canister upon us with terrible rapidity. In addition to this the enemy, when driven from other points, rallied around this battery and defended it with desperation. It cost a struggle to take it but we finally succeeded, and the colors of the Sixty-fifth Ohio were the first planted upon it. Captain Smith was placed in charge of the captured battery, which consisted of five guns, three caissons and seventeen horses.

My regiment, to a man, did its full duty. To mention those who acted gallantly would be but to furnish you with a muster-roll of my regiment I desire to mention one who distinguished himself by cool bravery. During the charge up the ridge, Corporal Thomas H. B. Johnston, of Company K, grasped the colors which had fallen and, calling upon his comrades to follow him, dashed on toward the crest. He was the first man of the regiment to reach the summit, and he ascended immediately in front of the battery, over which his flag was the first to wave.

Harker's brigade captured the battery above mentioned and five hundred and thirty prisoners. The captures of Sheridan's division were seventeen hundred and sixty-two prisoners and seventeen pieces of artillery. In regard to the captured cannon, there was some friction between General Sheridan and General Wood. Sheridan pushed his division after the fleeing rebels and Wood's troops took possession of much of the artillery which Sheridan had taken, and claimed it as their own. In his official report, alluding to the large captures of cannon claimed by Wood, General Sheridan said: "Eleven of these guns were gleaned from the battlefield and appropriated while I was pushing my division to Chickamauga station."

Colonel Harker said in his report: "Missionary Ridge will forever stand an enduring monument to the noble and brave officers and men who fell so gloriously while scaling its summit."

Recently I met Mr. C. D. Brigham, who was at the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland, as correspondent of the New York "Tribune." He told me that he stood on Orchard Knob, with Grant and Thomas, during the battle. All the dis-





DON CARLOS BUELL,  
MAJOR GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY OF THE OHIO.



positions of infantry, artillery and cavalry had been made for the engagement. The hour fixed for the firing of the six signal guns was fast approaching. These two great soldiers were conferring together and awaiting the result with calm and quiet confidence. They were alike in their perfect self-possession and their freedom from anything like excitement. Groups of staff officers and orderlies stood about, one now and then dashing off, bearing a final order to some part of the line. As the moments sped rapidly by, every ear was strained to catch the sound of Hooker's guns in the direction of Rossville. According to the plan of the battle it was high time that he was upon the flank of the enemy. It was within ten minutes of the hour fixed for the general advance, but no sound came from Hooker. General Grant began to manifest some uneasiness. The short, quick puffs of smoke from his cigar betokened his anxiety. Not more eagerly did Wellington listen for the cannon of Blucher at Waterloo, than did Grant and Thomas for those of Hooker.

"I am afraid Joe is going to fail us!" said Grant. The tone of his voice seemed, even more than his words, to express his disappointment.

"Then we will have to do our work alone!" replied "Old Pap," quietly, as he stood stroking his beard.

A moment later and the signal guns from Fort Wood sounded through the quivering air.

When, after taking the rifle-pits, the blue line started for the crest, Grant said to Thomas with surprise:

"Why, Thomas, they are going right up the ridge!"

"Well," replied imperturbable "Old Safety," "let them go. It's all right!"

"If it doesn't turn out right some one will suffer:" said Grant.

But "all's well that ends well," and nobody was court-martialed for his part in that memorable action.

Following is a brief picture of some of the awful sights witnessed upon the fields of strife, which illustrate the force of that trite phrase "the horrors of war." It is from the pen of Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, whose contributions to this volume will be appreciated by all its readers:





"The next day after the battle of Mission Ridge I rode from the Sixty-fourth hospital in Chattanooga along the ridge where Bragg's forces fought on the 25th. At the north end of the ridge is a deep ravine which separated Sherman's troops from the enemy. At this point there were evidences of a fierce and desperate conflict. I found details of our men collecting the dead of both sides, and depositing them in separate rows, awaiting the completion of trenches. Dismounting, I walked down the western slope, and came upon the body of a young Confederate soldier that had been thus far overlooked. A solid shot had carried away the entire rear part of his head, leaving his face, like a mask, intact. Neither chin, mouth, cheeks, eyes nor forehead was disfigured. He lay upon his back, with the head up hill. The face had fallen back upon the stump of his neck in such a manner that if the body had been perpendicular the face would have been horizontal. I called upon two of the stretcher bearers to come and remove the body. On seeing this strange feature of the corpse they stood back,



JOEL HERSH,

FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

apparently paralyzed with horror, for, indeed, it was a sight to appall the most unfeeling spectator. The large, glaring eyes, glazed in death, the colorless face, and the singular position gave the spectacle a frightful appearance. One of the bearers was almost frantic with amazement, uttering expressions such as, 'My God, what an awful sight!' For several minutes not a hand touched him, but after waiting for his excitable companion to quiet his nerves, the other said: 'Come, let us get him out of sight as soon



as possible,' but no movement was made to do it. A second appeal also failed. Becoming a little impatient, the cooler one said:

"'Do take hold of him! You ain't afraid of him are you?'"

"'No,' said the other. 'I'd a good deal rather help bury him, bad as he looks, than fight him alive!'"

"Near the foot of the ridge I saw the remains of one from an Ohio regiment that showed how destructive had been the rebel shot. Evidently the soldier was lying down, his head toward the enemy, and his body on a line with the passage of the missile, for it struck him on the head and passed the whole length of the body and limbs. From appearances there were but few whole bones left. I think a bushel basket would have held all that remained."

One of the well known soldiers of Company B, Sixty-fourth, was Henry Hildenbrand. Born in Germany, he came to the United States at the age of twenty. He enlisted four years later, in 1861, and was a true type of the many from other lands, who fought bravely and well for their adopted country. At Stone River he was pierced through the shoulder by a rebel bullet, but he continued in his place in the ranks until night. Then he drew off his blouse, looked at the bullet-hole and exclaimed:

"Vell, py shiminy, don'd I gif dose repels der tuyfel for dis, ven I gits anoder shance!"

Hildenbrand got "anoder shance" at Chickamauga, where he gave "dose repels" an installment of his compliments. He was endeavoring to finish the job at Missionary Ridge, when he was caught by another rebel bullet, which completely disabled him for months. He pluckily rejoined his company during the Atlanta campaign and continued to serve till the expiration of his term.



## CHAPTER XLIII.

## A DREARY MIDWINTER CAMPAIGN.

BURNSIDE IN PERIL—ON TO KNOXVILLE—MARCHING AND BIVOUACKING IN RAIN AND MUD—CROSSING THE HIAWASSEE—LONGSTREET GIVES IT UP AND RAISES THE SIEGE—STRAWBERRY PLAINS AND BLAINE'S CROSS ROADS—COLD AND HUNGER—A WRETCHED MONTH—HARKER'S BRIGADE OF RAGGED "HOBOS."

IN THE summer of 1863 General Ambrose E. Burnside, with some twenty thousand men, marched through Kentucky into eastern Tennessee and occupied Knoxville. Early in November the army of General Bragg, besieging Chattanooga, was materially weakened by the detachment of the splendid Virginia corps of Longstreet, which was ordered to Knoxville, to assist the Confederate forces there in the expulsion of Burnside from that place. For some time Burnside had been under siege. His supplies were cut off, and his army was in much the same condition as that of Thomas in Chattanooga. When Longstreet moved against him, the gravest apprehensions were felt for his safety.



The day after the battle of Missionary Ridge, Sheridan's division marched back to its camp at Chattanooga. It was Thanksgiving Day, and the soldiers felt that they had abundant reason to give thanks for their deliverance and for the magnificent triumph they had achieved. They had scarcely time to recover their breath when, on the 27th, orders were received to march the following day to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville. Sherman, with three divisions, had already started, and two divisions of the Fourth corps and one of the Fourteenth were directed to follow. The need was urgent and the troops were directed to move in light marching order, without baggage wagons.

Harker's brigade got away late in the afternoon on the 28th, and entered upon the most disagreeable, comfortless and altogether wretched campaign of its entire army service. The men thought they had been in "hard lines" before, but no previous or subsequent experiences were so bountifully productive of bodily misery and discomfort as that midwinter excursion into the wilds of East Tennessee. The weather was raw and rainy at the start and continued to grow worse daily. Wet and shivering, the soldiers trudged along by day through the mud, churned by the tread of countless feet, and at night crept under their cheerless "pup" tents, often with only boughs or rails to keep their chilled bodies from the cold, sodden ground.

On the 30th, starting at three o'clock in the morning, the division made an excessively fatiguing march of twenty miles. The road was in such a wretched condition that much of the way the soldiers took to the fields and woods. About four o'clock in the afternoon the head of the column, Harker's brigade in the advance, reached the Hiawassee river. The bridge had been destroyed, and upon the other side a force of the enemy showed a disposition to dispute the passage. The division had no pontoons, but nothing ever stopped those men. When they wanted to go anywhere they went, always finding a way to surmount whatever obstacles they encountered. A few small boats were found and these, loaded with Harker's skirmishers, were hastily pulled to the opposite shore. Leaping upon the bank, the skirmishers quickly drove away the rebel cavalry. The entire brigade crossed by means of the skiffs, each of which carried from six to





ten men. At dusk, a steamboat loaded with rations arrived from Chattanooga and was welcomed with tempestuous cheers. The steamer was pressed into the service for ferriage purposes and the two other brigades of the division crossed in a short time. Rations were issued and the troops went into bivouac.

For days the dreary march was continued, with the unvarying experience of rain, mud, cold and desolation. Food became scarce, the barren country, already stripped, affording little relief.

At one place a few sheep were found, slaughtered, and issued to the troops. December 3rd, after another twenty-mile march, the brigade encamped at Philadelphia—a large name for a small town. Next day the brigade assisted in building a bridge over the Little Tennessee river, tearing down buildings to obtain timbers and planking. It marched to Morgantown on the 5th, and there the boys had a chance to yell again. Intelligence was received that, alarmed by the approach of the column from Chattanooga, Longstreet had raised the siege of Knoxville, after a disastrous attempt to carry Fort Sanders by assault, and had retreated toward Bull's gap. The pressure upon Burnside being

thus relieved, Sherman returned to Chattanooga with the Fifteenth corps and Davis's division of the Fourteenth, leaving the two divisions of the Fourth, under Gordon Granger, to drag out a wretched existence for more than two months in the East Tennessee wilderness.



WILLIAM D. PATTERSON,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY C, COLOR-BEARER,  
SIXTY-FOURTH.

Killed at Rocky Face Ridge,  
May 9th, 1864.



On the 6th, after receiving small rations of cornmeal, the troops resumed the march, passing through Marysville, and on the 7th, camped on the bank of the Holston river, a mile and a half from Knoxville. A pontoon bridge had been laid by Burnside, and on this the division crossed the next day, passed through the city, and went into camp a short distance beyond. Here the brigade lay for a week. For two or three days, rations consisted solely of flour and pork—a healthy combination. The boys built very comfortable shelters of rails, boards and whatever they could lay their hands on that was available for such a purpose.

An order was received to march to Kingston, but this was countermanded, and at midnight of the 15th, the soldiers were loaded into box cars and the train rolled away. Riding in freight cars was not particularly luxurious traveling, but it was incomparably better than marching in the mud. At daylight the train halted at Strawberry Plains and the troops debarked. The name of that locality was pleasantly suggestive, but there were no strawberries in sight; probably it was not the right season of the year for them. The men lay around loose until noon, when the brigade marched seven miles to Blaine's cross-roads, where it went into camp. It remained in that vicinity for a month, once or twice changing its location.

No one recalls those long, long weeks without a shiver. The weather was exceedingly inclement. For a week it rained a good part of the time, with freezing nights, the mercury dropping lower and lower as the winter advanced—that is to say, such would have been the case had the soldiers been supplied with thermometers. But they didn't need them. Blue noses, tingling toes, shaking limbs and chattering teeth were an excellent substitute to indicate low temperature. It was a sorry looking camp. Many of the soldiers had not even "pup" tents, and scarcely half of them were supplied with overcoats. Clothing was frayed and worn; holes and tatters were abundant—far too much so for comfort. Many of the shoes were in the last stages of degeneracy. Before leaving Chattanooga the men had been wholly unable to get new clothing and shoes, as there had not been sufficient time, after the blockade was broken, to supply the needs of the army in this respect. Food and ammunition were considered to be the



indispensable things. As for clothing, the soldiers *could* fight naked, if necessary, but hardtack, coffee and cartridges they must have. So it was that the troops who were engaged in the East Tennessee campaign came to be as shabby a lot of men as mortal eyes ever looked upon. "Coxey's army" of hoboes, which leaped into fame in the year of our Lord 1894, wasn't a circumstance. In the latter part of December a few shoes were issued, but there were only three or four pairs for each company. Those whose feet were most needy drew cuts to decide which should have them. There were two men in Company I, of the Sixty-fifth, each of whom had one shoe in fair condition, while the other had gone to pieces and was a hopeless wreck. They divided a pair between them, each wearing one new shoe and one old one.

During the last days of December, and up to the middle of January, the weather was intensely cold. Snow covered the ground to the depth of six inches. At places in East Tennessee, where they had such things as thermometers, the mercury fell, on New Year's Day, to zero. People said it was the hardest winter they had known in twenty years. The soldiers of the Fourth corps certainly thought that the Arctic region could not have been worse. Many of those who stood on the outposts during those fearful days and nights had their faces, hands and feet severely nipped by the frost.

The men built huts and "shacks" of all shapes and sizes to protect them from the weather. In front of these, great fires of



JOSEPH CRITCHFIELD,  
PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN AND SECOND  
LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.



oak logs were kept burning, fed hourly, day and night. Around them the soldiers slept, lying broadside to the fire, or endwise, toasting their feet, while their noses were well-nigh freezing. Sparks and embers, carried by the wind, burned innumerable holes in their blankets and garments; faces and hands were blackened and begrimed by smoke and dirt. Rarely has there been an assemblage of human beings so thoroughly disreputable in appearance. One day two men of Company B, of the Sixty-fifth, while on a scouting trip, procured at a house two or three handfuls of soft soap. With this they washed themselves thoroughly, which gave them such an unusual appearance that they were scarcely recognized by their comrades.

A singular feature of that month at Blaine's Cross-roads was the general good health of the men. They had become toughened and inured to exposure and privation, by two years of hard service, and there was very little sickness among them. They made the best of everything, and good spirits and cheerful endurance were everywhere manifest. But they suffered just the same, more than can be imagined by a person who has not been through such an experience. If the Revolutionary patriots at historic Valley Forge had a rougher time of it, they were entitled to the fullest measure of commiseration.

The protracted scantiness of rations was the most exasperating and prolific cause of woe. At no time did the soldiers receive more than half of the regulation allowance, and more than once they were without a hardtack or an ounce of bacon for days together. There were two or three crazy grist-mills in the vicinity and these were kept going, affording a partial supply of corn-meal, of which each man received from half a pint to a pint per day. One of these mills was in charge of Sergeant George Davey, of Company A, Sixty-fourth, a practical miller, who crowded the rickety concern to its fullest capacity—which is not saying much. If the meal didn't hold out, parched corn was eaten. The "mush" and "ash-cakes" that the soldiers fashioned out of that meal were indeed fearfully and wonderfully made. Much of the time they had no coffee, their only beverage being that which was "brewed in the clouds of heaven and filtered through the everlasting hills." Foraging parties scoured the





country for miles in every direction, but the proceeds were most unsatisfactory to hungry men. A few "razor-back" hogs and scrawny cattle were driven in and sacrificed upon the altar of appetite, but they seemed to be four-fifths bone, and were lean picking. It may well be conceived that Christmas and New Year and the days of holiday week were rueful indeed. The words were a hollow mockery.

Once Harker's entire brigade went upon a foraging expedition, with a train of wagons, and was absent three days. It marched a distance of twenty miles from camp but could find enough to scarcely more than half load the wagons. The first night out the Sixty-fifth camped in a graveyard and the men slept among the tombstones. All suffered severely during the trip, but they managed to pick up a good deal of truck on their own account and returned to camp with well filled haversacks.

The following changes in the official rosters took place during the year 1863:



WILLIAM W. KILBOURN,  
SIXTH BATTERY.

### **Sixty-fourth Regiment.**

#### **KILLED IN ACTION:**

Captain John W. Zeigler, at Chickamauga, September 20th.

Captain Henry H. Kling, at Missionary Ridge, November 25th.

#### **PROMOTIONS:**

Lieutenant-colonel Alexander McIlvaine to colonel, March 11th.

Captain Robert C. Brown to lieutenant-colonel, March 11th.

Captain Samuel L. Coulter to major, March 11th.

Amos Potter, commissioned assistant surgeon, June 29th.



Robert G. Thompson, commissioned chaplain, July 1st.  
First Lieutenant Joseph B. Ferguson to captain, January 31st.  
First Lieutenant Samuel M. Wolff to captain, January 3rd.  
First Lieutenant Norman K. Brown to captain, March 11th.  
First Lieutenant Bryant Grafton to captain, March 11th.  
First Lieutenant Henry H. Kling to captain, March 23rd.  
Second Lieutenant Thomas H. Ehlers to first lieutenant, January 3rd.  
Second Lieutenant Thomas E. Tillotson to first lieutenant, April 1st.  
Second Lieutenant Thomas R. Smith to first lieutenant, April 1st.  
Second Lieutenant Frank H. Killinger to first lieutenant, April 1st.  
Sergeant John W. Zeigler to first lieutenant, April 1st; to captain, May 18th.  
Sergeant-Major Robert S. Chamberlain to first lieutenant, April 1st; to captain, August 5th.  
Second Lieutenant John K. Shellenberger to first lieutenant, April 1st.  
Second Lieutenant David Cummins to first lieutenant, April 1st.  
First Sergeant George C. Marshall to first lieutenant, May 18.  
First Sergeant Riley Albach to second lieutenant, April 1st; to first lieutenant, August 5th.  
Sergeant Alexander Moffett to second lieutenant, April 1st.  
Sergeant John Q. McIlvaine to second lieutenant, April 1st.  
Sergeant Daniel Howe to second lieutenant, April 1st.  
First Sergeant Alonzo W. Hancock to second lieutenant, April 1st.  
Commissary-sergeant Jacob G. Bitteringer to second lieutenant, April 1st.  
First Sergeant Lewis High to second lieutenant, April 1st.  
First Sergeant Alfred A. Reed to second lieutenant, August 5th.

**RESIGNATIONS:**

Major William W. Smith, January 15th.  
Assistant Surgeon Volney P. Miller, May 16th.  
Assistant Surgeon Amos Potter, November 9th.  
Captain Charles R. Lord, January 31st.  
Captain David A. Scott, March 23rd.  
Captain Joseph B. Ferguson, May 18th.  
Captain Aaron S. Campbell, August 5th.

**FROM OTHER CAUSES:**

Captain Warner Young, honorably discharged October 1st, on account of wounds received at Stone River; entered Veteran Reserve Corps.

Colonel John Ferguson, left the service, March 11th.  
First Lieutenant Simeon B. Conn, dismissed, February 2nd.  
Second Lieutenant Cyrus Y. Freeman, dismissed, March 20th.



**Sixty-fifth Regiment.****KILLED IN ACTION OR DIED OF WOUNDS:**

First Lieutenant Nelson Smith, at Chickamauga, September 19th.

Second Lieutenant Samuel C. Henwood, at Chickamauga, September 19th.

Major Samuel C. Brown, died at Chattanooga, September 22nd, of wounds received at Chickamauga, September 20th.

Adjutant William H. Massey, died at Cleveland, Ohio, April 9th; of wounds received at Stone River, December 31st, 1862.

**PROMOTIONS:**

Major Horatio N. Whitbeck to lieutenant-colonel, March 22nd.

Captain Samuel C. Brown to major, March 22nd.

Captain Orlow Smith to major, September 22nd.

First Lieutenant John C. Matthias to captain, February 20th.

First Lieutenant Andrew Howenstine to captain, March 20th.

First Lieutenant William M. Farrar to captain, May 24th.

First Lieutenant Asa A. Gardner to captain, October 14th.

Second Lieutenant Franklin Pealer to first lieutenant, February 13th.

Second Lieutenant Joseph F. Sonnanstine to first lieutenant, March 22nd.

Sergeant-major Brewer Smith to second lieutenant, January 1st; to first lieutenant, March 23rd.

Second Lieutenant Robeson S. Rook to first lieutenant, April 5th.

Second Lieutenant Nelson Smith to first lieutenant, May 24th.

Sergeant Joseph H. Willsey to second lieutenant, January 1st.

First Sergeant John Body to second lieutenant, February 13th.

Sergeant Samuel C. Henwood to second lieutenant, March 22nd.

First Sergeant Philip P. McCune to second lieutenant, March 23rd.

First Sergeant Christian M. Bush to second lieutenant, March 30th.

First Sergeant Benjamin F. Trescott to second lieutenant, April 5th.

Sergeant Ebben Bingham to second lieutenant, May 24th.

First Sergeant John S. Talmadge to second lieutenant, June 1st.

**RESIGNATIONS:**

Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Cassil, March 22nd.

Assistant Surgeon William A. McCulley, November 3rd.

Chaplain Andrew Burns, February 16th.

Captain Francis H. Graham, February 20th.

Captain Samuel L. Bowlby, May 24th.

Captain William M. Farrar, October 14th.

First Lieutenant Oscar D. Welker, February 13th.

First Lieutenant Albert Ellis, November 13th.

First Lieutenant Peter Markel, November 20th, on account of wounds received at Stone River.

First Lieutenant Frank B. Hunt, November 29th.



First Lieutenant Robeson S. Rook, December 11th, on account of wounds received at Stone River.

Second Lieutenant Samuel H. Young, March 30th.

FROM OTHER CAUSES:

Second Lieutenant Charles Schroeder, dismissed, June 9th.

**Sixth Battery.**

No changes during the year 1863.

**McLaughlin's Squadron.**

RESIGNATIONS:

Major Gaylord McFall, January 17th.

First Lieutenant Benjamin B. Lake, February 17th.

PROMOTIONS:

Captain Richard Rice to major, January 17th.

Second Lieutenant John Dalzell to captain, January 17th.

First Lieutenant John L. Skeggs to captain, February 25th.

Sergeant George W. Pomeroy to second lieutenant, January 17th;  
to first lieutenant, February 17th.

Second Lieutenant Erastus P. Coates to first lieutenant, February 25th.

Corporal Ross R. Cowan to second lieutenant, February 26th.

Sergeant Jacob O. Stout to second lieutenant, February 17th.





## CHAPTER XLIV.

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"THREE YEARS MORE."

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WE RE-ENLIST AND GET A FURLOUGH—THE "VETERAN" CRAZE—IT GOES THROUGH THE SHERMAN BRIGADE LIKE THE SMALL-POX—FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY AND THIRTY DAYS AT HOME—THIS CATCHES THE BOYS—DRAWING CUTS FOR THE FIRST TRIP HOME—THE SIXTY-FOURTH IS LUCKY—IT STARTS FOR OHIO IN A BEDLAM OF SHOUTS AND YELLS—IT RETURNS TO THE FRONT.

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SOME months previous to this time, the War Department had determined upon a plan by which it hoped to secure the continued service of the large body of soldiers who had already been in the field two years or more, and whose term of enlistment would expire in a few months. It was decided to offer to all such who should re-enlist for "three years or during the war" a bounty of four hundred dollars each, and a furlough giving thirty days at home, the time going and coming not to be counted. Any company or regiment, three-fourths of whose members should re-enlist, would retain its organization and be accompanied home by its officers. The wisdom of this



measure was amply shown by its result. Nearly one hundred and forty thousand men re-enlisted under the honorable designation of "Veteran Volunteers." These were all *soldiers*—trained and disciplined, inured to hardship, and of tried courage. A regiment of three hundred such men was worth more in an active, arduous campaign than a thousand raw recruits. The forty or fifty per cent who were physically unable to endure the service, and those who were deficient in that important quality known as "sand," had been weeded out, and those who remained were men who could be relied upon to discharge any duty and face any danger. The armies that fought the great battles of 1864 contained large levies of new troops. The veterans gave to these a steadiness that would otherwise have been wanting. The wonder was that so large a number who had marched and fought and suffered so long, and *knew what war was*, should be willing to sign for "three years more." For the courage and patriotism thus shown, the veteran volunteers deserve to be held, as they will be, in lasting remembrance.

It was while in East Tennessee, under the conditions and amidst the surroundings that have been described, that the "veteran" excitement broke out in Harker's brigade. It went through the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth like the small-pox. A day or two after Christmas the commanding officer of each regiment called a "mass meeting" of its members, at which the orders from Washington were read and the alluring scheme of four hundred dollars bounty and a thirty days' furlough was fully explained. No doubt it was thought that the holiday season was a good time to talk about going home. In this way the boys were vaccinated with the veteran virus. It "took" right away. They went like sheep over a wall. A "bell-wether" in each company started it, and the rest almost fell over one another in their haste to get hold of the pen and sign the new roll.

No doubt the thirty days' furlough was a potent influence in inducing the men to re-enlist. It is impossible for anyone except the soldiers themselves to conceive how great was the temptation. In no other way can it be half so well expressed as in the words of Captain Brewer Smith, of the Sixty-fifth, in a personal letter to the writer. Said he: "The boys made up their minds to take





ISAAC GASS,  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.



three years more of hell for the sake of thirty days of heaven—*home*." But the great impelling force that moved the veterans was a fervent and exalted consecration to the work which they had undertaken; a determination to stand by "Old Glory" until the rebellion was conquered. The history of the world affords no more shining example of patriotic sacrifice and devotion.

There was a chap in Company E, Sixty-fifth, by the name of "Mike" Turney. He was a prime soldier, had been through every battle, and had "hoofed it" every mile that the regiment had marched—and we all know that those miles were many. One evening, just before the re-enlistment craze, Mike was sitting on a log, stirring up a little meal and water, which was all he had for supper.

"Boys," he suddenly broke out, "d'ye s'pose I'd ever 'listed in this cussed war if I'd knowed that I'd have to come down to livin' on a spoonful o' bran a day? No-sir-ee-bob! I'll be durned if I'll ever help save another country!" Three or four days later Mike was the second man in Company E to sign the veteran roll.

Before the 1st of January, five-sixths of each regiment had re-enlisted, and then nothing was talked of night or day, but that furlough. No one knew when the regiments would go, and the impatience became almost uncontrollable. Of course all the veterans could not leave at once, but assurance was given from the highest official sources, that they should be sent home just as fast as they could be spared with safety. The veterans of the Sixty-fourth were mustered in on January 1st, and those of the Sixty-fifth on January 3rd. Of the other regiments of the brigade, the Forty-second and Fifty-first Illinois re-enlisted as organizations; many members of the Twenty-second and Twenty-seventh Illinois and Third Kentucky became veterans, but not a sufficient number to make them veteran regiments; the Seventy-ninth Illinois and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio were 1862 regiments and were not eligible to the high "privilege" of becoming veterans, only half of their term having expired.

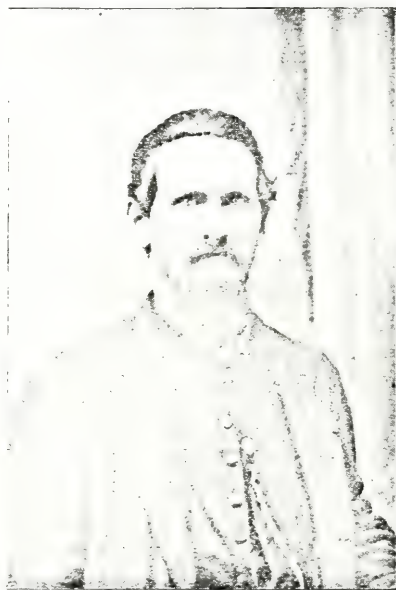
It is proper to remark here that not one word I have said, or may say, on this subject should be construed as casting the smallest reflection upon those of the old Sherman Brigade—about forty





in each regiment—who did not sign the veteran roll. Among them were some of our very best soldiers, who for good and sufficient reasons, could not see their way clear to re-enlist for three years more. Some of them freely expressed the opinion that a full term of such service as fell to our lot was one man's share; that if he lived through it he was fairly entitled to go home and stay there, and it was the duty of some other fellow to strap on a knapsack, shoulder a gun and take his place in the ranks—for there were yet in the north many hundreds of thousands, able to bear arms, who had not responded to those calls of the President, which seemed to say to every one, "Thou art the man!" Indeed, as we now look back upon it, we are amazed that *even one* of our number was willing to bind himself for three years longer. Should the war continue, he could scarcely hope to live through another term. No doubt a similar surprise will be felt by any person who may have followed this narrative—written truthfully and conscientiously, with no word of exaggeration.

When the veterans left to enjoy their month at home the non-veterans stayed behind. In the great campaigns of '64 they served with faithfulness and unflinching courage. Some of them were killed and others were wounded in the fierce conflicts of that year. I have in mind one of them, a noble sergeant, who voluntarily went into action with his company at Spring Hill, and was killed, after his term had expired. Those who survived were mustered out a few days



ARTHUR G. M'KEOWN,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY H,  
COLOR-BEARER, SIXTY-FIFTH.



after the expiration of their term, having earned the fullest meed of praise and honor. It seemed to me but just that this much should be said regarding our non-veterans. As a matter of fact, the war ended four months after they left us. The only action in which they did not participate was the battle of Nashville.

On the fifth of January the veterans of Harker's brigade were thrown into a high state of inflammation, by an order for one regiment to start for home. All were clamorous to go, and the question was decided by casting lots. The Sixty-fourth was the lucky one. It was ordered to start for Chattanooga the next morning. The veterans of the Sixty-fifth envied them their good fortune, but consoled themselves with the thought that their turn was coming; they had but to "wait a little longer." The Sixty-fourth was fairly intoxicated with joy—not with anything else. After a violent eruption of cheers, the veterans, with glad hearts and smiling faces, betook themselves to packing up their few goods and chattels. No order to march was ever so boisterously welcomed—except the one which took them out of Camp Buckingham, in 1861.

Bright and early on the morning of the 6th the Sixty-fourth veterans were astir. They buckled on their traps and fell in with alacrity at tap of drum. They geyed unmercifully the forlorn squad of non-veterans, but the latter faced without flinching the volley of good-natured jests and gibes that flew from the ranks. Almost the entire brigade assembled to give the regiment a hearty send-off. As it started away at the command "March!" the woods resounded with such uproarious cheers as only soldiers could utter.

Never did the miles seem so short as during the march to Chattanooga. Blisters counted for nothing, as the men plodded gayly on their way, with laugh and jest and song, for every step brought them nearer to home and loved ones. No order to "close up" was necessary; they couldn't travel fast enough to keep tally with their feelings. At Chattanooga the regiment was formally mustered in as a veteran organization. A few days were spent in making out muster and pay rolls. The men received two months' pay and their veteran bounties. The officers got no bounties, so that for once the men had a good deal more money



than the officers. With their pockets full of crisp, new greenbacks, they felt like lords; to speak in modern phrase, they "owned the earth." The worn, tattered and graybacked garments, in which they had roughed it so long in East Tennessee, were gladly cast aside, and all were arrayed, from top to toe, in brand-new uniforms. To the question "What regiment is that?" the boys could truly give the answer so often heard in the army: "Same old regiment, but we've drawn new clothes!"

When the red tape had all been unwound, the Sixty-fourth took the cars for Nashville and thence proceeded to Columbus, Ohio, headquarters being established at Camp Chase. Colonel Robert C. Brown writes:

"The comrades of this command will remember the 'dandy' soldiers on camp-guard the morning after their arrival. With what military pomp these guards brought down their burnished guns while commanding 'Halt!', as our weather-beaten veterans approached the line; and how the veterans rallied to a grand charge, stampeding those brave guards! Perhaps



JOHN C. WEBER,  
SIXTH BATTERY.

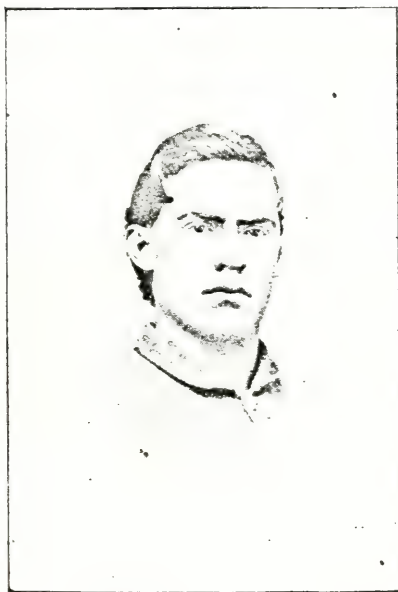
Orderly, staff of General T. J. Wood.

our men never knew that the writer, and their regimental commander, with infinite amusement, witnessed this stampede from a tent flap surreptitiously raised. Our stay at Camp Chase was short. A leave of absence for thirty days was soon granted, and in hopeful glee we set out for our homes. Upon our arrival at Mansfield, a public reception and entertainment was given the soldiers. Then followed the warmest greetings—fathers, moth-



ers, brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts and friends met us with joyful tears. With it all there was a sadness attending this reception. There were many disappointed ones. The ravages of war had reduced our number more than half. The vacant places in our ranks were explained by the battles inscribed upon our banners."

After thirty red-letter days at home, which were enjoyed to the fullest extent, farewells were spoken and the veterans, accom-



THEODORE P. KENT,  
SIXTH BATTERY.

panied by a few recruits, betook themselves to Camp Chase, to enter upon their new term of service. Scarcely a man failed to report upon the day appointed, and the "Sixty-fourth Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry" was off to the war. Proceeding by rail to Nashville, it was obliged to foot it from that place to Chattanooga and thence to Cleveland, Tennessee, where it rejoined the brigade, the latter having returned from East Tennessee to that point. Everywhere were seen the unmistakable signs of an early opening of the campaign of 1864. The army

was being stripped of every incumbrance, and orders were daily received looking to its most complete mobilization. Clearly there was business ahead, and the veterans, having surfeited themselves with pleasure during their thirty days at home, were to plunge again into the bloody vortex of war.





## CHAPTER XLV.

## HOME AND BACK TO THE FRONT.

ADVENTURES OF A "CONVALESCENT" DETACHMENT—PHIL SHERIDAN WANTS A COFFIN—THE "COFFEE COOLERS" WHIP JOE WHEELER—THE MARCH TO BLAINE'S CROSS-ROADS—CAVORTING ABOUT EAST TENNESSEE—THE SIXTY-FIFTH GETS ITS FURLOUGH—RE-ENLISTMENT OF THE SIXTH BATTERY—NOW FOR ATLANTA.

TWO OR three days after the Sixty-fourth left Blaine's Cross-roads for Chattanooga, a large body of convalescents rejoined the brigade. A page or two will not be wasted in giving a brief account of their adventures. My Chickamauga wound nearly healed, I left home for the front in the latter part of November, still carrying my damaged arm in a sling. I reached Cincinnati just after the battle of Missionary Ridge, and I fairly devoured the accounts in the newspapers. When I read that "Harker's brigade charged with the greatest gallantry, crossing the rebel works at Bragg's headquarters, capturing several cannon and a large number of prisoners," I was *proud* of my brave comrades and wished that I might have been



with them to share their glory and enthusiasm. At Bridgeport I met half a dozen other convalescents from our regiments. We made our way to Chattanooga by marching with a wagon train over the long and tedious Sequatchie valley route. The road was execrable and we were seven days making the trip of fifty miles. We reached Chattanooga on the 10th of December.

Reporting at headquarters, we were told that Harker's brigade was at some unknown locality in the woods beyond Knoxville;

that if it did not soon return to Chattanooga, as expected, the convalescents would be sent forward in a body. In the meantime we could do nothing but wait. A large number of officers and men, representing every regiment in the two Fourth corps divisions in East Tennessee, were there. They had recovered from wounds or sickness and wished to rejoin their commands. Others were reporting daily. Captain Williams and Lieutenant Body, of the Sixty-fifth, were there, and before we left, Lieutenants Gardner and Shipley arrived. I found Quartermaster-sergeant John C. Zollinger, of the Sixty-fifth, snugly quartered in a wall



JOSEPH BULL,  
COMPANY B, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Killed at Stone River, December  
31st, 1862; the first man of the  
regiment to fall in battle.

tent, and gladly accepted an invitation to share it with him.

Among the convalescents was our old friend, Phil Sheridan—not the general, but the wild Irishman of Company I. One day I was at the office of Captain J. M. Randall, of the Sixty-fifth, Harker's brigade quartermaster, when Phil came in, looking as though he had lost his last friend on earth.



"Captain," he said, saluting the quartermaster, "won't ye be so kind as to give me an order for a few crackers? It's almost starved I am!"

"I am sorry that rations are so short," said the captain, "but you get just as much as anybody else, and you ought to get along as well as others do."

"The fact is, Captain," replied Phil, "there's mighty few men that *needs* as much as I do."

Randall explained to him that he had no control over rations, as they were issued by the commissary department.

"Well, then," said Phil, sorrowfully, "jist write me an order for *some boards to make a coffin!*"

As the days dragged on and there were no indications of the return of the Fourth corps troops, it was determined to organize the convalescents into a provisional brigade and send it forward—if the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. This was done, and we made a pretty respectable appearance, numbering about two thousand five hundred. Those

from each brigade were organized into a regiment, those from each regiment forming a company. Our "regiment" was four hundred and sixty strong, including about fifty men from each the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth. It was very ably commanded by Lieutenant-colonel David H. Moore, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio. The six "regiments" made a large brigade,

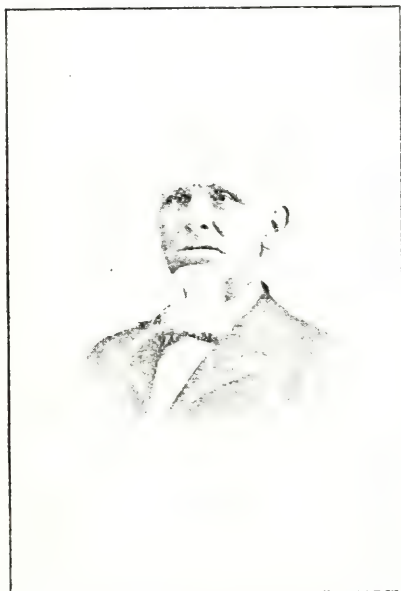


ELEAZOR JOHNSTON,  
COMPANY A, SIXTY-FOURTH.  
Mortally wounded at New Hope  
Church, Ga., May 27th, 1864.



which was under the command of Colonel Laiboldt, of the Second Missouri.

On the day before Christmas we struck out for Knoxville. The weather was cold and rainy, and the roads were simply villainous. We jogged along without incident till we reached Charleston, where, on the morning of December 28th, we had a brisk and exciting encounter with Wheeler's cavalry. Learning that the detachment of convalescents had started from Chatta-



MORDECAI PANGLE,  
SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

nooga, Wheeler, with three or four thousand troopers, left Dalton for the purpose of destroying it—or trying to do so. While we were preparing breakfast, our pickets were assailed and driven in with a rattling fusillade of musketry. There was an instant scramble to arms, and the brigade advanced in battle array to meet those who had so rudely disturbed our matutinal meal. A heavy rebel skirmish line was seen advancing from a skirt of woods not more than three hundred yards distant. The brigade was formed in two lines, our regiment being in the first.

Skirmishers were quickly thrown out and sharp firing began at once. The bullets whizzed about us in a most uncomfortable way. Colonel Laiboldt, who was a thorough soldier, determined to make a short job of it. He ordered the whole brigade to charge, two regiments being detached to tickle the enemy's flanks. With a wild yell the brigade dashed forward. The rebels showed fight for a few minutes and then adjourned in great disorder, pursued by three companies of the First Ohio cavalry. The latter were

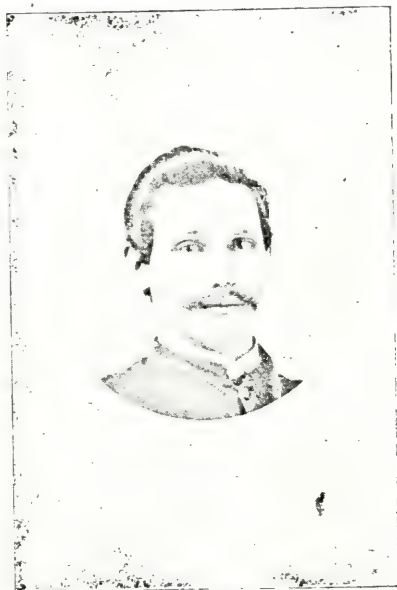




stationed at Charleston and had turned out to take a hand in the little game. Our loss was three killed and twelve or fifteen wounded. In our regiment two were wounded, one each in the detachments of the Third Kentucky and Seventy-ninth Illinois. We gathered up twelve rebel dead and nearly twenty who were too badly wounded to get away. In the melee we captured one hundred and thirty-five prisoners. These marched with us all the way to Loudon, where they were turned over to the post commander.

The scare was soon over. With appetites sharpened by the exercise, we finished our breakfast and resumed the march, as though nothing had happened. Wheeler seemed to have gained some respect for the fighting qualities of the "coffee coolers" for he did not again molest us. As a cautionary measure, flankers were kept out when on the march, and upon going into camp, strong pickets were posted, an entire regiment being on duty each night. We reached Loudon December 31st. That day the Sixty-fifth squad marched as a guard for the prisoners, took them into town and corralled them in a deserted building.

We lay at Loudon ten days, suffering keenly from the bitterly cold weather and from the general scarcity of rations. We had brought through from Chattanooga, a long train of supply wagons, and the work of ferrying them across the Tennessee river was extremely tedious. January 11th we resumed the march, and at noon on the 14th rejoined our comrades at Blaine's



ASA A. GARDNER,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.





WILLIAM A. BULLITT,  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, THIRD KENTUCKY.  
Commanding Sixty-fifth at Missionary Ridge.



Cross-roads, where the boys had been for a month enjoying themselves so luxuriously. We were received with tremendous cheers and yells. When the Sixty-fourth convalescents found that their regiment had re-enlisted and was on its way home, nearly all of them wanted to join the veteran procession. They were given the opportunity to do so and at once started back to Chattanooga. Going part of the way by rail and steamboat, they overtook the regiment at that place, and went rejoicing on their northward way. The non-veterans of the Sixty-fourth were temporarily attached to the Sixty-fifth, forming a company commanded by Lieutenant Hinman.

On the 15th of January the brigade took its departure from Blaine's Cross-roads. We left it as gladly as, two years before, we bade farewell to Hall's Gap—we did not believe we could find a more wretched place. We passed Strawberry Plains—still barren of strawberries—crossed the Holston river, and during that day and the next marched twenty-five miles farther to Dandridge, on the French Broad river. Here we

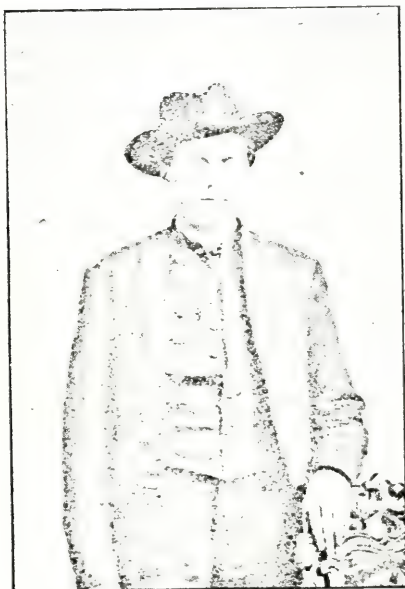


DUNCAN THOMPSON,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.  
Mortally wounded at Rocky Face  
Ridge, May 9th, 1864.

found Wood's division in camp. On the 17th there was a spirited attack by a considerable rebel force. We did not get fairly into the fight, but that was not our fault. The brunt fell upon the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, which lost its adjutant and four men killed and a dozen or more wounded. We were ordered to establish a camp, but we had scarcely begun when we marched away to a ford of the French Broad, and built a bridge by means



of wagons placed in the water at intervals, connected by timbers. We bivouacked upon a large island in the stream, but at ten o'clock that night we were routed out, recrossed the river and headed once more for Strawberry Plains. All night the column swept on, scarcely halting till daylight. Nobody could imagine the purpose of all this playing hide and seek, and probably no one has ever found out to this day. So far as can be judged it was a scare, rumors having been rife for some days that Longstreet



JOHN W. LEIDIGH,  
SERGEANT MAJOR, AND SECOND  
LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

had been re-inforced and had turned to inflict condign punishment upon us for having forced him to forego the pleasure of taking Knoxville. As a matter of fact, Longstreet was making his way back to Virginia, and the rebel force which made itself so conspicuous at Dandridge was nothing but a small body of cavalry.

After lying quiet a day we drew quarter rations and set out for Knoxville, where we arrived on the 21st, after a galloping march which severely tried our soles as well as our souls. An order came for another of Harker's veteran regiments to march to-

ward the north star. Again lots were cast and the Sixty-fifth drew another blank, the prize going to the Fifty-first Illinois. Lieutenant Colonel Bullitt was an excellent soldier, but the boys thought he wasn't "worth shucks" when it came to drawing cuts.

Loud grumbling was caused by an order for us to again double on our track, march back to Strawberry Plains and thence





on toward Bull's gap. An hour later this most unwelcome order was countermanded, and we were directed to march to Loudon. We arrived there on the 25th, crossed the Tennessee river on flat-boats, and went into camp. On the third day thereafter, the Sixty-fifth—barring the non-veterans—was thrown into a state of delirious excitement by an order to start at once for Chattanooga, en route for "God's country." The non-veterans of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were transferred to the Third Kentucky.

Early in the morning of January 29th the regiment drew a scanty supply of rations and started upon its journey, amidst a tempest of farewell shouts from our comrades of the brigade, to which the departing veterans responded with rousing cheers. At the last moment three or four of our non-veteran squad "weakened:" the temptation to go home was too strong for them to resist. Fearing that it might be everlastingly too late, they asked eagerly if they would be permitted to re-enlist. Being informed that the lamp still "held out to burn," they hastily gathered up their belongings and followed the flag. They were greeted with frantic yells by the veterans, and with good-natured scoffs and jeers by those who remained behind.

The march to Chattanooga was devoid of special interest. The distance from Loudon, ninety miles, was covered in four and a half days, which, in view of the awful condition of the roads, was extraordinary. If the men had not been homeward



JONAS SMITH,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Died at Nashville, Tenn., from accident, June 10th, 1865.



bound, such marching would have caused a constant and copious flow of vigorous language. We stayed at Chattanooga nearly three weeks, dozens of pens being constantly busy in making the many muster-out, muster-in and pay rolls required. While here Captain Orlow Smith, of Company G, received a commission as major, and took command of the Sixty-fifth, relieving Lieutenant-colonel Bullitt, who rejoined his own Sixty-fifth the Third Kentucky.



TIP S. MARVIN,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT AND QUARTER-  
MASTER, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Of our trip to Ohio, with new clothes and plenty of money, and our thirty days at home, little need be said. Everywhere the veterans were received with the warmest hospitality; homes and hearts were opened wide to them. A few took advantage of the opportunity to get married, enlisting for life under the banner of Hymen. The boys had free run of the cupboard and drew heavily upon the family larder. The days passed all too quickly and then, tearing themselves from the loving embraces of their friends, the veterans once more set their faces toward "Dixie's land."

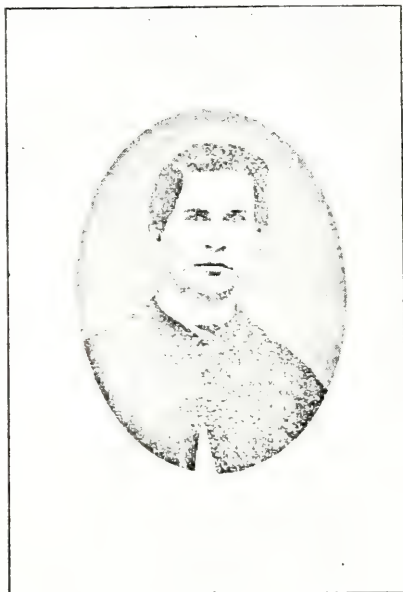
Rendezvousing promptly at Columbus, we received from the state a new stand of colors and whirled away to Cincinnati; thence by boat to Louisville and rail to Nashville, where we arrived on the 11th of April. Here we met the first disappointment of our career as a veteran regiment. We were informed that we would have to *march* to Chattanooga—one hundred and fifty miles. We had fully expected to go all the way by rail, and



this order started the boys again in their old habit of "kicking"—but they tramped just the same. General Sherman was then assembling a great army of a hundred thousand men for the campaign to Atlanta, and the railroad was taxed to its utmost capacity in the transportation of supplies of food, clothing and ammunition. It was necessary to have at Chattanooga, as a secondary base, a large accumulation of stores before the opening of the great campaign. This is why "Uncle Billy" made the order, which provoked so many bad words and blisters, requiring all troops and cattle for the army to go forward from Nashville "on the hoof."

We made the march with comparative comfort in fifteen days. There was no pressing need of haste and we were not crowded to the limit of endurance. Twice we lay over a day for rest. The veterans were too wise to load themselves down with notions from home. Abundance of them had been offered and urged, but they were generally declined with thanks. We had a few recruits who refused to take advice, and started from Nashville with great humps on their backs, but they very soon "shed" everything except the essentials.

Israel O. Gaskill was a recruit who had enrolled himself in Company B, Sixty-fifth, just as the company was to start for the rendezvous, at the expiration of the furlough. He had tried hard to get in before, but was too young. This he thought would be his last chance and he ran away from home to enlist. Gaskill felt very proud when he started from Nashville with the regiment,



JAMES BRANNAN,  
SIXTH BATTERY.



with a musket on his shoulder and all the paraphernalia of a soldier strapped and buckled about him. He had not drilled a single hour, but he marched with his gun at a right-shoulder-shift, in strict accordance with the tactics, as far as he knew anything about it. After the column was well drawn out the usual order "Rout step!" was given. This meant, in the phrase of the present day, "go-as-you-please," each man being free to take his own gait and carry his musket and accouterments in whatever manner

he chose. But Gaskill didn't know anything about this and he trudged along with strict military precision.

"Didn't ye hear the order 'Rout step?'" said one of the boys. "That means ye can carry yer gun any way ye want to."

"That's jest exactly what I'm doin'!" replied Israel.

It was one evening during this march that Lieutenant John Body, of the Sixty-fifth, had the novel experience of being euchred, although he held both bowers and the ace—a combination which under ordinary circumstances cannot



JETHRO FUNK,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY F, AND COLOR-  
BEARER, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Dallas, Ga., May 26, 1864.

not be beaten. Four young officers, weary from the day's tramp, had squatted around a cracker-box, seeking nepenthe in a social game of euchre. Body and McCune were partners, their adversaries being Moores and Bell. In one of the deals Body was given the three trumps highest in rank—right, left and ace—and two indifferent suit cards. Knowing that according to all rules he had a "cinch" on making at least one point, with a gleam of sat-





isfaction in his eye he declared his purpose to "play it alone," in the hope of scoring four, the prize of a successful "lone hand." It happened that all of the smaller trumps were held by his antagonists, but they were only sergeants and corporals and privates, while Body's trumps were brigadier and major-generals. Just how it was done nobody will ever know—whether Moores drew an extra bower out of his sleeve or picked up one of Body's and played it on him—but certain it is that Body was euchred and lost the game. For weeks thereafter his mental forces, when not otherwise engaged, were kept busy in the effort to figure out how it happened. It was a standing joke on him to the end of the war.

We reached Chattanooga on the 30th of April,—just in time to be in at the opening of the campaign against Joe Johnston. We found that all the troops of the Fourth corps had returned from East Tennessee, our brigade being in camp near Cleveland—a name that had a home-like sound to Ohio soldiers. After spending three days in making out pay-rolls and

reports, we left Chattanooga on May 3rd, leaving behind company baggage of every kind, even to the books. During this campaign the men were to have absolutely nothing except what they carried on their backs—company officers, ditto.

Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck, having recovered from his wound received at Chickamauga, returned with the regiment from its veteran furlough and was in command. On the 6th we rejoined Harker's brigade at Catoosa Springs, but a few miles from Dalton,



MICHAEL KEISER,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

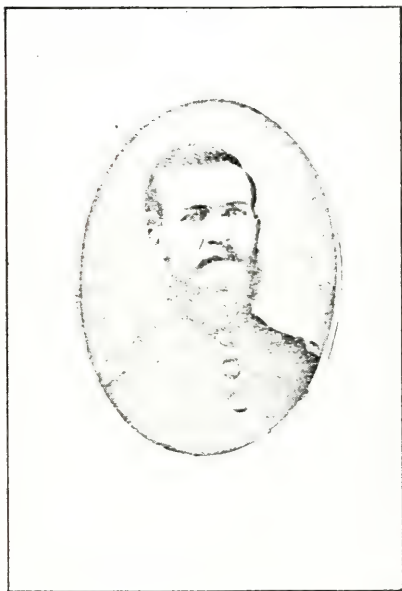


where lay the rebel army. Vociferous soldiers' greetings were exchanged with our old comrades, and especially with those of the Sixty-fourth, which had recently returned from Ohio. No man was ever more heartily cheered than was Colonel Harker when the Sixty-fifth first caught sight of him. He acknowledged the compliment by lifting his hat and smiling all over his pleasant face.

While at home a few of the veterans supplied themselves with Henry rifles. This was a magazine gun, from which some

thirty cartridges could be fired in rapid succession. The boys used them with excellent effect. These were the sort of guns of which a rebel prisoner said: "You load 'em on Sunday and shoot 'em all the week!"

For eighteen months previous to this time Major Samuel L. Coulter, of the Sixty-fourth, had served as assistant adjutant-general, on the staff of Colonel Harker commanding the brigade, discharging the arduous duties of that position with a faithfulness and efficiency that won for him the highest encomiums from his superiors and the



GEORGE W. JAMES,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

confidence and esteem of all with whom he was associated. Near the end of April, 1864, he was, at his own request, relieved from staff duty and returned to his regiment. Colonel Harker issued a general order warmly commending and complimenting Major Coulter for the "zeal, promptness and fidelity" with which he had discharged the duties of adjutant-general of the brigade, his "officer-like bearing and his gallantry on the field of battle." Captain Edward G. Whitesides, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, was detailed to take his place on the staff.



Early in May, 1864, Sergeant Samuel P. Snider—everybody called him "Sam"—of Company D, Sixty-fifth, who had been wounded at Stone River and very severely at Chickamauga, was discharged to accept a commission as captain in the Thirteenth United States colored troops. His departure from the regiment was a source of genuine regret, for none had more friends than he.

The Sixth battery did not accompany Harker's brigade to East Tennessee but remained at Chattanooga. For this the battery boys ought to sing the long meter doxology every day of their lives. They were lucky, having little duty to perform except to repair the damage wrought at Chickamauga. In December the "veteran" fever broke out with great virulence, and by the 20th nine-tenths of the battery had re-enlisted. On the 26th the company was mustered out and re-mustered for "three years more." On the 29th the veterans left for Ohio to enjoy their furlough, those who had not re-enlisted being temporarily assigned to the Twentieth Ohio battery. The trip to Bridgeport was made by steamboat. Of the trip home Captain Baldwin writes :

"The day was one of the coldest ever experienced in the country, the thermometer hugging zero for several days. The trip on the river was very tedious and uncomfortable, the sharp northern wind cutting to the quick as it passed over the open deck of the steamer. So cold was it that two Indiana soldiers going home on sick furlough died of cold and exposure. We reached Nashville on the morning of the 30th and after a thor-



ALBERT C. MATTHIAS,  
CORPORAL, COMPANY K, SIXTY-FIFTH.



ough warming and a good square meal we boarded the cars and were off for Louisville. After passing Cave City the train struck a broken rail which ditched it and rendered every car unfit for further use. Fortunately no one was severely hurt. Two hospital cars ran into a field, keeping right side up, and did not hurt a single occupant. By dark a freight train was secured and we again started for Louisville, reaching the city about daylight on the morning of the 31st. We reached Indianapolis about noon



JOHN V. B. MAIN,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

and here the company fell into the hands of friends. One of the battery sutlers, William Daggett, provided for the comfort of all.

"The morning of January 2d found the majority of the members of the company enjoying once more the pleasures of home and the society of their families, for the first time in nearly three years. The veteran furlough passed rapidly amid social gatherings, and was seemingly over before it had scarcely begun. The patriotic citizens of Akron tendered a public dinner to the veterans of the battery and the Twenty-ninth Ohio veteran volunteer infantry.

The following day the company rendezvoused at Cleveland and reached Chattanooga early in March. Orders were received to proceed to Nashville with the entire company and bring up artillery horses for our own use, and for other commands. This was a ten days' trip and was accomplished without hindrance or molestation. Marching the one hundred and fifty miles overland, it gave us an opportunity to see again the country over which we had marched and campaigned for two years. Arriving at Chatta-





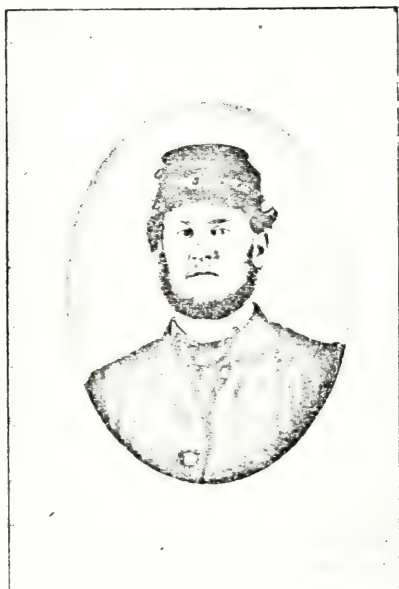


ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF,  
QUARTERMASTER, SIXTY-FOURTH,  
CAPTAIN AND A. Q. M. AND BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL.  
First Officer Commissioned in the Sherman Brigade.



nooga, orders were received to put the battery into complete shape for campaigning. Carriages were repaired and painted, harnesses renewed and oiled and ammunition chests filled. During March and April a large number of recruits joined us, and the 1st of May found our ranks full and the battery in every respect in first-class condition for active service."

First Lieutenant James P. McElroy and Second Lieutenant George W. Smetts resigned, the latter on account of disability re-



JUNIUS B. SHAW,  
COMPANY D, SIXTY-FIFTH.

sulting from his wound received at Chickamauga. Second Lieutenant Aaron P. Baldwin was promoted to first lieutenant, and Sergeants George W. James and E. H. Neal to second lieutenants. On the 28th of April the battery arrived at Cleveland, Tennessee, and was assigned its place in the great army that was being assembled for the advance toward Atlanta. The batteries of the Fourth corps, instead of being attached one to each infantry brigade, as heretofore, were organized into an artillery brigade, Major W. F. Goodspeed, of the First Ohio light artillery, command-

ing. This form of organization proved to be convenient and advantageous. Batteries, one or more, were quickly dispatched to any desired point. Habitually, two or three batteries served with each division, although the artillery of the corps was all under the general command of the officer designated for that duty. The Sixth Ohio served almost continuously with Wood's division.



## CHAPTER XLVI.

### WHICH TELLS OF VARIOUS THINGS.

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING PORTIONS OF A SOLDIER'S OUTFIT—  
WHITE AND BLACK HAVERSACKS—THE CANTEEN AND ITS VARYING  
CONTENTS—ITS POST-MORTEM USEFULNESS—THE PONCHO OR "GUM  
BLANKET"—POPULAR DELUSIONS REGARDING THE BAYONET—ITS  
PRACTICAL USES—CORPS BADGES—SLANG PHRASES IN THE ARMY—  
"FAC-SIMILE" CONFEDERATE MONEY.

A FEW observations may here be made concerning some well remembered articles of a soldier's outfit. The haversacks were of two kinds, black and white—that is, when they were new, for after they had been used a while they were all of the same color. The white canvas ones looked very nice and clean at first, but by the end of a month, having served as a receptacle for chunks of bacon and fresh meat, damp sugar tied up in a rag—probably a piece of an old shirt—and vegetables picked up along the route, it was not a "thing of beauty," but quite the reverse. Theoretically, the haversack would shed water; practically, it did nothing of the sort. Its contents were often a sorry mess, during those protracted seasons of rain when



it seemed that we would have to follow the example of Noah and go to building arks. Now and then, in a spasm of reform, a man would try to wash his haversack, but laundry facilities in the army were of the most primitive kind and the result was indifferent and unsatisfactory. For a few days it might show an improved appearance, but its whiteness was gone forever. In a short time it was blacker than before, and the last state of that haversack was worse than the first. The delusive superiority of the black haversack lay in the fact that



OTHO M. SHIPLEY,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

at the outset it did not show the dirt and grease and therefore gave less offense to the fastidious and critical eye. It was all the same to the nose. Indeed, in this respect it was worse, for, its uncleanness being less apparent, it was more likely to be neglected, and the noxious odors that were exhaled from its dark recesses were the more pungent and overpowering. But there was nothing like getting used to these little things. The fresh recruit would have gone without his dinner rather than eat from one of those campaign haversacks; but the veteran

would drop by the roadside, draw from it a bit of raw pork and a badly soiled hardtack, munch and be thankful. It will be understood that these conditions did not exist when we were lying in camp for weeks at a time, with facilities for cleansing, and where new articles could be procured to replace those which had reached the limit of their usefulness. I have written of the haversacks as so many of them were upon the long campaigns, when considerations of personal comfort were sunk in the one all-pervading





purpose of fighting the enemy and ending the war. Most of the officers started out with dainty little haversacks of shining patent leather, only large enough to hold a day's rations and a flask—for medicinal purposes. These little affairs soon lost their beauty. The rain washed off the gloss and the sun curled up the leather until they became sad wrecks. During the early days an officer's reserve supplies were transported in the company wagon or upon the back of a strapping darkey, but in 1864 he was glad enough to sling a regulation haversack over his shoulder and take pot-luck with the boys.

The canteen was the complement of the haversack. These two were as inseparable and indispensable to each other as the two legs of a pair of trousers. The canteen was a simple affair, made of tin and covered with woolen cloth, with a strap to throw over the shoulder. It was shaped like the earth, only a good deal more flattened at the poles, its halves being soldered together around the equator, so to speak. It would hold about three pints of water, or the same quantity of something else

—milk, cider, sorghum molasses, or the vigorous and searching "commissary." No soldier ever permitted himself to be long without a canteen. If he lost his own, or a wagon ran over it, he rarely failed to supply himself the next night from some other company or regiment. The soldier who awoke in the morning to find his canteen gone would make a nocturnal raid on some other fellow, and thus keep things moving. The manifold uses of the canteen have already been referred to. Its peculiarity was the



HENRY HILDENERBRAND,  
COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.



fact that its usefulness did not cease when, battered and worn, it was duly and impressively condemned by a "board of survey." Then came into play that wonderful fertility of resource which was constantly exemplified in the daily life of the soldier, by which he was enabled to utilize whatever came to hand to promote his comfort and well-being. The old canteen was thrown into the fire and the heat soon melted the solder by which the halves were joined. The soldier found himself in possession of two tin



SAMUEL P. SNIDER,  
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY D, SIXTY-  
FIFTH.  
CAPTAIN THIRTEENTH U. S. COLORED  
TROOPS.

basins, eight inches in diameter and about two inches deep at the center. One of these he carried in his haversack, or tied by a string upon the outside. Its weight was nothing, and he found uses for it that never entered into the philosophy of the man who made it. A wash basin was omitted from the outfit of the soldier and he often used the half-canteen for this purpose. After performing his ablutions he would rinse the basin with a dash of water—or if he was too hungry for that it made little difference—and splitting the end of a stick for a handle, he had an excellent frying-pan. Tons of swine's flesh were fried in the half-

canteen—and millions of "flapjacks." When green corn was at the right stage he would take a half-canteen, stab it full of holes from the inside with his bayonet, and this made a prime grater, by the aid of which a dish of "samp" was evolved. Sometimes, when on the skirmish line, a soldier found it desirable to have a little intrenchment, in a hurry. With his bayonet to loosen the



earth and a half-canteen to scrape it out, he would burrow into the ground and throw up a fortification with a facility that was amazing. These uses for the old canteen were multiplied almost indefinitely. The official existence of the canteen ended when it was condemned and "dropped" from the officer's quarterly returns; but it was like the good who die, of whom it is written that "their works do follow them."

Another very convenient and useful article was that which was called by the quartermaster a "poncho" and by the soldiers a "gum blanket." It was about six and a half feet long by three and a half wide. In the center, running crosswise, was a slit eighteen inches long, through which, when it rained during a march, the soldier poked his head and the poncho enveloped him like a "Mother Hubbard." Another of its primal uses was to spread upon the damp ground, under the woolen blanket. It served many other purposes as well. It was often found convenient to wrap around a leg of pork or mutton which a soldier wanted to smuggle into camp. The opening in the center had a flap equipped with buttons, by which it could be closed,



JAMES IRVIN,  
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY D, SIXTY-  
FOURTH.  
COLOR-BEARER AT STONE RIVER.

and then it would hold very nicely a peck of sweet potatoes or other truck. After they had been in service a few months about half the ponchos had checker-boards penciled or painted upon the inside, and the other half were marked with the necessary



squares and figures for "chuck-a-luck," "honest John" and other games which allured but impoverished.

The idea in the popular mind respecting the bayonet, as a factor in war, was much of a delusion. The soldiers, generally speaking, did not do a tenth part of the stabbing with it that they expected. They killed a good many pigs and sheep, but very few men. From the thrilling pictures and tales of bayonet charges, which had stirred their blood and quickened their pulses in boyhood, they imagined when they enlisted that they would toss the unhappy rebels around with their bayonets, very much as a farmer, with a fork, pitches pumpkins from a wagon. With two or three million bayonets being carried around so long, it would have been strange if somebody did not get hurt. Some men on both sides were killed or wounded by their thrusts, but the percentage of casualties from this cause was small. Many surgeons of large experience never dressed a bayonet wound; it was the bullets that did the mischief. None will deny the moral force of a well executed bayonet charge, accompanied by that invariable accessory, the yell, which, of itself, was enough to bleach the hair of an ordinary mortal. Creative wisdom gave to few men "sand" enough to stand long before a rushing line of shining steel points. The impulse to give way before it was usually irresistible; and so it was that only in rare cases did the bayonet prove to be long enough to reach for purposes of blood-letting. But the soldiers found the bayonet handy for a good many things. As a substitute for a coffee-mill and as a candlestick its use was universal. On the long campaigns, the coffee grains were always pulverized by pounding them in a tin cup with the butt-end of a bayonet. For a candlestick, the point was thrust into the ground or into a cracker-box, and the candle inserted in the socket. For every drop of human blood that dimmed the luster of a bayonet, barrels of candle-grease flowed down its fluted sides. The soldiers had little to read, and it might be imagined that they had very little use for candles, but it should be remembered that there were millions of games of euchre and seven-up that had to be played, and it was necessary to have light enough so that a depraved man could not hide aces and bowers in his sleeve or "turn jack" from the bottom. It was probably to protect its brave defenders from these fraudulent





practices that candles were issued to the soldiers, as that was about all they were used for.

Corps badges were adopted in the east early in the war, but in the west they did not come into use until near the close of the year 1863. The badge of the Fourth corps was a triangle, that of the Fourteenth, an acorn, and of the Twentieth, a star. These three corps composed the army of the Cumberland. Badges were of three different colors, red indicating the first division, white the second, and blue the third. Each officer and man wore upon his hat or cap the badge of his division, and every wagon was similarly decorated. Thus it could be told at a glance to what division and corps a soldier or vehicle belonged. A white triangle designated the Second division of the Fourth corps; a red star, the First division of the Twentieth corps, etc. During the movements of an army the badges were of great assistance in preventing confusion. The star—afterward adopted by the Twentieth corps—was worn by the Twelfth corps of eastern "paper collar soldiers," as the western boys called them, when it went to Chattanooga from Virginia.

"Jist look at them fellers; be jabbers, they're all brigadier-gin'ra's!" said *our* Phil Sheridan, the first time he saw them.

There were many senseless and ridiculous phrases in common use among the soldiers, such as "Grab a root!" "Here's your mule!" "Git thar, Eli!" Nobody can tell where or how they originated, but once started they went through the army everywhere. For a time, before his promotion, good-natured "Joe"



JOSEPH M. RANDALL,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



Sonnanstine, of Company C, served as forage-master of the Sixty-fifth, his function, when upon the march, being to look out for a supply of forage for the animals. He rode a fat, sleek, long-eared beast, and never hove in sight without being greeted with a chorus of yells: "Here's yer mule!" Any man on horseback—provided he was not so high in rank as to make the familiarity dangerous—who dashed along the flank of the column, and chanced to be an unskillful rider, was earnestly exhorted to "Grab a root!" evidently upon the theory that by doing so he might save himself from falling out of his saddle. The boys took particular delight in "firing" this at some dandyish young staff officer, who, they thought, was putting on too much style. The victim generally spurred his horse into a gallop to get out of range, looking as though he would like to "grab" a whole handful of "roots," or something else, and fling them at the heads of his tormentors. "Ran" Swan, of Company H, Sixty-fifth, had a favorite "gag" that he lost no opportunity to use. Catching sight of



JOHN YARMÁN,  
COMPANY I, SIXTY-FOURTH.

a horseman he would exclaim loudly, "*Oh, say!*" Supposing himself addressed, the rider would perhaps rein up to see what was wanted. Then Swan would continue, singing,

"—can you see by the dawn's early light?"

but before he could finish the strain the horseman would be out of hearing.

During the last year or two of the war, persons in the north printed thousands of bushels of "fac-simile" Confederate money. Under the laws they were not guilty of counterfeiting, for the



United States government did not, of course, recognize Confederate currency as money at all. In fact, the spurious stuff was worth just about as much as the genuine, for of the latter, in 1864, from fifty to eighty dollars only equaled in value one dollar in gold. At any rate, the Union soldiers, returning from their veteran furloughs, took with them great quantities of the "facsimile," in bills of five, ten, twenty, fifty and a hundred imaginary dollars. It may not have been very creditable to pass the stuff upon negroes and ignorant whites in the south in payment for chickens and truck, but many did this. The victims of misplaced confidence thought they were being paid for their poultry and vegetables. Sometimes a man who had been victimized would enter the camp and tell his tale of woe at headquarters, and he would be assured that the offender, if identified, would be properly punished; but the soldiers were all dressed alike, and he



LEMUEL KRISHER,  
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

could not tell one from another. Frequently an officer would deliver a lecture to his men upon the turpitude of such things, but it is to be feared that in most cases his words were like the seed scattered by the sower in the parable, which "fell among thorns" or "upon stony ground where they had not much earth."

This "money" was used with utter recklessness upon the "chuck-a-luck" board and in fattening "jack-pots"—whatever these may be.



## CHAPTER XLVII.

## FIGHTING TOWARD ATLANTA.

OPENING OF THE GREAT CAMPAIGN—THE CONFRONTING ARMIES—A  
FEW GENERAL OBSERVATIONS—HARKER'S BRIGADE CLIMBS ROCKY-  
FACE RIDGE—THE DESPERATE STRUGGLE ON THE CREST—SUPERB  
GALLANTRY OF THE SIXTY-FOURTH—ITS SEVERE LOSS—DEATH OF  
COLONEL MCILVAINE—WE DESCEND THE RIDGE.

GENERAL SHERMAN began the Atlanta campaign with ninety-nine thousand men and two hundred and fifty-four pieces of artillery. This force comprised the Army of the Cumberland, (Thomas), Fourth, Fourteenth and Twentieth corps; Army of the Tennessee, (McPherson), Fifteenth and part of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps; Army of the Ohio, (Schofield), Twenty-third corps. The Eleventh and Twelfth corps, from the Army of the Potomac, had been consolidated, designated the Twentieth, and permanently attached to the Army of the Cumberland. General Gordon Granger was relieved of the command of our (Fourth) corps, on account of friction between him and General Sherman. He was succeeded







DANIEL FRENCH,  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH.



by General Oliver O. Howard, who had come west as commander of the Eleventh corps. Howard was an educated and experienced soldier. He had lost an arm in the peninsula campaign of 1862, under McClellan. Our division, the Second, had also a new leader. General Grant—now Lieutenant-general, commanding all the armies of the United States—had chosen Sheridan to command the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, and in his place we had General John Newton, who up to this time had served in the eastern army. Our brigade remained the same as at the consolidation, a few months before, when the Fourth corps was born.

General Bragg had been superseded by General Joseph E. Johnston in the command of the rebel army at Dalton, which at this time had a field strength of about fifty thousand men. Within a month it was augmented by reinforcements numbering fully twenty thousand. With these remarks upon the situation and the "shaking up" among our generals, we are ready to start for Atlanta, the goal of our summer campaign.

While waiting for the word "Go!" we may indulge a few general observations upon that wonderful campaign. It was literally, in the words of General Sherman, "a hundred and twenty days under fire." For four months there was scarcely a day that we did not hear the whistle of bullets and the scream of shells. Sherman's pressure upon the enemy ceased not for a moment, save once or twice when his army was given a brief rest. It was fight and march incessantly. Sometimes for days the contending armies lay in the trenches, separated by a distance of short musket range. If a soldier on either side exposed himself to view he was made the instant target of a score of bullets. Day by day men were shot and buried where they fell. The soldiers acquired an amazing facility in throwing up intrenchments. Upon taking a new position, nothing else was thought of until the front was covered with a line of works, built of logs, rails, stones—anything that came to hand. Often this was done two or three times in a day. Whenever we lay for a few days in one place, the works were made very strong, surmounted by "head-logs," raised a few inches above the parapet. Through this opening the soldiers thrust their muskets to fire, with the greatest pos-



sible protection. The "Johnnies" found such works just as comfortable as we did, and their intrenchments were just as strong and well constructed as our own. Often these were found altogether too formidable to be carried by assault, and then "Uncle Billy" would resort to flanking. Not in a single instance did this fail to dislodge the enemy. Sherman came to be known as the "great flanker." After he left Chattanooga he kept his eye immovably fixed upon Atlanta until he got it.

During the campaign there was very much hard and bloody fighting, but it is a singular fact that at no time was fought what might be termed a general engagement, in which both armies, entire, participated. The collisions occurred here or there in the long line, involving rarely more than one or two corps, and often only divisions or brigades. Skirmishing and picket firing were incessant and deadly. No man awoke in the morning without the consciousness that before night he might be numbered among the dead or wounded. From Rocky Face ridge to Lovejoy's station, thirty miles south of Atlanta, we were constantly at high tension. Sherman's army never receded. Whenever it went forward it stayed there, until it was ready to leap again to the front. Slowly but surely the Confederates were pressed backward, forced to abandon one after another of their chosen positions.

One of the marvels of the campaign was the usual plenitude



DAVID HAINES,  
COMPANY E, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Killed at Stone River, December  
31st, 1862.



of rations and supplies of all kinds for the Union army. The real base was Louisville, three hundred and forty miles from Chattanooga, and by the middle of June, by Sherman's advance, the slender line of communication had been lengthened a hundred miles. Throughout the entire distance the railroad ran through a country, the inhabitants of which were more or less hostile, and which was infested by large bodies of rebel cavalry, intent upon breaking the line. Every bridge and trestle had to



ROBERT C. M'FARLAND,  
SERGEANT COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

be strongly guarded, and no train dared to move without a detachment of soldiers on board. Frequent breaks occurred, but these were usually repaired with a celerity that is almost incredible. General Sherman had a thoroughly organized corps of engineers and mechanics for this special purpose. Without its invaluable services, the campaign to Atlanta would have been scarcely possible. At various points were large quantities of timber, prepared for instant use in bridge building, and rails, materials and tools for the repair of track, engines and cars.

Only once or twice during the summer was the flow of supplies interrupted for a sufficient length of time to cause the soldiers any serious discomfort. The army was kept free from all *impedimenta* which could interfere with its rapid movement. Officers and men disabled by wounds or sickness were sent to the rear as fast as possible. Of these, thousands, after a few days or weeks of rest and medical treatment, returned to duty. They rode to the front upon the tops of railroad trains, loaded with supplies, and the cars returned





northward freighted with the suffering and the dying. This brief horoscope of the campaign before us will assist a clear understanding of the narrative.

Shortly before midnight of May 7th, company commanders were aroused from sleep and summoned to regimental headquarters. They were informed that the whole army would advance at daylight, and the men must be held in readiness for instant action. Reveille was sounded at three o'clock and Newton's division moved at four—Wagner's brigade leading, Harker's second. Within an hour Wagner's skirmishers found the enemy and brisk firing began at once. The rebels retired stubbornly, taking advantage of fences, trees and rocks, from the shelter of which to give us all the annoyance possible. After proceeding about four miles the advance ran against something so solid that General Newton formed the division in line of battle. We waited an hour for an attack which did not come, and then began "beating the bush" to see if we could flush the game. We climbed hills and crashed through brier thickets until we were thoroughly exhausted. The rebels had gone to the rear. We pushed on to within a short distance of Tunnel Hill, where we bivouacked for the night.

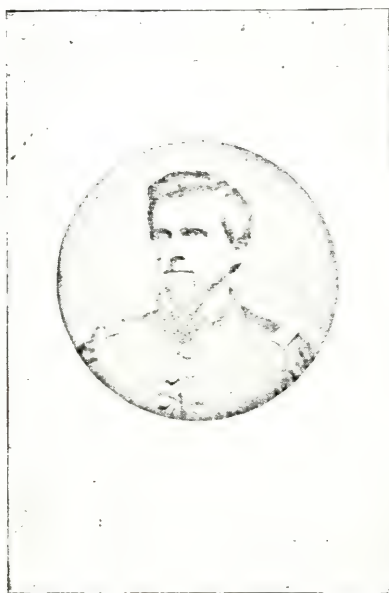
On the 8th Harker's brigade did a good Sabbath day's work—and a hard one. We started early and soon found ourselves at the foot of Rocky Face ridge, which rises precipitously to the height of six hundred feet. General Howard, who was with us



GEORGE W. HARLAN,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY B,  
COLOR BEARER, SIXTY-FIFTH.



that morning, asked Colonel Harker if he could take that ridge. "We can try!" was Harker's answer. Halting for a few minutes the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio was deployed as skirmishers and started right up the steep acclivity, supported by the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth and the other regiments of the brigade. It was a very hot day and the ascent was extremely laborious. At some points the hill was so steep that the men were obliged to pull themselves up by the aid of roots and bushes. It was one



ANDREW LYBOLD,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

of those occasions when the usually preposterous exhortation to "grab a root" was not inappropriate.

Before going far our skirmishers encountered a thin, straggling line of rebels. They began a sputtering fire but retreated toward the crest as we advanced. Upon the summit they made a bold stand, but, without halting for an instant, Harker's brigade pressed on and swept them off, killing some and capturing others; while the rest fled down the other side or along the top of the ridge. As we crowned the crest and planted our flags,

the soldiers gave vent to their feelings in lusty shouts. Pickets were at once established and the various regiments assigned their positions. The loss of the brigade was four killed and a dozen wounded, chiefly in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth. Colonel Opdycke, of that regiment, who was always conspicuous for his courage, led his men in the scramble to reach the top. The ridge was inaccessible to horses and all of them were left at the bottom.

From the lofty summit there was a magnificent view. The



ridge separated the hostile armies. On one side, as far as the eye could reach, we saw the great masses of soldiers in blue, standing at arms or moving about; on the other, in plain view, were the camps of the enemy, swarming with men in gray and "butter-nut." To the southward, the hills seemed piled one upon another until lost in the distance. Three or four miles away was the town of Dalton. The scene presented to our eyes was a superb and impressive picture of nature mingled with the dread pageantry of war. It was the grandest panorama that was ever spread out before us. At night we could see the camp-fires of the two armies, gleaming and twinkling for miles in every direction.

Colonel Harker thought it would be a good plan to have a little artillery on the ridge with which to wake up the Johnnies in the morning. There was no such word as "impossible" in the army vocabulary, and he directed Colonel Dunlap to see what he could do with his Kentuckians. At dusk the Third Kentucky, leaving its arms stacked, descended the ridge and two cannon were

placed at their disposal. Two ropes, a hundred feet long, were fastened to each piece, and these were seized by the men, while others took hold of the wheels. At the word they started with a yell that woke the echoes far and near. It is scarcely credible, but within an hour those "dogs of war" were at the top. It was only accomplished after infinite tugging and toiling. Colonel Harker laughed heartily as he warmly congratulated Colonel Dun-



ASA M. TRIMBLE,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT AND QUARTER-  
MASTER, SIXTY-FIFTH.



lap on his success. "We'll give those fellows a surprise in the morning!" he said.

The night passed without incident. We were in line of battle at three o'clock in the morning. At early dawn Colonel Harker told the artillerists to toss a few shells among the rebels. No attempt had been made to drag caissons up the ridge. A supply of ammunition had been carried up in the arms of the men. The effect of the shots was instantaneous. Evidently the rebels had not dreamed that artillery could be planted upon that lofty summit, and the bursting of shells about their ears threw them into a panic. We could plainly see them scurrying around to get out of range. A few of their guns opened in reply, but their missiles did not reach us.

That morning Commissary-sergeant William H. Farber and John W. Leidigh, of Company C, Sixty-fourth, thought they would like to "view the landscape o'er," and so they climbed a tall tree just over the crest of the ridge. They enjoyed the scene—for just about two minutes. The rebel pickets caught sight of them and promptly opened fire. Bullets whistled around and pattered against the trunk, while Farber and Leidigh scrambled down very much faster than they went up. No doubt they made even better time than Zaccheus did when directed to "make haste and come down" from the sycamore tree.

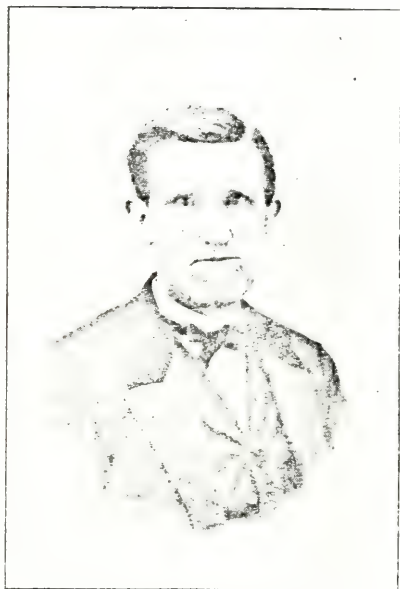
Lieutenant Benjamin F. Trescott, of the Sixty-fifth, had an experience somewhat similar, which had the same effect to check curiosity, as in the case mentioned. From behind a little barricade, Trescott raised his head and peeped over. Instantly a musket cracked and a bullet tore through his hat, just grazing his head. Trescott concluded right away that he had seen all he wanted to. But the utter wreck of his hat was a cause of grief to him. It was a fancy, new one, of extra quality and price, with which he had provided himself when at home on veteran furlough.

To the southward, not far from our position, the ridge was occupied by a strong force of the enemy, posted behind heavy works across the narrow crest, and extending for some distance down the ridge upon both sides. In the afternoon General Newton ordered Harker's brigade to storm these intrenchments and, if possible, drive the enemy entirely from the ridge. The attack





was made between four and five o'clock, the Sixty-fourth Ohio in the advance, supported by the Third Kentucky and Seventy-ninth Illinois, the remainder of the brigade in reserve. It was an exceedingly difficult and perilous enterprise. The sides of the ridge were so steep and rocky that it was scarcely possible to advance, except by the flank, along the narrow crest. This exposed the assaulting column to a most deadly enfilading fire. Nothing in the history of the war exceeds the gallantry of the Sixty-fourth, as it rushed forward into the flame and smoke, up to the very muzzles of the blazing muskets. Its officers and men did all that was possible to human effort, but in vain. The position was too well defended and the natural obstacles were too great to be overcome. The battle was over in half an hour, but in that brief time the Sixty-fourth had suffered most grievously. The long list of casualties abundantly attests its mettle and endurance. The fierceness of the combat is shown by the fact that the losses of the Sixty-fourth during those thirty minutes were

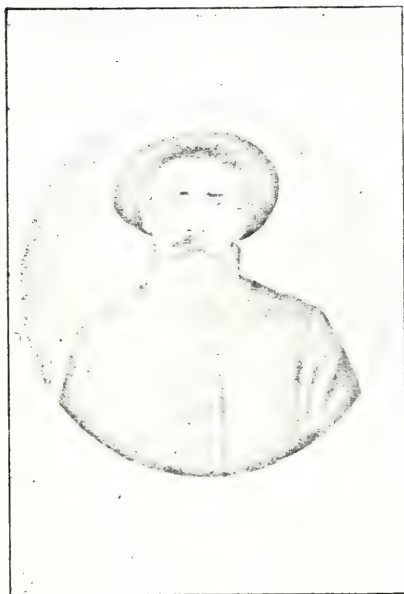


DANIEL S. MARVIN,  
COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.

equal to those which it suffered during the two days' fighting at Chickamauga, or in the desperate struggle at Stone River. Rocky Face was reddened by the blood of nineteen dead and more than sixty wounded from that little band of heroes. Colonel Alexander McIlvaine, that lion-hearted soldier, and the brave and faithful Lieutenant Thomas H. Ehlers, were among the slain. The national flag of the regiment was carried into the fight by Sergeant William D. Patterson, of Company C. The staff was



shattered by a bullet, but Patterson pressed forward at the head of the storming column. A ball entered his forehead and he fell dead upon the colors, staining them with his blood. The flag was immediately seized and borne aloft by Sergeant Henry C. Parr, of Company E. A few moments later he, too, sealed his courage and devotion with his life. Instantly the banner was in the hands of Sergeant Christian M. Gowing, of Company H, and he carried it through in safety. The death of Colonel McIlvaine was deeply mourned. He



THOMAS W. SCREEN,  
QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT,  
SIXTH BATTERY.

was a true patriot, a stranger to fear, conscientious and faithful in the discharge of duty. His body was sent to his home in Mansfield, where it was laid to rest with military honors. Lieutenant-colonel Robert C. Brown succeeded to the command of the regiment, continuing to lead it, with ability and courage, until its last gun was fired.

The circumstances of Colonel McIlvaine's death were peculiar, illustrating his kindness of heart and his indifference to danger. At the point where the fighting had been hottest, there was a narrow gorge

between the rocks, which was completely covered, at short range, by the muskets of the enemy. In the ardor of the assault some of the Sixty-fourth pressed through this gorge and a number of them were killed or wounded, the others making their way back after it was found impossible to carry the position in front. While waiting for orders to retire, officers and men covered themselves behind the rocks and trees. Colonel McIlvaine heard the cries



of a wounded soldier, who lay beyond the gorge, and directed Captain Samuel M. Wolff to send a man to his assistance. Wolff, than whom no braver man ever drew sword, replied :

"Colonel, it will be certain death to any man who attempts to pass between those rocks. If you order *me* to go I will obey, but I will not send one of my men. If you wish to put me in arrest, here is my sword."

"I will go, myself !" said the colonel.

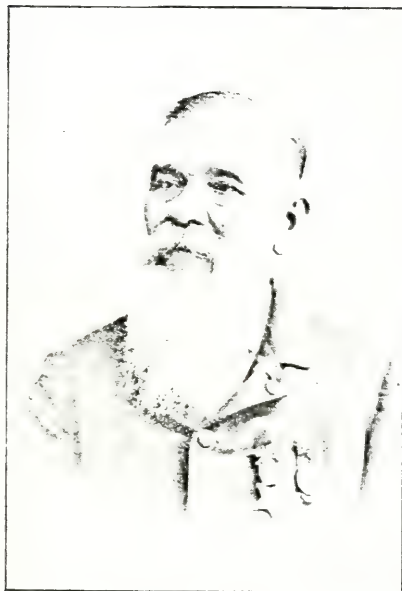
Captain Wolff and other officers endeavored to dissuade him, telling him that he would surely be shot, and suggesting that it was nearly night and in a short time, under cover of darkness, the suffering man might be reached. But McIlvaine was inexorable and started upon his errand. He had no sooner entered the narrow pass than he fell, a bullet having passed entirely through his body. He was laid upon a stretcher and borne to the rear. Colonel Harker, whose tremulous voice showed how deeply he was affected, spoke to him as he was carried past, but the dying officer was unable to answer intelligibly. Tears flowed freely from the eyes of Harker, as he turned away. Harker had sometimes been impatient with McIlvaine, because the latter did not, in all matters of discipline and drill, come up to the high standard of West Point; but in the hour of death he paid affectionate and willing tribute to one with whom he had been so long associated, who had never flinched in the face of danger, who had been ever faithful to duty as he saw it, and now had laid his life upon the altar of patriotism.



JOSEPH E. MOSER,  
CORPORAL, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.  
Killed at Chickamauga, September  
20th, 1863.



Worthy of all praise for their gallant support of the Sixty-fourth were the Third Kentucky and Seventy-ninth Illinois. Both suffered severely, though their losses were not nearly so large as those of the former. Colonel Buckner, of the Seventy-ninth, was dangerously wounded through the body. It was believed at the time that his hurt would prove mortal, but he recovered and, after some months, resumed his place at the head of his regiment. Lieutenant-colonel Bullitt, of the Third Kentucky, also received



JAMES A. MOODY,  
ARTIFICER, SIXTH BATTERY.

a grievous wound, a musket ball passing through his thigh. He was carried to the rear, through the ranks of the Sixty-fifth, which he had recently commanded for four months. Its officers and men had formed for him an exceedingly warm attachment, and the expressions of regret and sympathy for him were many and sincere. He eventually recovered in a measure, but was disabled for life.

At the close of the engagement, the Sixty-fifth was pushed forward to cover the retreat. It lost three or four men wounded, but none killed. A bullet entered the head of "Joe" Gleason, of Company C, and lodged under one of his eyes, where it has remained up to the present time. The rebels did not leave their intrenchments, and we fell back to our original position.

When the Sixty-fifth was ordered to cover the withdrawal of the Sixty-fourth, it was halted some three hundred yards from the rebel works, and so disposed as to be in position to check the enemy, should he attempt a counter-assault. Officers and men







ROBERT C. BROWN,  
COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.



were directed to shield themselves as well as possible behind the rocks and trees. Corporal Albert C. Matthias, of Company K, who was scarcely more than a boy, observed a squad of Union soldiers, with a regimental flag, a considerable distance in front. Matthias crept forward and joined the squad, which belonged to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, Lieutenant-colonel Moore being in command. The men remained there until dark, sheltered by rocks, keeping up a brisk fire upon the enemy. Rebel bullets flew thickly about, and several of the party were wounded. Corporal L. S. Calvin, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, while in the act of discharging his piece, was struck by a ball which entered his head near the left temple and passed out through the right lower jaw. He fell into the arms of Corporal Matthias, who was at his side. His musket was empty, showing that he and the rebel had fired at the same instant. Under cover of darkness the men withdrew. Calvin, who had lain unconscious, was left for dead. The next morning he was found alive and sent to the hospital. Strange to relate, he recovered and is now living, in California. About the same time that Calvin was struck, Corporal Matthias had an exceedingly "close call," a bullet clipping a lock of hair from his temple, as he peeped over a rock looking for somebody to shoot at. The next day Lieutenant-colonel Moore sent a communication to Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck, of the Sixty-fifth, warmly commending Corporal Matthias for "gallant conduct in the face of the enemy." Colonel Whitbeck directed that the letter be read to the company, and that Matthias be promoted to sergeant as soon as there was a vacancy. Colonel Harker learned of the incident and informed the corporal that he should recommend him to the Governor of Ohio for a commission. Five days later Matthias was severely wounded at Resaca. He was entirely disabled from further duty, and early in the following year was discharged.

That night the Sixty-fifth was on picket, the line traversing the crest and extending down either slope, not more than sixty yards from the pickets of the rebels. We could plainly hear them talking and digging. About midnight we were relieved by the One Hundredth Illinois, of Wagner's brigade, which had joined us on the ridge. The writer had an adventure that almost



made his hair curl. I was directed by Colonel Whitbeck to pass along the picket line and notify the company commanders to withdraw. Company K was some distance down one side of the ridge and its position was "refused." Groping along in the darkness, I slipped and tumbled over a cliff, falling five or six feet and landing all in a heap, causing quite a clatter among the stones. I was a few yards directly in front of Company K's post. The men naturally supposed the noise to be caused by some of the rebels trying to slip up on them, and determined to give them a warm reception. I heard the clicking as they cocked their muskets. I confess to being a good deal "rattled," but knowing that something must be done quickly, I shouted "Sixty-fifth!" and the boys didn't shoot. Thanks!

We remained two days longer on the crest of Rocky Face, without special incident. The scarcity of water made our lofty dwelling place somewhat uncomfortable. All that we drank or used had to be carried in canteens from a spring near the base, for which frequent details were made. It was

no light task for a man to climb that hill with half a dozen canteens of water.

On the morning of the 12th, long before daylight, we were aroused and ordered to prepare to move. We marched, or rather slid, down the ridge, moved back to our main line, and three miles to the left, past the end of Rocky Face ridge, where the country was open between us and the enemy. We relieved part of the



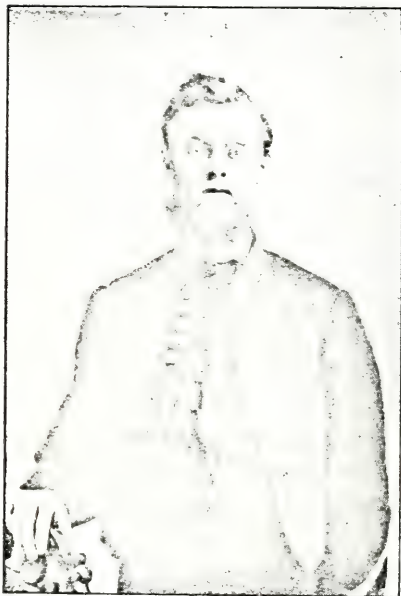
WILLIAM HARRIS,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY K, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Killed at Resaca, Ga., May 14th, 1864.



Twenty-third corps, and spent the rest of the day in building breastworks. It seemed, toward evening, as though we might need them. The enemy advanced and drove in our pickets, but did not come near enough for us to reach them from the works. For an hour there was very heavy skirmishing, but at dusk the enemy retired.

In his official report of the operations on Rocky Face ridge,

General Newton said: "General Harker and the officers and men of his brigade highly distinguished themselves for gallantry and good conduct."



HENRY H. CLARK,  
SERGEANT, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

On the 13th, it having been ascertained that the rebels had evacuated Rocky Face ridge, a detail was sent from the Sixty-fourth to bury the dead of that regiment, killed in the action of the 9th. All were found, though in some cases identification was difficult, as the bodies had lain four days and were much swollen and discolored, while most of them had been stripped of valuables and more or less of their clothing. The sad

duty was performed with tender hands, and the detachment descended the ridge and rejoined the regiment in the evening near Resaca.





## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## DALTON TO BIG SHANTY.

FIGHTING AND CHASING—THE REBELS FALL BACK ACROSS THE ETO-  
WAH—ADJUTANT WOODRUFF GETS A TUMBLE—A FEW DAYS FOR  
BREATH—THE FLANK MOVEMENT TO NEW HOPE—WARM DAYS IN  
THE TRENCHES—COLONEL HARKER MADE A BRIGADIER—BUCK-  
WHEAT BISCUITS FOR THE BATTERY OFFICERS—A PENITENT  
CHAPLAIN.

ON THE morning of May 13th there was silence along the line. It was soon found that there was nobody to shoot at; the rebels had evacuated Dalton. This was made necessary by the movement of McPherson's Army of the Tennessee to Resaca, miles to the south, by Snake Creek gap—the first of Sherman's series of flanking operations. We started at eight o'clock for Dalton, by way of Buzzard's Roost gap, passing directly through the deserted camps and works of the enemy. The position was very strong by nature, and had been made doubly so by military skill and "elbow grease." Everywhere the front of the intrenchments was covered by palisades, *chevaux-de-frise* and "slashings." It was a relief to know that we would



not have to fight *there*. We reached Dalton just before noon and halted an hour in the town. The boys looted the stores, confiscating, among other things, thirty or forty bushels of peanuts—or “goobers,” as they call them in the south. We traveled on during the afternoon, went into bivouac an hour after dark, and spent half the night in fortifying.

On the 14th and 15th of May was fought the battle of Resaca, the first engagement of the campaign which involved any considerable

portion of either army. The Confederate commander had been outmaneuvered by the lapping of Sherman's right around his left flank, and the movement of McPherson heretofore mentioned, and was thus compelled to abandon his position at Rocky Face and Dalton, which was impregnable against a direct attack. McPherson failed to reap the full advantage of his flank movement. This he might have done by debouching from Snake Creek gap and planting the Army of the Tennessee across the railroad in Johnston's rear, as General Sherman intended that he should. The menace had the immediate effect, however, to draw



WILLIAM COTTER,  
COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.  
Mortally wounded at Resaca, Ga.,  
May 14th, 1864.

Johnston's army hastily, by night, to Resaca, where it turned and presented a bold front to Sherman. The rebels quickly intrenched and evinced a purpose to fight—and this purpose they carried out most vigorously.

The Union army was astir before dawn on the 14th, under orders to press the enemy at all points. There was much maneu-



vering for position, and for two hours we marched and counter-marched, moved by the flank and in line of battle, until we were greatly exhausted. The sky was clear and the sun beat down upon us with merciless fury. From daylight there had been constant firing on the skirmish line, with an occasional peal of artillery. All signs indicated a collision between the hostile armies, for both were in a belligerent mood, and a battle was momentarily imminent.

About nine o'clock very heavy cannonading and musketry were heard a mile away upon both our flanks, where severe fighting seemed to break out simultaneously. Harker's brigade was ordered forward into position, and we very soon came within range of the enemy's missiles. While crossing a valley, to reach high ground, we encountered a deadly blast from a rebel battery. A shell struck in the Twenty-seventh Illinois, exploding at the instant, and almost destroyed a company. By the flying fragments five or six were killed and thrice as many wounded.

We took the double-quick forward to escape the artillery fire by reaching the cover of a range of hills, a short distance in our front. Some three hundred yards beyond was another and higher irregular ridge, which was occupied by the Confederates. This fact was made clearly apparent to us, for as we ascended the ridge and reached the summit, we were greeted with a savage volley of musketry. Quick eyes had discerned the situation, and the order, "Lie down!" instantly obeyed, saved us from serious loss, the shower of bullets passing over us. We at once fell back a few paces to gain the protection of the ridge.

At this point the ridge was cut transversely by a ravine, in which, and to the right and left along the acclivity, our brigade was stationed. The position of the enemy had been fully developed, on the high ground mentioned, behind a line of earthworks, while we had no shelter except such as was afforded by the contour of the ground. The men were ordered to advance to the top of the ridge to deliver their fire, and then to fall back under the hill to load. The bullets of the enemy skimmed the crest and many were killed or wounded when exposed at the moment of discharging their pieces. We remained at this position until ammunition was entirely exhausted, when we were relieved by a brigade of



the Twenty-third corps and went to the rear to replenish cartridge-boxes. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth lost about twenty, each, among whom were some of our bravest and best soldiers.

We now occupied the ridge just in rear of the "valley of death" which we had crossed in the morning, of which mention has been made. Our place in the line of battle having been filled, there was no further occasion for our presence at the front. We remained in our new position during the latter part of the day and

all of the night. At dusk the firing ceased along the embattled lines, neither side having gained material advantage. We passed the night in comparative quiet, although two or three times we were called into line by sharp firing on the outposts.

We were aroused from our fitful naps at three o'clock to stand at arms. General Sherman had repeated his orders to press the enemy, and we knew that if the rebels were still there—and they were—the fighting would be renewed at dawn. According to the plan of operations for the 15th, however, our point in the line was simply to be



ANDREW BURNS,  
CHAPLAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

held, and defended to the last in case of attack. The aggressive fighting was done elsewhere, and as the enemy remained quiet in our immediate front, making no attempt to advance, we did likewise. Our brigade still occupied the position to which it had retired the day before. We were constantly on the alert, musket in hand, ready to spring to the colors at the word of command, but there appeared to be no demand for our services.

In the evening we changed position a short distance to the right and front. The Sixty-fifth was stationed in advance of the





main line, along the bank of a small, lazy creek. We were at close quarters, the distance between us and the enemy's line being no more than three hundred yards. Toward midnight the rebels made a heavy demonstration. There came a sudden volley of musketry that was well calculated to make

—"each particular hair to stand on end."

My recollection is that it came near doing that very thing. We were lying on low ground, along the little run, and the bullets passed harmlessly over our heads, but they "zipped" in terrifying chorus and pattered viciously against the trees and upon the leaves and underbrush. The volley did not hurt anybody, but no old soldier has forgotten, or can forget, the waves of trouble that rolled across his peaceful breast, when the midnight stillness was suddenly broken by such an outburst of fire and lead. As a matter of fact, the rebels were only trying to scare us, and we freely admit that their effort was not wholly unsuccessful. The hostile and exceedingly noisy demonstration was only intended to mask the Confederate retreat, which was then in progress. In the morning the enemy had disappeared.

Just before going into the fight, on the 14th, while the Sixty-fifth was awaiting orders, Israel O. Gaskill, of Company B, was leaning against a tree, evidently in a meditative mood. As before mentioned, he was a recruit, and had been at the front but a week. His father's given name was Abraham.



LEVI SHEARER,  
CORPORAL, COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.  
Captured at Chickamauga; died in prison at Richmond, Va., Nov. 12, 1864.



"Well, Gaskill," said one of his comrades, "what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking I'd like to be in Abraham's bosom!" was the answer.

But raw as he was, a mere boy, Gaskill proved to be of the right stuff, through all the fighting that followed, to the end of the war.

Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, thus tells of a mishap that befell him and set the whole regiment to laughing:

"On the morning of the 14th, when the attack had been made on the Confederate line, the Sixty-fourth was drawn up in rear of the Twenty-third corps, in a piece of woods bordering a field of wheat, nearly ripe. An old rail fence inclosed the field. While awaiting orders to advance, an orderly handed me a telegraphic dispatch, with orders to read it to the regiment. I glanced over it and saw that it announced the capture of a division of the enemy, by the Army of the Potomac, the previous day. To be better heard, I mounted the rail fence, read



HENRY ST. JOHN YOUNG,  
COMPANY C, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Killed at Stone River, December  
31st, 1862.

the dispatch, and proposed three cheers. Swinging my hat as a signal to commence, the rail broke under me, and I fell back prostrate in the wheat. To show that I was not 'forever fallen,' I arose, not to renew the cheer, but to see the regiment in the most hilarious mood it ever experienced just before a battle. I resumed my place, with the remark that if Grant's victory was as barren of success as our cheering, it wasn't worth crowing over."



As soon as dawn of the 16th disclosed the flight of the enemy, aides and orderlies went galloping in all directions, with orders to every corps and division to push forward in immediate pursuit. After a very hasty breakfast, we started amidst a great blowing of bugles and beating of drums, and a pandemonium of yelling soldiers and officers trying to make themselves heard. The Georgia woods were a scene of wild tumult.

We got away early and marched rapidly. We passed directly through the town of Resaca, crossed the Oostanaula river, and pushed on southward. The march was irregular and jerky, and there was frequent skirmishing ahead, but the movement was constantly forward. This was continued for several days, the rebels falling back, evidently looking for a place to fight, with Sherman's jubilant soldiers close at their heels.

We reached Adairsville on the 18th and marched six miles southward, in line of battle, with heavy skirmishing. We kept on, the next day, to Kingston, near which place we went into bivouac on the bank of a small stream. Here General Sherman gave his army three or four days of rest. For two weeks it had been constantly on duty, day and night, marching, intrenching, and fighting. The opportunity to "wash up" was a boon to the weary and dusty soldiers.

The forward movement was resumed on the 23rd. After crossing the Etowah river, the army entered upon a flank movement on an extensive scale. Leaving the railroad, with twenty days' rations in wagons, it struck out for Dallas, about twenty miles west of Marietta. Sherman's purpose was to maneuver Johnston out of the very strong position he had taken at Allatoona pass. Of course as soon as this movement was disclosed, Johnston "let go" of Allatoona and drew away to the southwest, to keep his army between Sherman and Atlanta, the latter scarcely more than two days' march from Dallas. There was continued skirmishing, night and day, with occasional heavy fighting at one point or another on the line. For more than a week the armies confronted each other at New Hope church. Both lay behind heavy intrenchments, stretching continuously for miles. At some points the lines were but two hundred yards apart. It was scarcely possible for a man to expose himself with-





OLIVER O. HOWARD,  
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING FOURTH CORPS





out being stricken down. Where our brigade lay part of the time the distance was so short that the soldiers in blue and those in gray, from behind their works, could talk together. The conversation would be like this:

"Hello, Yank!"

"Hello, Johnny, what yer coughin' 'bout?"

"Got any corfee ye want ter trade fer terbacker?"

"Coffee's a leetle skurce jest now, but I'd like to have some o' yer terbacker. Put some in yer gun 'n' shoot it over here. I'll give ye the corfee some other day!"

"Tick don't go, Yank! No corfee, no terbacker. Old Johnston won't let us trade now, anyhow. But, say, whar you-all goin'?"

"Goin' to Atlanta; whar d'ye s'pose?"

"Bet ye ten dollars ye don't!"

"What kind o' money?"

"Why, *our* money of co'se!"

"Your money aint good fer sour apples! Make it a hundred to one 'n' I'll go ye!"

"Look out, Yank, we're goin' ter shoot now!"

"All right; let 'er flicker!"

And then they would blaze away and the bullets would rattle like hailstones against the head-logs. This kind of chaffing was often heard, not only on these lines, but at many places during that campaign, whenever the conditions permitted conversation.

On the 26th, Captain John C. Matthias and several men of the Sixty-fifth were wounded. The next day there was hard fighting. The Sixty-fourth, while on picket, was ordered to advance its



STEWART MILLER,  
SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY



line. In the operation it suffered severely, Lieutenant George C. Marshall being among the killed. On the 29th, Sergeant Jethro Funk, of Company F, color-bearer of the Sixty-fifth, was instantly killed. These occurrences will convey some idea of the daily life in that "hell-hole," as the boys named it, at New Hope and Dallas. The soldiers slept by snatches in the trenches, being often aroused two or three times in a night by the rattling of musketry and the whistling of bullets. The rebels hung on so



WILLIAM G. PATTERSON,  
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

tenaciously that Sherman husbanded the supply of rations, permitting the issue of but half the usual allowance. Some days the men had only enough to tease their appetites. But all were patient and cheerful. They had boundless confidence in "Uncle Billy," and not the smallest doubt was felt that in the end all would come out right.

Everybody was glad when the "infernal racket" at New Hope ceased. On the night of June 4th, Johnston once more deemed discretion to be the better part of valor. Sherman was slowly but surely extending his right around the Con-

federate left, and Johnston decided to fall back to a new line about Marietta, before it should be too late. For a day we lay in camp, and the quiet that prevailed was like a poultice to our tortured ears. In the evening we drew three days' rations, and the next day marched to Acworth station, where we again made connection with the railroad.

While here, Colonel Harker received his long delayed commission as a brigadier-general, and was duly mustered. The officers of each regiment of the brigade called upon him in a



body and tendered their hearty congratulations, and the soldiers cheered him with tremendous vigor. All felt that no reward for able and faithful service was ever more worthily bestowed. Harker's toast was: "To the officers and soldiers of my command, who made me a brigadier-general!" His rank as such dated from September 20th, 1863, in recognition of the conspicuous services of himself and his brigade at Chickamauga. In less than three weeks, General Harker was among the slain.

On the 10th we were in motion again. For a week or ten days it rained almost constantly. During that time our clothes were not once dry. We changed position with exasperating frequency, each time, it seemed, finding a place where the mud was deeper than before. Sometimes the trenches were half full of water, and the men sloshed around in a most uncomfortable and despairing condition. There was no straw to be had, and when lying down they kept themselves out of the mud by corduroying their

"pup" tents with poles and limbs, upon which they spread their soaked blankets. The days and nights were about equally full of wretchedness. And all the time the rebels kept peppering away at us, doing what they could to make life miserable. It might almost be said that death lost its terrors.

The army at this time was lying about a station on the railroad called Big Shanty. While there, occurred the most serious break in our cracker line of the entire campaign. The Confederate cavalry dashed upon the railroad, captured the guards, and burned two or three bridges. The engineer corps worked with might and main to repair the damage, but for more than a



GILBERT E. MILLER,  
COMPANY D, SIXTY-FIFTH.



week no train passed to the front and rations reached a low ebb. The scream of the first locomotive to arrive at Big Shanty made the army frantic. The soldiers yelled and yelled until it seemed that they had gone crazy.

One day a bullet whisked across the breast of Lieutenant "Phil" McCune, of the Sixty-fifth, making sad havoc with his clothes, but barely touching the skin. Phil glanced at his torn garments, and with that comical wink of his, exclaimed, "I believe those fellows are shooting at me!"

Narrow escapes were so common that they were regarded as legitimate subjects for jesting. Even severe wounds often elicited flippant remarks from their victims. "Dan" Elliott, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, was shot through the ankle. "Well, boys, they've uncoupled me!" he exclaimed, as he hobbled away to find a surgeon.

Captain Baldwin tells of an experience of the battery officers with southern cooks: "One night we occupied the porch of a planter's house for our headquarters. Orders had been issued to put everything in the lightest campaigning order, extra tents and baggage of every description being left behind. We found that we had several pounds of buckwheat flour on hand, and as it was no good on a campaign, we asked the lady of the house if she could get us up some buckwheat cakes for breakfast. She said, "Oh, yes, if I had the flour." This we promised her, with coffee for her own family, and then asked her if she knew how to make buckwheat cakes. Assuring us that she did, the flour was turned over to her, and the next morning we received *biscuits harder than twelve-pound shot*. No one had grinders heavy enough to work them up. We fell back on hardtack and never heard the last of the Georgia buckwheat cakes. The gunners often asked for some of them to put in as charges instead of canister."

On the 29th of May the Sixty-fifth bade farewell to one of its most esteemed officers, Captain Lucien B. Eaton. At the organization he was first lieutenant of Company I. In December, 1862, he was called by Colonel Harker to duty on the brigade staff as topographical engineer. He was soon afterward promoted to captain but was retained on the staff as brigade inspector, which position he continued to fill most acceptably for nearly a year,





when, at his own request, he was relieved and returned to the regiment. Having passed, with high credit, an examination for a position in a colored regiment, he was, in March, 1864, commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Sixty-ninth United States Colored Troops. He continued on duty with the Sixty-fifth until the day first above mentioned, when he said good-bye and left to enter upon his new field of usefulness. He supervised the recruitment of his regiment and subsequently became its colonel. He served as Inspector of Freedmen for the Department of Arkansas, and was honorably discharged May 18th, 1866.

In June Lieutenant-colonel Robert C. Brown, of the Sixty-fourth, was commissioned colonel, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Colonel McIlvaine. At the same time Major Samuel L. Coulter was commissioned lieutenant-colonel. Neither officer could, however, be mustered in the advanced grade, the numerical strength of the regiment not being sufficient to entitle it to the full complement of field officers.

The following incident of the campaign is related

by Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth: "One day, after we had got well into the interior of Georgia, when the column halted for a short noon rest, our regiment was near a farmhouse that showed some evidence of former prosperity. A little way in rear of the house, which stood near the road, was an old fashioned sweep, with a bucket suspended over a well. Collecting half a dozen canteens, I went to it, filled them, and returned by way of the interior of the house, which was a double log structure, with



JACOB LONG,  
COMPANY I, SIXTY-FOURTH.



a porch in the center. Looking in one of the apartments I saw a very aged couple sitting side by side in a double chair, near the door. The old lady was weeping, but the old man maintained a composed and benignant look. The troops who had preceded us had stripped the premises of everything that was movable, even to the furniture of their residence. I said to them:

"'The boys are rather hard on you.'

"He replied: 'Well, I expected it.' Then, with a ray of hope, he added, 'I wish you would ask them not to take the corn in that barrel on the stoop, for it's every morsel of food they have left us.'



HORACE W. CURTISS,  
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY G, AND  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

"A number of the boys had already taken some to parch. I volunteered to stand guard till the march was resumed. To each one who came up I explained the situation, and he cheerfully retired in good order. When the bugle sounded, I resumed my place, but had not gone a mile before Chaplain Raymond, of the Fifty-first Illinois, rode past me with a sack of corn on his horse. I had known him before the war, and often met him in the army,

and admired him for his zeal and christian enterprise. I asked him where he met with such luck. With apparent glee he replied:

"'Why, back at that house I saw you leaving as I rode up. My eyes were sharper than yours. I found it in a barrel on the stoop.'

"Assuming an expression of utter astonishment, I said, 'If it comes to this, that a chaplain of our army has got to rob a poor



old couple of their last bit of food, I think our cause will never prosper.'

"He quickly demanded an explanation and I gave him the facts. He said the boys told him that no one lived there. Turning his horse, he rode back and emptied the corn into the barrel from which he got it. That evening some of the boys conceived this a good point for some fun. They hunted up the chaplain and told him that after he had returned the corn the adjutant went back and took it himself. This raised his indignation to such a pitch that, although he avoided profanity, he pushed me to the verge of sheol. And then, to insure the explosion of the mine, the boys came and told me the scheme. Of course, the next time I met Chaplain Raymond I tried to placate him by pleading my innocence. Whether I succeeded or not I never knew, but he always seemed cold enough to bury when I met him afterward."

One day First Sergeant

Patrick R. Nohilly, of Company G, Sixty-fifth, was lying in his little tent, with his feet toward the enemy. A bullet, the force of which was well spent, came over the works with that peculiar droning z-z-z, and struck squarely the heel of one of his shoes. Pat sprang up as if he had been shocked by a galvanic battery. He found that no serious damage had been done except to tear away part of the shoe-heel; but he walked with a decided limp for a week.



MATTHEW S. FIELDS  
COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Died at Bowling Green, Ky, June 17th,  
1864.



## CHAPTER XLIX.

## KENNESAW.

STILL FIGHTING AND INTRENCHING—LIEUTENANT BINGHAM KILLED—  
THE WASTE OF AMMUNITION—HUNDREDS OF BULLETS FIRED  
FOR EACH MAN STRUCK—THE LINES AT MARIETTA—THE ASSAULT  
UPON KENNESAW—HARKER'S BRIGADE LEADS—DESPERATE FIGHT-  
ING AND SEVERE LOSSES—DEATH OF GENERAL HARKER—COLONEL  
WHITBECK DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED—CAPTAIN WILLIAMS KILLED.

THE rain continued and the days and nights dragged slowly along. They were one incessant round of lying in the trenches, marching, fortifying and skirmishing. It was not an uncommon thing to pitch and strike tents three or four times within twenty-four hours. Scarcely a day but one or more places in our ranks were made vacant by death, wounds or disease.

On June 18th the Sixty-fifth, being on the skirmish line at Muddy Creek, was ordered to advance and dislodge the enemy. Stubborn resistance was encountered, for that did not seem to be the day when the rebels were in a retreating mood. The regiment suffered a loss of three killed and ten wounded. One of



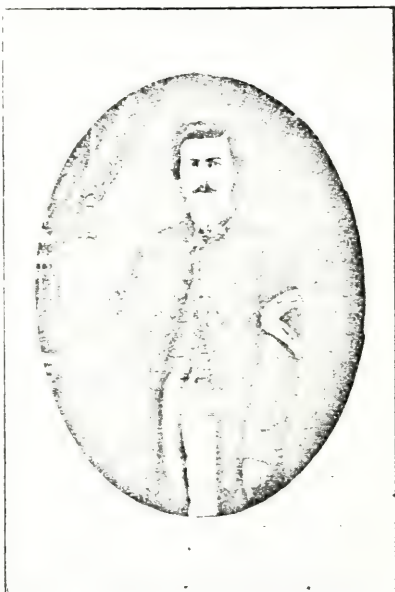


the slain was Lieutenant Ebben Bingham, commanding Company C. He was a noble young man, greatly endeared to his brother officers and comrades.

During this encounter we observed a curious stratagem that was resorted to by the rebels. It was a dark, misty day, the underbrush was thick, and men could only be seen at a short distance. To aid in their concealment, the rebels carried green bushes stuck in their belts. These covered a good part of their bodies and rendered them almost indistinguishable. A number of prisoners were captured, who were decorated in this novel manner.

The regiment kept up an unrelenting fire during the whole day, expending twenty thousand rounds of ammunition. Here I pause a moment to remark upon the large quantity of lead and iron which was thrown, at all times during the war, for each man struck. Chickamauga will afford a good illustration. It is safe to estimate that during the two days of that battle every soldier on each side fired one hundred rounds of cartridge. It is, therefore, evident that if each had hit one of his adversaries—or, in other words, if one bullet in a hundred had been effective—every man in both armies would have been killed or wounded. But the casualties, aside from prisoners taken, were about twenty-five per cent; so that four hundred bullets were fired for each man struck. This estimate does not take into account the tons and tons of artillery ammunition expended.

No doubt, during the Atlanta campaign, with its countless



SAMUEL B. BARKER,  
SERGEANT MAJOR, SIXTY-FOURTH.



noisy but comparatively harmless demonstrations, the proportion of casualties to ammunition used was even much less than in the case I have cited. Probably five or six hundred bullets were fired for each death or wound inflicted. When one stops to think of this it seems surprising, but it is true. There was not a regiment in Sherman's army which did not, during those four months, fire cartridges enough to have killed or wounded two or three times over, every man on the other side. This singular



WILLIAM H. H. SMITH,  
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

feature of all fighting is due to several causes. Much of the firing was done at long range, and the missiles spent their force before reaching their object. Even in close fighting, the combatants were often entirely concealed from each other by smoke, and the soldiers fired wholly at random, without aim. In the intense excitement of combat, the universal tendency was to shoot high, and millions of bullets whizzed harmlessly over the heads of those whom they were intended to destroy. It was a knowledge of this disposition that prompted the officers to so often ex-

hort their men to "aim low." "Give them a blizzard at their shins!" shouted "Old Rosey" at Stone River. Then, much of the fighting took place in thick woods and a large proportion of the bullets buried themselves in the trees. No doubt the trees between Chattanooga and Atlanta that were killed or wounded exceeded the entire number of men in both armies. Many of them were filled full of lead.

A well-directed fire of artillery was mighty unpleasant to those who were being aimed at. Often it was terrifying and de-





WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN,  
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY DURING ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.



moralizing to the last degree. Few men were able to lie idly while shells were bursting over, around and among them, without feeling an almost uncontrollable desire to "hunt their holes." It was true of artillery, as it is of most dogs—its bark was worse than its bite. What I mean is that it was mostly "bark"; when it did "bite" it was bad enough. I trust my good friends of the Sixth Ohio battery will not "call me down" for this. No battery in the army did any more effective "barking," as well as "biting," than did the Sixth, but if it were possible to make up the account, Bradley and Baldwin and Smetts and the rest would find that they fired about as many shots for each man they hit as we did, and a vastly greater weight of metal.

There were times when artillery was exceedingly effective, as at Franklin, where double charges of canister or grape from the guns of the Sixth Ohio and other batteries, at short range, made ghastly gaps in the charging Confederate mass. A shell, striking at the spot and bursting at the right instant, made terrible havoc. For every one that did this, a hundred flew wide of the mark or did not explode, or if they did the fragments fell harmlessly to the ground—but to scare they were great!

The position occupied by the rebels covering Marietta was the strongest between Chattanooga and Atlanta, except the one at Allatoona, out of which Sherman so easily maneuvered Johnston. To the north and west of the town is an irregular range of high elevations, the most prominent of which are called Kennesaw, Little Kennesaw, Lost and Pine mountains. Geographers would not class these as mountains, but they are bold, rugged heights which, crowned with artillery and well defended, bade defiance to assault. We lay upon this line for about two weeks. One day, while riding behind the intrenchments of the Fourth corps, General Sherman observed what appeared to be a group of Confederate officers reconnoitering on the summit of Pine mountain. He directed a battery to disperse the group, and three or four shots did it most effectually. One of them instantly killed Lieutenant-general Leonidas Polk, one of Johnston's corps commanders. Polk was a bishop of the Episcopal church before the war, and laid aside his priestly robes to buckle on the sword. He was a brother of James K. Polk, a former president of the United States, and was held in very high esteem by the people of the south.





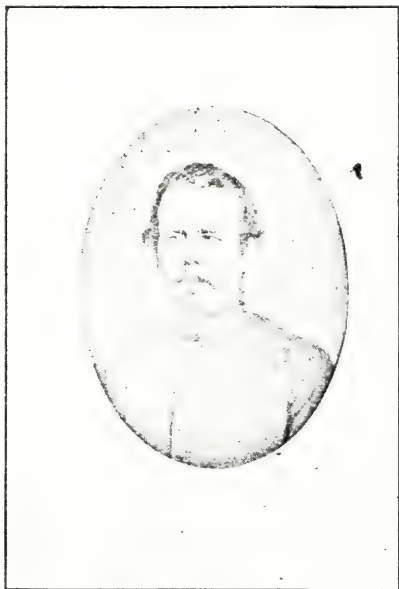
The opposing lines were near each other at many points and an irregular fire was kept up almost continuously. Our "pup" tents were usually pitched directly in rear of the breastworks. One brigade of each division, by turn, was permitted to retire to the second line, out of range, several hundred yards back, twenty-four hours at a time, to rest, cook and wash. One day Lieutenant Joseph F. Sonnanstine, of the Sixty-fifth, was lying under his little shelter trying to get a nap. A stray bullet struck one of the sticks supporting his tent and broke it squarely off, the tent falling upon him.

"I wish those fellows would let me sleep!" he said, in his cool, inimitable way, as he crawled out from the wreck. He went a short distance into the woods and in a few minutes came back with another forked stick, and in a "jiffy" his tent was up again.

"There," he exclaimed, as he lay down, "I don't believe they can hit that. They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and I don't think bullets do, either!"

After sleeping soundly for a couple of hours he rolled out with a broad smile on his genial face.

"Boys," said he, "I just dreamed I was at home. I thought I pitched and tossed about half the night, but couldn't sleep a wink. Then I hired a boy to shoot at me and I was sound asleep in five minutes. I guess we will all have to do that when we get home—if we ever do!"

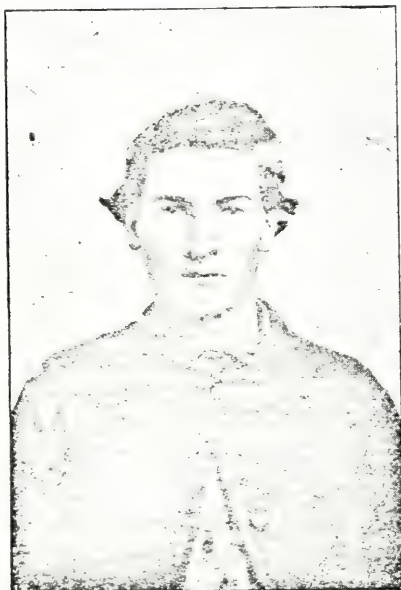


THOMAS G. WATKINS,  
CORPORAL, SIXTH BATTERY.



One day we witnessed a novel spectacle. A brigade of Wood's division was ordered to carry and hold a ridge in its front. Before starting, each man shouldered a rail or a piece of timber. Then, advancing rapidly, they occupied the ridge and within two minutes were lying snugly behind a breastwork, the materials for which they had carried with them.

It was a rare thing in those days to see a woman. There was one who lived in a hut half a mile in rear of our line, and



GEORGE W. WILLIAMS,  
COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

the Sixty-fourth, was severely injured by a falling tree. For a time it was feared that he was fatally hurt, but he was able in a few days to return to duty.

About noon on the 23rd Generals Thomas, Howard and Newton rode along our lines. They paused now and then to reconnoiter, and we instinctively knew that something was brewing. Soon we were ordered to support the skirmishers. These, along the whole front of Newton's division, were directed to be

she had stuck to it through thick and thin. Now and then, when matters were more quiet than usual, she would venture up to the front.

"You-all don't fight fa'r," she said one day. "When we-uns gets good works built, you won't let our men use 'em. You throws up works right in front and makes believe you's gwine to fight thar, and then Mister Sherman sends one of his comp'nies 'round to *fight us on the end.*"

On the 22nd, while superintending the work of an intrenching party, Captain Samuel M. Wolff, of



ready to advance and occupy high ground some two hundred yards in front. At four o'clock a signal gun was fired, and at once forty Union cannon belched forth shot and shell. The bombardment was continued for an hour, when it ceased and the skirmishers were ordered forward. The rebels made stout resistance, but they were forced to give way and the desired position was gained and held. Colonel Bartleson, of the One Hundredth Illinois, in our division, was killed. He had lost an arm in a previous battle.

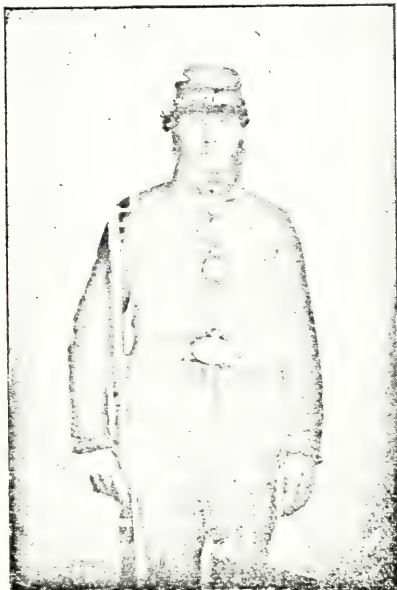
That evening the mail brought to the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth a large batch of commissions, lieutenants being promoted to captains, and sergeants to lieutenants. By those who received them they were interpreted to mean: "Well done, good and faithful servants!" For a few days a good many were hunting for a mustering officer.

Day after day General Sherman endeavored to find a weak spot where he might hope to pierce the enemy's line. He made several bloody experiments, the most costly of which was on the 27th of June. He selected Little Kennesaw as the point to be assaulted by two divisions, one from the Fourth corps and one from the Fourteenth, while a co-operating attack was to be made upon the Confederate right by portions of the Army of the Tennessee. In the Fourth corps the perilous duty was assigned to Newton's division, and in the Fourteenth to that of Davis. During the morning Harker's brigade, which had the advance of Newton's storming column, was massed at the point assigned, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio being thrown out as skirmishers. A furious artillery fire preceded the assault. At half past nine o'clock the cannonading ceased and "Forward!" was the command.

The brigade swept like an avalanche through a ravine and up a long, steep slope, the summit of which was crowned by the enemy's work. So sudden was the dash that the rebel pickets in our front were captured, almost to a man, and sent to the rear. As we came within short musket range, the rebels delivered from the shelter of their intrenchments a most deadly and destructive fire. We never found a hotter place during all our four years of army service. Men fell by scores and hundreds, but the surviv-



ors pressed on, cheered by Harker, Coulter, Whitbeck, and many other gallant officers. They reached the works and looked into the very muzzles of the hostile muskets, but it was not possible for mortal men to pierce that strong and well defended line. The color-sergeant of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, of our brigade, planted his flag upon the parapet. At the same instant he received a bullet in the face and a bayonet thrust in the shoulder. The flag was lost. The colors of the Sixty-fourth were shot



DAVID SPINDLER,  
COMPANY A, SIXTY-FIFTH.  
Killed at Spring Hill, Tennessee,  
November 29, 1864.

down, a bullet shattering the staff, but they were quickly seized and borne off in safety. The color-bearer of the Third Kentucky was instantly killed.

The conflict was of brief duration. When it was seen that there was no hope of success, a retreat was ordered. As far as possible the wounded were borne from the field, but many were unavoidably left on that crimsoned slope, to fall into the hands of the enemy. At the rifle pits which had been occupied by the rebel pickets, there was a rally. Adjutant Brewer Smith, Lieutenants Bush and McCune, Sergeant-major Pope and

others of the Sixty-fifth gathered about the colors, thirty or forty of that regiment. Officers of the Sixty-fourth and other regiments did the same, the purpose being to check the rebels, should they attempt a counter-charge. For some time this line was held and a vigorous fire was kept up, until they were ordered to retire.

The assault cost, in the aggregate, twenty-five hundred men, killed or wounded, among them many valuable officers. Our





brigade bore its full share of losses, its casualties numbering nearly three hundred, including twenty-nine officers. It suffered a sore bereavement in the death of its knightly leader, General Charles G. Harker. While animating his men, far up the slope, he was stricken down by a ball which passed through his arm and into the breast. He was borne from the field, and through the day tender hands and loving hearts endeavored to assuage his suffering. The surgeons did all in their power to avert a fatal result, but when asked if there was hope they sadly shook their heads. Chaplain Robert G. Thompson, of the Sixty-fourth, and Chaplain Thomas Powell, of the Sixty-fifth, were both at the side of the dying hero, offering such ministrations as lay in their power. General Harker was a man of deep religious convictions, and his private life was "without spot and blameless." Toward evening that brave, noble, chivalrous spirit passed from earth. "Harker is dead!" flew from lip to lip through the brigade. Every heart was saddened; many an eye was moistened. Little need be added to what has already

been said in these pages of our beloved Harker. No braver, truer soldier drew sword, in all that vast multitude who followed the star-spangled banner in the war for the Union. Earnest, sincere and patriotic, implicitly trusted by his superiors, and singularly endeared to those he commanded, he was truly a soldier and a man "without fear and without reproach." He had four horses killed under him—two at Chickamauga, one at Missionary Ridge,



JOHN M. SHELLABARGER,  
COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.



and one at Resaca. He had a premonition of his end. In the morning he had carefully arranged his private papers, intrusting them to a member of his staff, saying, "I shall not come out of the charge today alive." His body was sent north and buried at his home in New Jersey.

Colonel Luther P. Bradley, of the Fifty-first Illinois—soon afterward promoted to the rank of brigadier-general—succeeded to the command of the brigade. He was a brave and most capable officer and a thoroughly accomplished gentleman, possessing the confidence of his superiors and the esteem of those under his command. In his official report of the campaign, he said:

I cannot close this report without paying a word of tribute to the memory of the gallant General Harker, who commanded the brigade during the first half of the campaign. No more gallant soldier has fallen in the war. Conspicuous for gentleness and generosity as well as courage, he won the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and was everywhere recognized as a true gentleman and soldier.

At about the same time that General Harker fell, Lieutenant-colonel Horatio N. Whitbeck, commanding the Sixty-fifth, was grievously wounded, a bullet entering at the upper part of the chest and ranging downward into the body. He was carried to the rear, and all through that day and night we expected momentarily to hear that he was dead, for the surgeons had said that his wound was probably mortal. He was soon sent to Chattanooga, accompanied by musician Melville C. Porter, of Company E. He at length reached home, where, in course of time, he recovered in a good degree. To this day, however, the ball remains in his body. Colonel Whitbeck was never again able for active military duty. He was thrice wounded—at Stone River, Chickamauga and Kennesaw. He was an excellent officer, cool and brave in the most trying moments, and faithful to every trust. When the war broke out he was behind the counter of a dry goods store in the village of Berea. He received from Senator Sherman a recruiting commission, and began to talk war. People said he was not the kind of stuff that soldiers were made of, but there is where they made a mistake. No truer mettle was ever shown than that so many times displayed by Colonel Whitbeck. He possessed, in the fullest measure, the confidence, respect and personal regard of his officers and men.

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